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A WOMAN'S RIGHT.

II.

PAUL.

OUR Paul had come. Without being told, you would have known the fact, by the changed atmosphere of the house.

He strode about like a king, and all the children were afraid of him.

To tell the truth, there were altogether too many children in the house to please this royal young gentleman. Not but what he had some fraternal affection for each individual brother and sister, but in the aggregate they were troublesome, "so many young ones."

They brought more or less of noise and confusion into the house, and his prince-ship craved order and quiet.

Their numerous wants absorbed much of the time and attention of his mother, which he wished to appropriate to himself.

Every other summer when he came home, he found a new baby in the cradle—it was very aggravating.

If a portion of the aggravation was born of the fact that each newcomer lessened the amount of his prospective fortune, Paul had never acknowledged it, even to himself. It was enough that they annoyed him in the present; they made a noise, they were in the way, they filled up the house, which the young

gentleman had already pronounced "a mean, pinched-up box."

Paul made no effort to hide the fact that he was dissatisfied with the appearance of his home, and his dissatisfaction was an affliction to his mother. She remembered the time when he looked upon the family sitting-room, with its striped carpet and yellow walls, with great complacency, and thought it a very fine affair. That was before he went to Harvard, or had seen the splendid drawing-rooms of Beacon street and of Marlboro Hill. Out in the great world he had stepped upon the plateau of a higher life, a life of leisure and ease, a life of culture and of graceful repose. It was very hard for him to step down again to the level on which he was born. He did it very unwillingly and very ungracefully. Ever since he could remember, his mother had been drudging and saving, his father delving and making money. He was determined to do neither. He wanted money only for the gratification that it would purchase; for the life of luxury and splendor which were unattainable without it. Each year the streets of Busyville looked narrower, its houses lower, his own parental domain smaller than the year before. Settle in

Busysville! Never. The whole kingdom of Busysville could not tempt the ambition of this young prince.

On the afternoon of his arrival, after having condescended to kiss his mother and patronize the children, Paul sauntered into his father's shops. Paul liked to saunter through the shops, looking at the work-people, and talking with them in a half supercilious, half hail-fellow way; it added to the consciousness of his own importance. Especially he enjoyed lounging in the "Girls' Room." More than any place in the world, there he was king. To a company of young girls shut up in a close room, to ply one monotonous task from the beginning of the year to its close, the advent of a handsome, polished young man was a very pleasant event. It must have been humiliating, if they remembered the fact that outside of that shop he never recognized them; they did not belong to "his set." Tilly Blane and the other fair maidens of the mansion houses did not speak with shop-girls in the street; then why should he, the petted beau for whom these maidens were ready to give their fortunes or break their hearts? But in the shop! Ah, that was a different matter. Here no king amid his court could be more graciously condescending. Gay, graceful, debonair, he loitered through the long room at his leisure, chatting with all, giving a smile to one, a subtle compliment to another, a witty sally or repartee to another, making each one feel that he was especially pleased with her individual self, indeed, that she was the object of his particular admiration. Thus each one was delighted with him.

Was it wonderful? He was young and handsome and rich, with a charm of manner unwonted among the men of their acquaintance. They were young and pretty and poor, and women. Thus they yielded to him involuntarily the homage of smiles and blushes and eloquent eyes. It was very pleasant to Paul. Nowhere else did he feel so positively sure of his importance and power in the world as in the girls' shop.

He felt perfectly secure of himself in

this intoxicating atmosphere; felt sure that his armor of pride was proof against all their pretty weapons. "They are none of them *my* style," he would soliloquize. "The mountain girls are too rustic, and the town girls too pert. Nearly all of them use two negatives in a sentence, and their verbs rarely agree with their nominatives. What else could be expected of shop-girls? But, after all, some of them are deuced pretty, and how they admire *me*! How delighted they are with my notice, poor things. There's Lucy Day, she really thinks that I am serious, and will call upon her on Sunday evening. The devil! I am going to see Tilly Blane, of course."

On this afternoon, he had nearly completed the length of the long apartment; had paused in his leisurely way to exchange coquetries with every fair worker, before he discovered Eirene Vale standing busy at work beside a window, in a remote corner of the apartment. He could not see her face, yet knew her at once to be a stranger. A "new hand" always possessed a degree of interest to Paul, yet on this occasion he forbore to manifest it, lest he might arouse feelings of jealousy in the hearts of others of his fair subjects. Thus he asked no questions, seemed as if he did not see the stranger. "Is she pretty?" This question he determined to answer for himself. From the moment of his discovery, he thought only of reaching the spot where she stood—it was gained at last.

"Miss ——?" he said, with a mixture of suavity and effrontery which he would have used only to a shop-girl in his own father's shop: "Miss ——?" hesitating as if he knew her name, yet could not that instant recall it.

Eirene turned her face. The clear eyes met his with a simple look of surprise. She was neither frightened nor flattered. The innocent face expressed only wonder that an utter stranger should accost her with the familiarity of a friend, while she waited for the young gentleman to conclude his sentence.

"I beg your pardon. I thought ——."

"I thought ——;" but the utter con-

fusion of the youth prevented him from telling what he thought.

The conceited boy of the world stood abashed before the guileless look of a young girl's eyes. He was totally unprepared for such a look, it was so different from the one he had anticipated. He had expected smiling confusion, blushing vanity, with spontaneous and undisguised admiration of his own imperial self. This apparent unconsciousness of his magnificence, this utter lack of self-consciousness, with the look of wonder and inquiry in a pair of eyes—the loveliest, he thought, that he had ever seen—was too much for Paul's equanimity, notwithstanding the large amount of his self-possession.

To his astonishment he saw before him a lady, and was disgusted that he had proved himself to be less than a gentleman.

"I —. I am mistaken. Pardon me," for the third time stammered our discomfited Adonis, as, with a profound bow, he withdrew. He felt an impulse to rush directly out of the shop. He was not used to appearing at disadvantage. He was more than mortified at losing his self-possession, and that to a shop girl—he who had never blushed before the beauties of Marlboro Hill, and had borne without flinching the full blaze of the drawing-rooms of Beacon street. Yet amid his confusion he did not forget that the eyes of his fair subjects were upon him. What would they think? What would they say, if they saw that one of their own class had the power to embarrass the young prince and send him in disconcerted haste from their presence? That would be indeed a fall from his lofty position.

Thus he sauntered down the other side of the room and endeavored to chat in his wonted manner. But somehow he felt the gaze of those innocent eyes still fixed upon him, though if he had dared to look, he would have seen that they were bent steadfastly upon their work. The amusement of flirting had suddenly lost all its zest. He found himself judging these buxom beauties by a new standard—the face that he had just left behind

him. How coarse their voices sounded, how inane their words seemed now. He was thankful when he came to the end and had made his last pretty speech.

He went out, and but one face went with him. He did not know the name of its possessor, he had not enquired. He could have asked the question carelessly enough to have gratified an idle curiosity. But it was not idle curiosity, it was interest which he felt. Should he, Paul Mallane, betray interest in one of his father's shop-girls? Oh, no. He could not forget so far his high position.

"Mother could tell me," he said to himself as he stepped into the street. "She knows every girl that comes and goes from these shops. But she is the last person on earth that I would ask."

Paul was too well aware what his mother thought of his visiting the shops.

"It is undignified and beneath you, Paul," she would say, "to lounge away so much of your time with the shop hands. Besides, it is dangerous. It is very pleasant, I know, to bewitch those pretty mountain girls. I am sure you do," and the mother would look with gratified pride upon the young, handsome face. "But by-and-by one may bewitch you. I know you think not; but you don't know how foolish a pretty face might make even you, Paul, with all your ambition."

"Mother, you need not worry about me," the young man would say, with a conscious air. "I have never seen a shop-girl yet, no, nor any girl, who could make me forget what is due to my position."

After his promenade through the shops, Paul had intended to show his handsome face and air his immaculate broadcloth on Main street. He knew that Tilly Blane would see him as she looked through the blinds of the squire's house, at first with eager hope, and then with tearful disappointment, as he, the imperial Paul, strode past in sublime unconsciousness of being opposite her paternal mansion. He knew also that Abby Arnot would peep through the blinds of the house across the street, and as she watched him pass by, exclaim with a toss

of triumph: "There! There goes Paul Mallane! He doesn't even look toward Squire Blane's. Talk to me of he and Tilly being engaged."

He thought, too, how old Deacon Nuggett, sitting in his shop door, would call out as he passed by: "Ah, Paul! Paul Mallane, is that you! Well! well! how fine ye're lookin'. A son any father might be proud on. Y'll be in Congress in ten years, eh? Paul!"

But when he rushed forth from the factory door, Paul had forgotten all these anticipated triumphs. He walked straight across the street to the white house under the trees. He entered it, but did not go into the family sitting-room, where he knew that his mother sat rocking the baby. Instead he walked into the prim parlor and threw himself down upon the stiff high-backed sofa. Paul was disgusted with himself (a most unusual state of mind), therefore it was not strange that he soon grew equally disgusted with every thing that he beheld. "What a shabby, shut-up box this parlor is, any way," he said to himself. "There is nothing spacious, nor elegant, nor easy about it. And yet before I went away from Busyville I thought it splendid, just as mother thinks it is now. The pattern of this carpet is entirely too large for the room, it looks as if it was crowding the walls back. And the walls are too low for these great pictures, and the pictures are in dismal taste. Washington's Death-bed; and Calvin, preaching his gloomy theology; and Grandmother Bard in a frizzled wig looking as black as thunder. They say that I look like her too, and — how that centre-table looks, with that square of daguerreotypes piled around the astral lamp. That is Gracy's work. If there is no one else, I will teach her how to take a little of the stiffness out of this room. She should see the drawing-rooms at Marlboro' Hill; then she would know how to arrange a parlor. But to make an elegant room of this is impossible," and Paul gazed about with an expression of increased contempt. "Dick Prescott expects to come here, too. He shan't. He shan't see this parlor. He shan't see —."

What? Paul did not see fit to say. He threw his head further back, fixed his eyes upon the ceiling, and as the rich color stained his cheek, impatiently exclaimed: "I am an ass."

It was a most unwonted state of mind which could make the young prince of the house of Mallane declare himself to be "an ass."

The bell rang for tea. Paul did not stir. "Let those children get seated with their confounded clatter;" said this amiable young man, with eyes still fixed upon the ceiling. When the shuffling of little feet and the shouts of eager voices had subsided a little, and the click of tea-cups and the tinkling of tea-spoons and the fragrance of tea reached his nose and ears instead, Paul arose, and, half lazily, half ill-naturedly, sauntered forth.

"Here, Paul, here's your seat by me," said Mrs. Mallane, as turning with her most benignant mother-look, she saw Paul, with an expression of annoyance and embarrassment upon his face, standing in the open door. When he opened it, a pair of clear eyes looked up from a tea-cup. The young face whose guilelessness had so abashed his impertinence in the work-shop, wearing the same expression, looked up to his from the home supper-table. His astonishment at seeing it there, with the recollection of his behavior, again overcame Paul's self-possession. He stood perfectly still, as if he thought there was no seat for him at the table. Not till after he had taken the place proffered by his mother, did Paul become conscious that he was sitting on the same side with the young stranger, his sister Grace between them, while his accustomed seat opposite was filled by little Jack. Again he was vexed. Much as it had disconcerted him—strange to say, he felt the most insane desire to look on the face again.

"Mother intended that I should not, and so seated me here," he thought, looking full upon that matron's countenance. The gray eyes were fixed upon him with a penetrating gaze.

"Will you take tea, Paul?" was all that she said.

Paul began to sip his tea in silence,

and all the children began to stare at him, wondering if this could be our Paul who was so silent; when suddenly, rallying his forces, he commenced rattling on in his old, gay, careless manner.

It was his usual vacation talk, all about the Prescotts and Appletons and Marlboro Hill; the distinguished men and beautiful women whom he had met. This talk was usually very interesting to both John and Tabitha Mallane; to the father, because he felt a genuine interest in the persons described; to the mother, because it gratified her ambition to know that her son was admitted into such illustrious company.

There had been a grand reunion at Cambridge of philosophers and poets of the transcendental order. Paul, with a few other young bloods of the law school, had managed, through the prestige of Dick Prescott, to gain admittance, and had thus caught a glimpse of the savants and seers. Paul had seen Thoreau, and Hawthorne; E—— and H—— and L——, and gave brilliant descriptions of them all. "L——," he said, "with his hair parted in the middle, looks as much like the picture of Christ as ever." Eirene was thinking what a grand young gentleman this must be, who was on such familiar terms with the great men of whom she had read all her life, but whom she never hoped to see; when this last remark struck her sensitive soul like blasphemy. She looked up, caught the eyes of the speaker as they turned and gazed over the head of his sister Grace. Once more they grew disconcerted and fell before the child-like glance. Again Paul inwardly pronounced himself an ass; but turning toward his mother, he ran on more pompously than before; while the children, their eyes distended with wonder, and their cheeks distended with pie and cheese, listened, inwardly exclaiming: "What a great man our Paul must be."

PAUL AND HIS MOTHER.

TEA was soon dispatched. Eating in this New England household was merely a business affair, and as such dispatched as soon as possible.

The æsthetic phase of tea-drinking, the toying with tea-spoons, the lingering over tea-cups to tell pleasant stories of the day, Tabitha Mallane had never learned. To give her family enough to eat, to have them eat it as quickly as possible, and to have her table cleared in the briefest space of time that could be, was to her the Alpha and Omega of eating.

Although Paul had just returned and seemed to have much to tell, this meal was no exception to others. Indeed, the atmosphere of hurry seemed more positive than usual.

Eirene found herself swallowing her tea with great trepidation, and wondering why she felt that there was not time to drink it, and why each individual there was doing the same, as rapidly as possible.

With a feeling of relief, she saw Mr. Mallane push back his chair. No one had introduced her to Paul. Nobody but Mr. Mallane had spoken to her through the meal. No one seemed to notice her as she walked quietly out of the room; yet two persons at the table were keenly conscious of her departure.

"Rene! Rene! Poor Mo——" cried out the parrot as she opened the door of her little cell. At the sound of his name, the image of lank, awkward, yellow-haired Moses rose before her, in contrast to the handsome young stranger down-stairs.

"Strange that there can be such a difference in two," she ejaculated involuntarily, as taking up her book, she sat down on a low stool beside the window and commenced the translation of a French exercise. It was an extract from Bossuet: "*Quoique Dieu et la nature aient fait tous les hommes égaux en les formant d'une même bone, la vanité humaine ne peut souffrir cette égalité.*" "Although God and Nature have made all men equal in forming them of the same earth, human vanity cannot bear that equality." She paused, the pencil poised in her suspended hand. A young manly face set in dark hair, lit with dark eyes, seemed to look up into hers from the page before her. "How it would have grieved mo-

ther to hear the Saviour's name spoken with such indifference," she said simply, murmuring the sentence aloud after the manner of people much alone. "But why should I think of it?" she continued, bending her eyes once more upon the page, and resuming her task. But the vagrant thought refused to be called back to the study of French. "Then *he* is Paul of whom I have heard so much," it whispered. She looked up from her book, out upon the garden; there under the old cherry-tree, on the grass was stretched the same Paul, gazing up as if he saw a vision.

There he was! and she was thinking of him! This consciousness sent the quick blood into the young girl's cheeks for the first time.

Paul saw it, this maiden-blush, saw it as the first recognition of his own princely self, and it sent a new thrill into his heart, a thrill that went into his dreams. For a number of moments he had been gazing without interruption on this fair picture above him; on the pure profile of the young face in the open window within its frame of dark vines. The long gaze could hardly have come to a more delightful termination than this, caused by the uplifted face, the vivid blush. And yet he felt once more abashed that he had been discovered. He arose with a bow, then threw himself down again and fixed his eyes with a look of profound meditation upon the sky. "He came out to think," reflected Eirene, and that she might not seem to intrude upon his meditation, she moved her seat from the window, and in the interior of her cell once more invoked the eloquence of Bossuet to assist her in studying French.

To do Paul justice, he did not throw himself upon the grass for the purpose of gazing at Eirene's window; he came into the garden solely to escape his mother and himself. The pretty picture of the window had been an unanticipated delight, enjoyed the more keenly because unexpected and stolen. He knew that if his mother could have foreseen this pleasure, he would never have enjoyed it.

Tabitha Mallane had hastened supper and the children out of the way, in order that she might have a talk with Paul.

The young gentleman would have gladly escaped, but he knew that it was useless to try to evade his mother; he might delay it, perhaps, but the talk would come.

"Sit down, Paul," she said as she seated herself in her low chair and began to rock the cradle, her invariable employment when she had "something to say." "What, going out?" "How uneasy you are. You will have plenty of time left to see Tilly Blane if you do sit a little while and talk with your mother."

Then she began to question him concerning his studies and his prospects for being graduated with honor. "No mother's boy should stand before him," she declared, as her questions were promptly and favorably answered. Yet she did not seem satisfied, and began to rock the cradle violently in the silence.

"What do you think of the new hand, Paul?" she asked abruptly.

"What hand?"

"Why, the one that your father will have eat at our table. Isn't she pretty?"

"Pretty? *ra—ther*," answered the young gentleman, with the imperturbable air which he always summoned to his assistance in such conversations with his mother. "You took care that I should see only half of her face, that looked well enough," he continued.

"But what *do* you think of her, Paul?"

"Think! I think she is dressed like a dud. Can't say how she would look in the costume of the present century."

"Don't try to evade, Paul. You know that I am not talking of her dress. What do you think of the girl?"

"What time have I had to think of her?" "Ten minutes at supper."

"Half the afternoon, Paul."

"What an idea! Why should I think of her more than of any other shop hand?"

"*Why*, Paul? The girl's face answers that question. You can't deceive me. I saw you go into the shops. I saw you

come back. Something unusual happened there, or you would not have come and shut yourself in that dark parlor, instead of going into the street. Then, when you came in to supper and saw her sitting at the table, your face told me of whom you had been thinking."

"Mother, you need not begin to hold guard over me," exclaimed the young man, angrily. "You need not watch me through the blinds, when I go out, and when I come in. I am not one of your babies. I know what belongs to my position."

Poor Paul! No matter what his annoyance, it was such a support for him to fall back upon his "position."

"I know you, Paul," said his mother, leaning forward, eagerly, rocking the cradle more violently, as she always did when excited. "Because I know you, I warn you, in the beginning, against this girl up-stairs. She is sly and deceitful, such still people always are. She intends to captivate you with her quiet ways and her great soft eyes, and she *will* captivate you in spite of all your pride and all your ambition, unless you are on your guard. Of course, my son, you know what is due to your position, you know what your mother expects of you; but it will be hard for you to be true to your knowledge until you are older."

"Mother, who under heaven is this girl that you are making such a fuss about?"

"Her name is Vale. Eirene Vale. Her name is as outlandish as her family. She comes from a shiftless, poverty-stricken set, up on the mountains. Her father whimpered about her having to go to work, and so your father took a notion to be kind to the girl. You know what your father's notions are? They can't be changed. He will have her here. She is a nuisance. I hate the sight of her."

Paul leaned back in the rocking-chair, yawned, and then began to whistle. He was not as fluent upon the subject of the "new hand" as upon his favorite topics of the Prescotts, and Marlboro Hill. He had nothing to say; he looked bored and sleepy.

"Well," he said at last, in a careless tone, "you are making a great ado, and I am sure I don't know what for. You say that this girl is 'sly, poverty-stricken, and a nuisance.' Do you think that there is the slightest danger of my committing myself to such a person?" and with this disclaimer Paul thrust his hands into his pockets, sauntered forth into the garden, and threw himself down under the old cherry-tree.

"Mother will overdo everything," he said to himself, angrily. She ought to know more of human nature than to think such talk will make me dislike the girl. Why did not she let her alone? and let me alone? It is enough to make a fellow say that he *will* make love, even if he had not thought of it before. Of course, there is every reason why I should never commit myself to one in her position. But I don't like to be balked. I won't be balked, not by my mother. Why didn't she leave me to my reason? Then I could have taught myself to have looked on this face without—well, without such a flutter. Such a face!"

"Such a face!" Surely. As Paul threw his head back to look up into the sky, he caught a glimpse of it in the frame of vines in the open window above him.

What was it in this face which so held his gaze? It was not its youthful loveliness alone, Paul was used to beautiful faces. It did not please his senses only, it seemed to touch his soul, it rested, it soothed, it satisfied. What a contrast to the eager, restless, life-worn face which he had just left. The worldly, selfish, blasé boy gazed on, till through the evening air something of the serenity of the pure young brow stole down to him. As he gazed, he felt within him the promptings of his better angel telling him that with such a face to light his life, purity and peace would be possible even to him.

Tabitha Mallane looked out of the window, saw her son, then walked back to the cradle and rocked it as if she were frantic. The baby must have thought so, for it awoke with a terrific scream,

which instantly brought Paul back from Elysium, and made him say, "Curse that child!"

Tabitha Mallane *did* know Paul better than his father knew him; better than he knew himself. When she said: This girl's face will take the heart out of our Paul, she spoke from the depth of her consciousness of his nature. He had taken this nature from his mother, he was like her.

She remembered her own impulsive youth, when even interest and ambition went down before the one, importunate want of a young, passionate heart. Well she remembered when she turned from the goodly lands and the pimply face of Benoni Blane to marry John Mallane, though all Busyville held up its hands, rolled up its eyes, turned up its nose and exclaimed in wonder, because "Tabitha Bard looked no higher than a journeyman worker, and he a Yorker."

She remembered the struggling years of her early married life, when Paul was a baby. She had not forgotten, when she drew him through the village streets in his little wagon, how she used to meet young Squire Blane's pretty wife with the infant Tilly in a fine carriage.

She could see distinctly now, the nod, half condescending, half disdainful, which the young beauty would throw her as the carriage rolled on. She remembered how she used to stand in the dusty street, with the handle of the little wagon in her hand, gazing after the fine phaeton, thinking it might have been hers, if she had only been willing to have accepted with it the pimply face of Benoni Blane.

She was not sorry. Although her share in the old homestead was long withheld from her by an angry mother; although she had borne the disgrace, terrible in New England, of being poor: she would not have exchanged John Mallane for Benoni Blane with all his possessions. She wanted John Mallane, but she wanted the equipage, the mansion, and the honored position also. "I *will* have them," she exclaimed, gazing after the reeding carriage. "The day will come when your baby will be glad enough of the notice of my boy; when

you won't toss your head at *me* like that, Belinda Blane."

Tabitha Mallane had divining eyes. They foretold the future; her prophecy was fulfilled.

The poor journeyman worker was now one of the wealthiest manufacturers in Busyville. His opinions carried great weight in the councils of the church, and in "Town meeting." He had reflected great credit upon Busyville in the State legislature, and for all these weighty reasons, Busyville had forgiven him for having been born poor, and in another State.

Tabitha Mallane's handsome son, the Harvard student, the incipient lawyer, the prospective member of Congress, the possible President of the United States, all in all considered, was the finest "catch" in Busyville. There were young men there with purer hearts, and brains quite as clever, but they lacked the money, or the beauty, or the grand, imperial air of Paul. He assumed so much indifference and hauteur, and was withal so very graceful and handsome, that there was not a girl in all the mansion houses but what felt flattered when he condescended to bestow his attentions. All this was a misfortune to Paul. He stood sorely in need of a little humiliation. The consciousness of supreme power over women is so very dangerous to any man. His mother's great anxiety came from the fear that he would not make the most of his advantages. She was so afraid that, in some moment of impulse and passion, he would do precisely as she did once: marry for love without asking his mother's permission. She had never repented her own course. When she looked back into the years, she always said: "I would do the same if I were to live my life over again. I could never love another man as I love John Mallane; besides, I always knew that he would die rich. It is very different with Paul. He could never work and wait as I have done, for a fortune. He was made to enjoy and to spend one. Besides, my boy shall never drudge and suffer what I have, in struggling up to prosperity. He must marry a rich wife. If we could

give him all we have, it wouldn't be much with his taste and habits. He thinks that we live in a very poor way" (and here the poor mother would sigh).

"What will our property be, divided among eight?" "One eighth! What would that be to our Paul? Of course, he will settle in the city. Before that he must marry Tilly Blane. She is longing to give herself and all that she has to him. I knew that she would, long ago. Belinda Blane, it's a long time since you tossed your head at me.

"And now that girl up-stairs! I hate her, she is in the way."

BUSYVILLE—ITS BRAHMINS AND BUSTLERS.

BUSYVILLE was a fair type of a small manufacturing New England village. Its Yankee friends called it "a smart little town." It was, in truth, an enterprising, energetic, money-getting place.

Within a limited range of thought and action, its people were intelligent, but its arc of life was very narrow. Its besetting sin was littleness. Its factories, its schools, its churches, its houses, its people, all betrayed this tendency toward contraction.

Their life was shaped by the belief that Busyville, having arrived at a state of absolute perfection generations before, could not by any possibility be improved.

Family branches which had struck out and taken root in the great world, sometimes strayed back and informed their kindred on the parent tree that Busyville was behind the times; information which said kindred resented as an insult. In their opinion, any knowledge which was not known in Busyville, was not worth knowing. In their old Academy, the formula of study had not varied in fifty years. Within a certain range, it was excellent; but it never advanced, never grew larger. To its denizens Busyville was the Eden of this world. To have been born in another town, was a misfortune; to have been born in another country, was an infaceable disgrace. The poor stranger, the lonely foreigner who alighted here to look for work, had a sorry time. It did not occur to the pious women who sent boxes of clothing

to the Congoes, and sometimes stinted themselves to help support the missionary whom they had sent to civilize the Hottentots, that there might be missionary work to do even in Christian Busyville.

There were crowded lanes and by-ways in this town swarming with wild, ill-cared for children. It would have been a mercy to have clothed and cared for them, and to have led them by the hand into the commodious Sabbath-schools filled with the smiling, singing children of the church; but the women devoted to the Congoes had no time left for little white sinners at home. In close chambers and in little tenements, lonely stranger-women lived out their crushed existence;—overtaxed, sore-worn wives and mothers whose weary tasks were never done. To one of these a call from a prosperous sister-woman—one kindly expression of personal interest, would have been as the cup of cold water to one of Christ's thirsting little ones. Alas! it was rarely proffered. The lady absorbed in the Hottentots had nothing left for the "common woman" who washed her husband's shirts and mended her many children's scanty clothes in the shop tenements of Busyville. The bustling, well-to-do wives of Busyville were too busy with their societies, and schools, with their churches and houses, their own and their neighbors' affairs, to have either time or capacity left to devote to "outlandish people."

The sin of being a stranger in Busyville was never more keenly felt than by the newcomer on commencement day at the Academy. Then the daughters of the Busyville Brahmins, the maidens of the mansion-houses, the baxom beauties of the old homesteads proceeded to the seats which they had occupied from their earliest recollection and proceeded to pass judgment upon all aliens. With supercilious and mocking eyes they measured the rustic youths and maidens from the mountain-towns, and the young strangers from other States. After the first session, the fair Sanhedrim met in solemn conclave and decided whose outward aspect entitled them to be "one of ourselves."

Woe to the girl who "looked poor." Woe to the pale student whom they suspected of having emerged from one of the village shops, she never became "one of ourselves."

No one proffered to assist *her* in the solution of Algebraic problems. No sweet girl-voice which had parsed triumphantly through *Paradise Lost*, offered to lead her through pages of involved analyses. She watched the cliques of pretty girls laughing and playing under the trees at recess, or looked with wistful eyes as they recited their lessons in groups in the old Laboratory,—but no welcoming word or smile ever made her feel that she was one of them. She passed in and out of the long halls as alone and lonely on the last day of school as at its beginning.

The lines of caste were as rigidly drawn in orthodox Busyville, as in Pagan India.

One had to probe through the family soil for two or three generations to appreciate duly the prerogatives of the Brahmin order.

Methuselah Blane, a stout and unlettered yeoman came across the ocean, perhaps in the *Mayflower*—the Blanes say that he did. For a few pounds, he bought a large tract of land in the new valley, built a log-house and proceeded to subdue the stones, while his wife Mehitabel proceeded to subdue the tempers of her snub-nosed boys and to prepare them by a course of rigorous discipline for a life of vigorous labor. Methuselah and Mehitabel sleep together in one grave, in the old graveyard, beneath a brown tablet from which time has nearly effaced a very remarkable epitaph. They had gone back to dust, and their snub-nosed boys were gray-haired men, before Busyville grew into existence. Then the land of the "Blane boys" was cut into village lots; at last the iron path of the rail-horse was laid through their domain; money flowed into old stockings till they overflowed, and the Blanes and their children became Brahmins forever.

The present representative of the race, Benoni Blane, was a well-enough man,

with a brain as neutral-tinted and as simply as his complexion. It was not easy to point to any mischief he had done in the world, and equally difficult to discover any good.

Had any one asked a good-natured Brahmin: Why does Benoni Blane stand at the head of his order in Busyville? Is he of large public spirit? Has he endowed a school? Has he founded a library? Has he assisted poor young men to obtain an education? Does he support missionaries or build churches? Is he remarkable for talent, culture, or piety?

The good-natured Brahmin would have replied, "No, he has done none of these things. He is not distinguished for genius, learning, or goodness. Benoni Blane is a man who minds his own business, he is descended from one of the first settlers—and the Blanes have always been well to do."

To have had an infinitesimal portion of your being brought across the Atlantic by a remote ancestor in the *Mayflower*—was, of course, a superlative honor—it constituted you a person of exalted birth. But, if only your grandfather sailed over the ocean in a fast-sailing modern-built ship, oh, that was a different matter—a misfortune, if not a disgrace, which made you "foreign," if not outlandish.

To the Brahmins, by natural birth-right, belonged the emoluments and dignities of Busyville. They supplied the town with professional men; the lawyers, doctors, and squires were all Brahmins. The clergymen were not equally blessed. Men had preached in Busyville whose ancestors did not sail to this country in the *Mayflower*; but they did not preach to the Brahmins. As you recognized the mansions of the Brahmins by their venerable gables, time-stained walls, and the deep shadow of their patriarchal trees, so you knew the ambitious "villas" of the wealthy Bustlers by their stark, staring newness, by their tumorous bay windows, astounding porticoes, and stunning cupolas, threatening the frail fabrics beneath with constant annihilation. But if these rich Bustlers did not know the vulgar from

the beautiful, they had ample means to educate their children to higher tastes. Occasionally a decayed Brahmin family were thankful to sell their magnificent prerogatives, and uncomfortable poverty for new money and a new domain, even if they had to accept with it a new name.

With such recompense, more than one fair Brahmin concluded that she could afford to ignore the obscurity of her husband's ancestry, while she still retained the splendid memories of her own! The wealthy Bustlers who thus allied themselves with the "first people" invariably turned their backs upon their own class, and lifted their eyes and aspirations alike toward the Brahmins. But the small Bustlers, never rich, always comfortable, who were perfectly satisfied to remain Bustlers forever, were largely in majority, and it was they who gave to Busyville its peculiar character and tone. On every corner stood their little workshops, all astir with the hum and whirr of machinery, with the buzz of busy hands and voices. The streets were lined with their houses; little houses glaring in vivid white and green—pretty "pine boxes" in which they flourished in happy mediocrity.

The boys and girls worked together in the shops; made love, married, and then with laudable thrift, made haste to earn and build one of these habitations for themselves and their children. Thus as the years went on, little streets reached out over the meadows, and new white boxes were set in parallel rows, blistering and blinking at each other in the sun. Each house, as it stared, beheld its counterpart in its neighbor, and all of them alike, in their smallness, and sameness, and snug comfort, reflected fairly the average condition and character of their owners. The matrons of these boxes found them quite large enough for their small ambitions and emulations. Whose house should be paid for earliest; who should have the prettiest garden, the brightest "three-ply" carpet, the most wonderful "riz cake," the most transcendent baby, were all objects dear to their hearts, and to them worthy of all desire and struggle. To see all the fam-

ily cotton flying on the clothes-lines by breakfast time each Monday morning was a triumph, whose winning called more than one housewife to her wash-tub a little past midnight. Every chore was done, and she working for the shops and rocking baby, before it was time for her to get her dinner. In the long afternoons, many little shiny-topped baby wagons, precisely alike, issued from the gates, drawn by mother-hands. These matrons then found the recreation of their day, in going to each other's houses, comparing babies, and serving to each other delectable dishes of small gossip. Women endowed with such a remarkable amount of New England "faculty" that they could dispatch every household affair of their own in one fourth of the day, necessarily had some time left for the affairs of their neighbors.

Socially, the Brahmins and Bustlers were as far apart as if they lived on separate planets. The shop-girl from her window watching the academy girl pass to school, mocked her dainty airs, and when she met her on the street with "I'm as good as you are," toss of head, took care that the pretty Brahmin did not have more than her share of the sidewalk. Meanwhile, the Brahmin averted her pretty nose, and gathered up her delicate robes, lest they should be contaminated by the touch of the working-frock of "that dreadful shop-girl." Yet both of these were American maidens, Christian maidens, born in New England Busyville.

The Bustlers and the Brahmins rarely worshipped God together. The Brahmins were all orthodox, and praised their Maker in a proper manner in an imposing structure. From serene heights they looked down with pious pity or disgust, according to their dispositions, on the happy Bustlers, whose devotions they deemed of an unnecessary, vociferous, and hysterical character. All the time, the Bustlers considered themselves not only sound in faith, but as a city set upon a very high hill in the spiritual kingdom, with light enough in it to illuminate the entire race. With holy triumph they referred to the place and

the moment where they "got religion." With warm compassion they prayed for the groping Brahmins, who only "hoped that they had a hope." And for no one with so profound an unction as for old Dr. Drier, the Brahmin divine, the meekest and most blameless of men, yet one so utterly undemonstrative and unlike themselves, that they were sure "he know'd nuthin' what religion wuz."

Thus, the Brahmins ignored the Bustlers, and the Bustlers alternately envied and pitied the Brahmins. Each possessed qualities which the others lacked, which, had they been blended together, would have made a more harmonious type of manhood and of womanhood. The Brahmins needed the stamina and activity of the Bustlers. The Bustlers lacked the refinement and capacity for repose which crowned the Brahmins. But there could be no exchange of gifts and graces, for in social life they rarely met, and never mingled. Neither class ever knew half the good that was in the other.

Hero came bounding down the road to meet them. Mary Vale, with Win on one side and Pansy on the other, stood outside of the gate. Again the loose wheels of the old buggy rattled, and for once in her life Muggins hurried.

Eirene had come home, had come home to spend Thanksgiving—what joy there was in the dormer cottage.

A month had wrought a great change in the aspect of nature. The maples had dropped all their scarlet and amber, and stood dis-crowned in the wood. A few garnet leaves still clung to the sheltered boughs of the oaks. The larches in the yard still waved their feathery plumes, and the pines on the hill still swayed their evergreen branches with the old sighing sound. The English ivy, dappled and warm, still festooned the brown walls and dormer windows; all else was bleak and bare. Piles of wind-whipped, rain-beaten leaves filled the hollows of the road. The marigolds and dahlias had ceased to parade their splendor, lying prone and ragged upon the ground. Even the crysanthemums had vanished, and now smiled in snug boxes in the sitting-room windows.

How was it with Eirene? Had she changed, as well as the garden? Do we ever come back from the world to any beloved spot just the being that we left it?

One moment in her mother's arms—then the happy little company followed Eirene into the house.

VIRGINIA—OLD AND NEW.

EARLY HISTORY.

THERE are localities which history and nature combine to signalize as central points of those social phenomena which originate and control, if not the tendencies of civilization, at least the vital agencies of civic development; where are concentrated and fused the antagonistic forces whereby a great national problem is worked out; where men are born, opinions conflict, life develops, and events occur, that radically influence the destiny of a country or a people. This result may be traced to climate, geographical situation, staple products—facts of race and natural law. Such a region is the State of Virginia. There is an historical significance and prophetic suggestion in her name having been originally given, in Captain John Smith's chronicle of 1629, to all the British possessions in North America and that of Old Dominion in the earliest charter; for then and now, as regards resources and variety of population, she was eminently representative of the average condition and qualities of the new world—equally removed from the bleakness of the North and the sultriness of the South, and, in colonial and revolutionary times, furnishing the largest number of men whose characters and agency moulded and inspired the national life. On her soil the diverse functions of planter and farmer coalesced; in her councils the most emphatic development of political opinion found expression; from her bosom the great West was first peopled; in her history every germ of our country's prosperity and misfortune may be discovered; on her roll are the names of the two most influential representatives of the two great parties which have shaped American legislation; and in her eastern and western section, the two great social phases—the baronial and democratic, the slave-

holding and industrial; while Law's most eminent votaries, War's noblest heroes, the proudest gentry and the most civilized bondmen, formed a community wherein all the characteristics of our country found the best average exposition, and those of our ancestral land the most tenacious home; and therefore it is that Virginia historical, economical, and ethnological, has been and is the representative State.

And this quite as much from her deficiencies as her merits, from neglect as culture; for the lapse of her prosperity, after the Revolution, and its temporary revival, were the direct consequences of slavery: to the original aristocratic proclivities of a portion of her colonists is to be attributed the fatal indifference to popular education which enabled New England, with such inferior material advantages, to build up thriving commonwealths. "I thank God," wrote Sir William Berkeley, the governor, to the King, in 1641, "there are no free schools or printing." Unfortunately for the chivalric ancestry claimed by the "first families," as the exceptional origin of their State, the tracts of the period, through which the different colonies sought emigrants for their respective settlements—and many of which, rare as they have become, may now be consulted in the collections of literary amateurs—show that while now and then a genuine scion of nobility sought to reconstruct a cavalier's fallen fortunes on the banks of the Potomac and the James, with him came "worn-out London gentry," untitled adventurers, outlaws, and convicts. Enough, however, of good blood was transferred thither, and enough of English pride and prejudice, Irish bonhomie, and Scotch thrift and piety, to plant on the fresh soil every Old-World trait and tendency, from the traditions of primogeniture to the rites of lavish hospital-

ity, from the exclusiveness of manorial to the abjectness of serf life, and from the zest of the hunt to the etiquette of the duello. How far these imported instincts and habitudes modified the character of the landed proprietors, we, to this day, clearly behold, in the memories which the novelist has embodied, in the blind conservatism of a class upon which modern science and social progress have made no impression, and in the grounds, portraits, heraldic tombstones, old churches and very bricks which remind the traveller so vividly, and often with pathetic eloquence, of the "ould countrie." But with these legacies of the past, in later times, blended more popular and pervasive elements; the Dutch agriculturist brought free labor into the mountain-district; on the seaboard northern traders established a mart; amid the woods the Methodist preacher and his sable flock chanted the hymns of Wesley within sight of the temples of the Establishment; and thus, by degrees, Virginia lost her exclusive manorial dignity; decay settled on her domains to which the spirit of the age failed to penetrate; industrial enterprise became a necessity, and the proud and thriftless aristocracy was gradually overlaid or superseded.

The earliest English settlement in America, Virginia was the scene of the first rebellion—that instigated against Berkeley by the colonists who resented his refusal to appoint Bacon as their leader against savage foes. This occurred in 1687, and is known in history as Bacon's Rebellion. A formidable negro insurrection headed by Nat Turner, in 1831, has been made the subject of one of James' novels. No chapter of political history displays such glowing inconsistencies as mark the chronicle of Virginia statesmanship. The same class of politicians who protested most indignantly against the Hartford Convention of 1814 as treasonable, and sustained President Jackson in his forcible repression of Carolina Nullification in 1832, most readily adopted Calhoun's sophistical dogma of State Rights, and banded themselves most eagerly to de-

stroy the life of the nation, when the tariff had been superseded by the slavery conflict.

In 1775, a Virginian drafted the Declaration of Independence; in 1787, some of her political leaders tried to establish reserved rights; in 1860 the disunionists joined the Southern Confederacy, and many of them desired a dictator; yet the people of the eastern section were not unanimous for secession, those of the western were totally opposed to it; and a loyal convention was held within the borders of the State while she was in rebellion. All her early vicissitudes and characteristics have become proverbial—the indefatigable spirit of faction in the maxim "Old Virginia never tires;" the local exclusiveness in the significant monogram F. F. V.; and the attachment of the negroes in their plaintive melody "Carry me back to old Virginny."

No part of the United States has been more graphically described in its early colonial and subsequent life and aspect as Virginia; first revealed in literature by the sketch of her natural history from Jefferson's pen, William Wirt pictured in the "Letters of a British Spy," with a finished and genial style, some of her most interesting features; and the family-life, local customs, and scenery found memorable illustration in the opening chapters of Irving's *Life of Washington*, the sketches of Paulding, the "Swallow Barn" of Kennedy, "Our Cousin Veronica" of Miss Wormely, and the "Virginians" of Thackeray; while the "Lake of the Dismal Swamp" inspired one of Moore's few American melodies.

There is Mount Vernon, and Monticello, and Arlington: what varied memories those names call up! But these need not now detain us.

RECENT STRUGGLES.

The aristocratic element in colonial Virginia was social rather than civic, and with its pride and exclusiveness mingled those generous sentiments which, according to the benign law of compensation, modify the most perverse tendencies of our nature. Ac-

cordingly, the thrift of New England, so favorable to material prosperity, was allied to a selfish egotism and the family and personal arrogance of the Virginian with warm sympathies and liberal feelings. "I blush for my own people," wrote the youthful Channing, while a tutor in the Randolph family, "when I compare the generous confidence of a Virginian with the selfish prudence of a Yankee; the men do not forget the friendship and feeling of their youth; they call each other by their Christian names." Yet the future ethical philosopher who, at the age of eighteen, thus bore testimony to the chivalric superiority he found at Richmond, with prophetic emphasis, noted the bane of all that was hopeful and aspiring in the hospitable community which was his temporary home. "There is one object here," he adds, "that always depresses me; it is slavery; this would prevent me from ever settling in Virginia." The Northern stranger, however, was not alone in recognizing this slow poison in the body politic destined to work such measureless evil and baffle such noble proclivities. It is the distinction of Virginia to have been, of all States within the Union, that in which this dark problem was most significantly demonstrated—first, in its immediate effects upon vital prosperity, then in its worst aspects as an inhuman and debasing system when resorted to as a local trade; and, finally, as an incongruous element of republican nationality, only to be overthrown through the sanguinary devastation of civil war. Nowhere was raised more frequently or from more illustrious lips the warning cry against its fatal encroachments; nowhere became more evident its blasting influence upon natural resources and legitimate industry; and nowhere were its deep and degraded stains so thoroughly washed out in the blood of its votaries, its victims, and its foes. Occupying a central place between the bond and free labor regions of the republic, not so absolutely dependent upon negro servitude as the cotton-fields further South,

and with the example of a more just and thriving system within her borders, the statesmen of Virginia early saw the danger and the doom lurking in an institution so essentially at variance with the principles of liberty and the laws of right. Not to the traveller's eyes alone was the blot on the escutcheon of the fair State painfully evident, as, descending from the Capitol hill where he had gazed with admiration upon the statue of Washington, he paused in the mart with horror before the block of the slave-auctioneer. A century before, the assembly of Virginia protested to the King that slavery was alien to "security and happiness," fraught with "destructive influence," and threatened "the very existence of the State;" Franklin had denounced the inconsistency of the people in maintaining laws which "continue a traffic whereby hundreds of thousands are dragged into slavery that is entailed on their posterity;" this, declared Patrick Henry, a few years later, "gives a gloomy prospect to future times;" when Jefferson in the Continental Congress called the slave-trade piracy, he was sustained by Pendleton; and the former, had he been upheld by the representatives of the other States, in 1784, would have relieved the whole national domain of the shame and the sorrow; through the influence of Virginia and her sisters of the South, in 1787, Jefferson's clause excluding slavery from the entire northwest territory was restored. In the Legislature of the State, in 1778, a letter from George Mason was read, wherein he solemnly foretold that "the laws of an impartial Providence may avenge our injustice upon our posterity." Thus enlightened by the testimony of facts and the pleadings of patriotism, it seems, in the retrospect, as if Virginia had earned for herself the destiny of becoming the arena where this great evil should find at once its climax, its death-struggle, and its cure. The war wherein it perished was initiated by the fanatical challenge, and what proved the magnetic martyrdom, of John Brown; and every mountain-top became an altar

wreathed with the smoke of sacrifice, every stream a font for the baptism of blood, every wood a grave for the offering up of victims for the sin of generations, and every valley a Valhalla for the champions of freedom and their implacable foes. Virginia, the cradle of the greatest legalized wrong of the nineteenth century, became its grave; the State which renewed the life and prolonged the reign of slavery was its chosen battle-field. Although the tide of war set in various directions, and its decisive battles took place in other States, the most permanent point of interest and the best recorded phenomena of the struggle, its inception and eventualities, concentrated in Virginia; and the history of the Army of the Potomac has afforded European military critics the most suggestive, economical, and hygienic data wherewith to estimate what is original in our resources of organization. There was the Capital of the Confederacy, the camp of the rebellious leader; and, although the first gun was fired in the harbor of Charleston, the earliest land-battle and the final surrender occurred within the limits of the Old Dominion, where political metaphysics had long usurped the sphere of national sentiment; and the prestige which tobacco culture, abundant and available land, and inexpensive negroes, for a few decades, elevated the minority with a chimerical prosperity, was logically succeeded by decadence and discomfort—colleges in a state of normal decline, a limited high degree and an average neglect of education, the absence of a middle class, the failure of the old direct trade with England, and the gradual dilapidation and semi-barbarous condition of proud domains over which pride and prejudice blindly hovered; and the perverted doctrine of State Rights was made to uphold a system which political economy, as well as moral sentiment, demonstrated to be fatal alike to civic integrity and personal self-respect; where Nature protested against what Law sanctioned and provincial narrowness guarded, until the essential antagonism,

both social and political, between right and wrong, wisdom and folly, fact and speculation, reached a fanatical extreme and brought the conflict to the issue of war. The history of Virginia includes, more than that of any other State, the history of slavery, both as a theory of labor, a political problem, and the cause of civil strife; and, with singular emphasis, contains also the history of the process whereby it was prolonged; and the means and method of its final overthrow. On an exhausted soil it went out in agony; amid the mocking echoes of its early condemnation its dying sigh was breathed.

In the historical retrospect of some future eloquent annalist, an effective chapter will record the scenes and sacrifices whereby this region, where family pride, caste privileges, manorial prosperity, and subsequently the degradation and decay incident to bondage in the heart of a democratic commonwealth, became the battle-ground whereon the national life, through a vigilant and murderous ordeal, was purified into "victorious clearness." There is a poetical justice in the coincidence. It was meet that Americans, long enervated by material prosperity unsustained by civic rectitude, should learn the art of war where the sins of peace had taken deepest root; that where Error had "writhed among her worshippers" Truth should "rise again;" that where, from first to last, the principles of liberty and law had most openly conflicted, they should be reconciled; and that the scene of the expiation should be identical with that of the wrong. How tragically picturesque and heroically dramatic were the scenes and events in Virginia during the four years of the rebellion! The first ominous blunders which filled the land with dismay, only to usher in deliberate preparation and redeeming discipline; the months weary, wan, and wasteful, when so many brave and patient children of the North, in order "to serve" were content to "stand and wait;" the stationary camps where, during long winter nights and summer days, the soldiers of Free-

dom alternately rushed off on raids and kept watch and ward in monotonous vigil; the bloody conflict, the dreary captivities, the gallant deeds, the final victory—these and their perilous episodes and significant details of expedients, adventure, endurance, and doom, are no common materials of history. The obscure hamlets, the old taverns and court-houses, the towns, rivers, cross-roads, and “runs” of Virginia became names that thrilled the hearts of millions with triumph or agony, and are now inscribed on countless grave-stones throughout New England and the West, as the scenes of their children’s martyrdom. The lonely swamps sheltered hordes of fugitives, the isolated turnpikes rang with the tread of armies, the woods shadowed the sharp-shooter, the earth was honeycombed with rifle-pits and billowy with ramparts; leagues of forest were transformed into treeless plains; old family mansions became military headquarters; signals made the dumb air articulate; tobacco warehouses were converted into foul prisons; the ground shook beneath heavy artillery, and the winds were laid by the echoes of cannon; rival banners glowed in the dawn, and the stars looked down on myriads of fresh graves; the grove, familiar only with the sportsman’s solitary step, was a hospital where hundreds of pallid sufferers were ministered to; the mournful cadence of a negro-hymn, the quickly-uttered password of the sentinel, the whistle of a bullet, the shrill bugle-call or the drummer’s *rappel*, were the accustomed sounds which broke on the soldier’s reverie; where once blithely rose and sang the English lark, carrion buzzards darkened the air; bivouack and battle alternated; bonfires of public documents warmed the veteran, and the smoke of the consolatory pipe rose from the trenches. The scene of Cornwallis’ surrender, which gloriously closed the drama of that Revolution that made the colonists free, became the fortified arena where, for weary weeks, native citizens of an independent republic confronted each other with the wariness and im-

plements of organized warfare. (The campaign and the skirmish usurped the place of sport and hospitality. Libby and Belle Isle were names that rivalled, in inhuman horror, the smoking cavern of Algiers and the Black Hole of Calcutta; and the border-homes* of loyal citizenship, like Martinsburgh, were taken and retaken by contending forces throughout the war. Fredericksburg, old, vine-wreathed and aristocratic, woke up, on a dreary morning, to resound with the shots, cries, and scuffle of a raid; the “wilderness” was red-dened with carnage; in the morning mists of the mountain-top, hosts met in mortal strife. On one Sunday, crowds watched, eager-eyed, the leviathan Merrimac and fiery little Monitor; and on another, the leader of the rebellion stole forth from the sanctuary a fugitive; in the autumn moonlight, on the Richmond road, fell the gallant Dalghren, cut off in his chivalric attempt to release the prisoners whose misery he had shared; from Winchester sped Sheridan to the rescue; sword and fire laid waste the Shenandoah Valley; Culpepper, Spotsylvania, Manassas, Chantilly, City Point, Harper’s Ferry, and Hampton Roads, the Chickahominy, Petersburg, here a ford, there a mill, now a railway station, and again a white house; to-day a swamp, to-morrow a “lick,” bluff, or “gap,” became the rallying-point, the refuge, the outpost, the beleaguered spot, or the long and sanguinary battleground; on invisible tongues of electricity flashed the tidings of defeat and victory from camp to capital, the list of killed and wounded, the tale of stratagem and surprise, of individual prowess, of siege, repulse, capture, spoliation, hopes and fears; and thousands of distant homes were brightened or shadowed hour by hour, and thousands of fond hearts vibrated from joy to despair, and

* The most authentic and graphic picture of the strange vicissitudes and remarkable adventures of this border-war has been executed by the gifted and genial pen and pencil of Strothers—the “Fortie Crayon” of Harper’s Magazine, wherein appeared a specimen of this unique and charming chronicle, which has excited a wide and keen desire for the complete work.

day by day, according to the "news from Virginia;" until, at last, the prolonged capture of Richmond and the surrender at Appomattox Court-house closed the momentous struggle which began as it ended on the "sacred soil" of the "Old Dominion."

RESOURCES AND PROSPECTS.

The relentless breath of war has laid her local pride in the dust, and scattered her hereditary relics; roofless houses, denuded chimney-stacks, and bridgeless streams mark the passage of the destroying angel; the fair hands of her belles have grown hard with toil since the household duties have reverted from bond to free; the souls of her sons are sullen with defeat and perverse with the sophistry of anti-national theories; where Cornwallis surrendered, Marshall pleaded, Randolph found scope for his eccentric egotism, Washington for his pure patriotism, and Henry for his thrilling eloquence; where Calhoun was idolized and Jefferson initiated democracy; where Lord Dunmore tyrannized, Burr was tried for treason, and Davis set up a Confederacy, with slavery for its corner-stone; where Lord Fairfax hunted, and John Brown was hung; the old feudal remnants of an obsolete state of society have disappeared, the ancient landmarks are removed, land has changed owners, customs are superseded, and a transition state of political, social, and economical life prevails, which offers the noblest opportunity, by education and enterprise, free citizenship and free labor, to redeem the original promise and secure the legitimate prosperity of the Old Dominion.

It is asserted by keen observers that the very physiognomy of Virginians has been changed by the war—that the perpetual vigilance, anxiety, and rancor of the women living near the lines, have given a more decisive expression to the eye and firmer set to the chin. As a class, those who have taken an active and sacrificial part in the contest, of both sexes, are said to be physically improved thereby. Work and privation for those enervated by self-indul-

gence and hardened in ease by slavery, if they have the strength to survive the ordeal, strengthen and tone not only the physique, but the character; and while bad whiskey, the loss of property, and chagrin may and have led many to despairing sloth or reckless crime, nobler natures purified by sorrow, and disciplined by adversity, now turn to work and wisdom, with renewed energy and holy faith; these, with the brave souls who never wandered in their national fealty during the long conflict, form a conservative and progressive element in the future of Virginia.

The *entente cordiale* which, in the last generation, existed between Northern and Southern citizens of this republic, had its origin in and owed its continuance to social causes. Saratoga Springs was the annual rendezvous of the best class of people from both sections; and the free and frequent intercourse thus secured, led to mutual enterprises and an exchange of hospitalities that still live in affectionate traditions. With all the revolutions in medical science, as the knowledge of hygienic laws has extended, the provisions of Nature for the cure or alleviation of disease have constantly risen in human estimation, from faith in the recuperative resources of physiological laws to the scientific use of mineral waters. In every country the latter seem to exist with special reference to local needs; and in Europe have so long been used under wise professional direction, as to have become the regular and reliable means of a salubrious régime. Nowhere, on this continent, are found in greater variety, or more valuable combination, these health-giving springs than in the State of Virginia. Those most frequent are but a moiety of those as yet unappreciated; difficulty of access, imperfect analysis, and the impediments arising from a state of war, have hitherto prevented these benign and bountiful resources from attracting the numbers and attaining the fame which are their legitimate distinction. But we hazard the prediction, that in the future they are destined to exert a healing and

harmonizing influence far beyond mere physical agency. Accessible in three days to the fever-worn Louisianian and the rheumatic New Englander, situated in the midst of the grandest mountain-scenery and an invigorating climate, they will, more and more, bring together, under the most favorable circumstances, the scattered denizens of our vast country, and, with the revival of industrial and educational interests of mutual importance, weave and warm those social ties which are the most auspicious basis of national faith and fusion.

An economical question of wide import and imminent personal interest is now occupying thoughtful and patriotic citizens. It relates to the future subsistence of a large and increasing class, who, discouraged by the overstocked liberal professions, and the excessive tendency to commercial enterprise, requiring large capital, are baffled in the selection of employment and perplexed how to solve the problem of self-support. Reckless speculation has drifted thousands into precarious livelihoods; luxurious habits have sapped the manliness of as great a number; and meantime the expenses of life have increased. It is evident to the least reflecting, that some new arena for industry, some fresh field of lucrative work, has become a vital necessity. The prejudice against labor as incompatible with social refinement and republican ambition, is a sad consequence of our increased extravagance and perverse culture. And yet, of late, physical development and athletic sports have been more generally recognized as the essential complement of intellectual training; our colleges vie with each other in athletic exercises; yachting is a fashionable amusement of the rich, rowing of the students, and baseball among the artisans; "muscular Christianity" is a current phrase. And yet, when the hygienic considerations thus fostered are applied to a regular vocation, our young men, from false pride or effeminate habits, shrink from profitable manual toil. To this, however, many of them must come, unless they are content to forfeit independence

and rust in inactivity. The perpetual influx from country to city, and the preference of clerkships to agriculture, have gone to the extreme of rational limits. The prosperity of a nation consists in a due relation between agriculture and trade; the former is the resource which Nature and Society unite in designating as that destined to restore the wholesome balance and revive the welfare of the next generation. The laws of animal as well as political economy and the exigencies of life here shown, unite to this result. What the country needs is a large class of intelligent, enterprising, and educated agriculturists. The benign distinction of our country is the abundance and cheapness of land. The recent experience of our young men in the camp will or should lead to a new appreciation of the advantages of a pursuit which insures the healthful exercise of the bodily organs and free exposure to the elements. Moreover, the most available remedy for the baneful passion for gain which leads so many to abandon study, when their academic course is over, for the mart and the exchange, and which is the most demoralizing trait and tendency of our national life, is to be found in an occupation which leads, by auspicious labor, to competence; which limits desire to the bounds of comfort, and gives scope to the most lasting and tranquil contentment. Where a genius or adaptation for mechanical labor exists, it should be developed; and to this end scientific schools are now affording every facility; but the cultivation of the earth is evidently the great means and method of recuperation both in regard to fortune and character; and the vast regions opened to free labor by the war seem providentially to await this grand experiment, which involves moral as well as physical and civic, not less than financial, results of national interest.

I remember an American, who had sojourned many years in Europe, and meditated fondly on a new home in his own country, where he could enjoy such a climate as habit had made essential to

comfort and a social independence and tranquillity unattainable in our bustling and ambitious cities; and he declared, as the result of the most careful investigation, that, in the State of Virginia, he found combined more of the essentials of such a residence than elsewhere in the land. He thought the temperature and average character of the soil between the tide-water of the James and the Blue Ridge—the Piedmont region so-called,—and the long, elevated vales of rolling country of Central Virginia, offered a nearer approach to the best features of middle and part of southern Europe, in natural qualities, than any other region; and he considered the life of a country gentleman there as among the most charming possibilities awaiting his return. But his argument gained new force from the variety of resources within the limits of the State, embracing mountain, valley, and seashore, the comparatively little known eastern and the rich meadows of the central region, with a geological structure varying from the ridges which culminate in such remarkable caves, and the wonderful natural bridge, to vast tracts of alluvial soil; all these advantages being enhanced by the geographical position and the mild climate—distinctions which have been recognized from the days of the decision of Pocahontas to those of the vacillation of McClellan—in peace and war, to savage and citizen—affording a temperate sphere between the bleakness of the country settled by the Pilgrims and the sultriness of that where the so-called chivalry found their earliest American home.

Although the latitude of Virginia indicates a moderate climate, and its average temperature is such, the great variety of surface renders the local diversities, in this respect, so marked as to afford a wide range of choice from seacoast to interior and from plain to mountain: the same is true of the comparative productiveness of the soil and its adaptation to different crops. Washington, who not only carefully observed but methodically noted the character

of land and the quality of products in his journeys through the country, pronounced the central counties of Virginia the finest in the United States for agriculture.

Her natural wonders, such as remarkable combinations of mountain-scenery, the Natural Bridge, Wier's Cave, and Hawk's Nest, have been regarded by foreigners as unsurpassed; while the intimate and continuous relation of the State to the Nation is manifest in the fact that five Presidents of the latter were natives of the former; two the great leaders of the Federal and Democratic parties, one the author of that principle of our foreign policy which has guided and guarded our international intercourse, and is known as the Monroe Doctrine, while the best history of the Constitution of the United States is conserved and illustrated by the life of Madison.

Experiment has proved that not the fertile valley of Virginia alone rewards intelligent labor, but that much of the most unpromising land of the State, when submitted to the right system of cultivation, is singularly productive. In many cases superficial ploughing has failed to develop latent qualities of soil; in others, exhaustion is the result of too continuous tobacco-planting; and in still more, the lack of manure. Slave-labor has checked the best growth, both of crops and character, by improvident and negligent methods. Not many years ago, a member of Congress from western New York purchased a considerable tract of sandy and pine-covered land between Alexandria and Orange Court-House at ten dollars the acre; by judicious amelioration, fruit and vegetable farms, with a thriving settlement, transformed the region into a flourishing domain, which increased tenfold in market value. Already many similar instances have occurred since the war, and they will be indefinitely multiplied by wisely-directed capital and industry.

"For the goodness of the seate and the fertileness of the land," wrote Rolfe, the husband of Pocahontas, to King

James in 1616, Virginia is "a countrie as worthy of good report as can be declared by the pen of the best writer."

From the facts of natural history recorded in Jefferson's "Notes," to the statistics gathered by the latest explorer of the "sacred soil," this ancient testimony is confirmed. The best of gold deposits, and the strata of iron pyrites containing them; the mines of iron, tin, tellurium, lead, platinum, cinabar, plumbago, manganese, and copper; the quarries of rare marbles, granite, sulphur, cobalt, lime, gypsum, bituminous coal, soap and grindstone, have yielded fortunes in the past, and with the new scientific facilities for working them, and the increased means of transportation, there are prolific returns awaiting intelligent enterprise and free labor. Indian crucibles, still found, indicate how early some of their resources were improved; and the history of the Marks, Waller, Tread, Ford, and other gold mines, suggest a future productiveness. Three hundred dollars a-day were obtained at one time from a single crushing-machine, imperfectly worked, and the tellurium mine yielded two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in a brief period. But it is the Agricultural products and prospects that offer the surest inducement to emigration. The finest wheat and maize in the world are cultivated in Virginia. Along the James river the alluvial deposits form the best tobacco and grain country; and while the abandoned settlements of Jamestown, the first home of the colonists, only marked by an old church and pier, evidence the malarious taint that drove away the early settlers, manor houses nearly two centuries old, scattered at long intervals, still attest the primitive salubrity and fertility, which proper drainage and wise industry can renew. The soldiers of New England were astonished to see pine-forests only two miles back from these old river settlements, which, when cleared and ploughed, will afford rich grounds for the culture of the cereals. Indeed, miles of Virginia forest, occupied by thousands of our soldiers for years, have been

opened to the sun and to the eyes of sagacious agriculturists, by the vicissitudes and exigencies of the war for that Union which thereabouts so long found her most implacable and insidious enemies. All the European esculents thrive in the gardens of Virginia, and her meadows are lush with the most valuable grains and grasses. The sandy soil around Norfolk is the most favorable for the cultivation of early fruits and vegetables in the country, and these find rapid transit and a ready market in the Eastern States: already many farmers from the neighboring regions have engaged in this lucrative business. The elephantine fossils discovered in the strata, the variety and curative qualities of the many spas among the mountains, the magnificent varieties of trees, the distribution of the rivers, the antiquity of the orchards, the original species of birds, the old roads and taverns of sparse neighborhoods, the very tint of the land, red with iron, and the richness of the timber, oak, pine, locust, beach, tulip, and sugar-maple, are normal signs of a country preëminently supplied by nature with the resources for human welfare. And yet thither the current of population has rarely tended. The reasons for this apparently incongruous fact are evident. Before the war, slavery and its consequence deterred both capitalist and laborer from adventuring in a region which offered such an inauspicious contrast to the free and fertile domain of the great West; then it was generally understood that much of the once prolific soil, like the tobacco-fields around Fairfax country, was exhausted; although it should also be remembered it has never been thoroughly ploughed and manured. The Quaker colony that settled thirty miles from Washington, a few years ago, prospered on their farms until driven thence by the war. That conflict has left so many bitter memories, that now the best class of emigrants shrink from exposing their families to the ill-will of an alienated neighborhood; and, therefore, we find five thousand farms sold and occupied, within a

few months, in Iowa, which insures an addition to the population of at least twenty-five hundred souls, while domains in Virginia so much nearer the great harbors and northern marts, remain often in the reluctant possession of their original proprietors, whose necessity is ready money, and whose paternal acres can, in many instances, be purchased for half their value. As to the state of local feeling, which is regarded by many as an insuperable objection to settling in Virginia, its immediate influence can be, in no small degree, counteracted by grouping eastern or western families around a common centre, thereby insuring them, at first, congenial society and mutual support. Moreover, we have long been convinced that no political scheme or machinery can reconcile the South; such precautions are but negative; the great means of harmonizing the discordant elements of our national life are *social*; it is by companionships that prejudice is undermined, by neighborhood that the kindest impulses of humanity are awakened. All the test-oaths in the world are not as effective as the personal magnetism of character, the magic touch of fellowship, the bond of common interests, and the influence of noble and benign example. The process may be long, and the desired result not achieved in a generation; but it is the true road to patriotic fraternity; and nowhere are there more inducements to initiate the magnanimous experiment than in the State whose soil and climate offer the most genial scope to northern labor, and whose versatile opinions and divergent interests yield the most hopeful opportunity for the fusion of faith which breeds national sympathy.

A very singular, but, on the whole, auspicious diversity of opinion is manifested by the leading party-journals of the country, as to the political status and prospects of Virginia, under the new *régime*: time alone will elucidate the latent facts of the case and the actual relation between the State and the General Government. Meanwhile, if

any faith is to be given to the new Governor's declared sentiments and purposes, we have reason to believe that national fealty, based on enlightenment, will redeem the fortunes and purify the fame of the Old Dominion. Governor Walker, in his speech to the citizens of Richmond, observes:

"I have everywhere told the people the principles which would guide me if elected. I have nothing to take back, to change, or modify—no, not one jot or tittle. I am now, as I have ever been, for equal and exact justice to all men, without regard to race or color.

"Let us in the future do what we have in a measure failed to do in the past, and what is dictated by an enlightened Christianity. Let us educate these people until they rise in the scale of humanity to that position where they can intelligently exercise the rights of free-men. When you shall have done this, and when they can appreciate and comprehend those rights to their full extent, we shall never again in Virginia have to pass through such a struggle as that which has just closed.

"Virginia is just about to start upon a new career, glittering like the morning star, full of life and glory. Her immense resources will be developed; her great lines of improvement pushed forward to completion; and a tide of immigration will pour in from every quarter into her borders. Then she will become, as she has hitherto been, the brightest star in the galaxy of States."

Another reason for purchasing land in Virginia for purposes of agriculture and settlement, rather than in the West, is the amount of available and economical labor at hand. The colored people are content to till a limited amount of ground for the supply of their own wants and the raising of poultry and pigs; they are attached to the soil, and gladly eke out subsistence by work on the farms of more enterprising land-owners, at a very moderate rate of wages; properly treated and wisely directed, they are most useful and cheap farm-laborers. Nowhere in the world, perhaps,—taking into consideration the means of transport and the vicinity of marts, the water-power and mineral wealth, the mills, highways, tempered climate, ports, canals, railways, schools, and other fruits of a long-settled country,—nowhere to-day is land so cheap as in Virginia. It is preëminently the

home for small capitalists, large families of limited means and industrious habits. Emigration to the far West to this class, who are attached by habit to the comforts and culture of an older civilization, involves many privations, social and domestic, which are avoided in the Old Dominion; where vicinity to the great eastern cities and all the influences of long-inhabited districts, yield many desirable resources and associations. Of course, intelligent and executive ability, good judgment and the right spirit, are essential to the success and welfare of new settlers, there as elsewhere. As to the prevalent fear of unpleasant neighborhood from political animosity, we accept the recent assurance of a well-informed correspondent, who says that

"In Virginia the great body of the people accept with the most perfect good faith the results of the war as a final, conclusive, and irreversible decision of the issues that were involved, and that no one among us is so wild a madman as to indulge the thought for a moment that we can ever assert and maintain successfully our long-cherished theory of the Constitution and Government of the United States—that we are resolved to take things as they exist and make the best of our situation—that therefore we welcome as neighbors and friends all respectable men and their families who come to abide permanently with us, as an active element in our future social, business, and political life."

There is one section of Virginia where the exuberance of nature has already triumphed over the ravages of war, and, although the scene of constant raids, and again and again desolated by the march of hostile armies,

now presents its old fertile aspect and peaceful beauty. It is the luxuriant and picturesque valley watered by the Shenandoah, and extending for two hundred miles with an average breadth of twenty miles between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies. Here slavery never found a congenial domain; it is dotted with gentlemen's country seats, and the exigencies of their position induce the land-owners to sell on terms very much below the intrinsic worth of their estates. Here what is needed is a respectable and industrious population; not political schemers, but honest and intelligent citizens. Of all regions south of the Potomac, this seems to us the one most favored by nature and circumstances as the nucleus of patriotic emigration, whence healthful and hallowed influences might spread through an alienated community; where beautiful scenery, facilities of communication, and one of the finest wheat-countries in the world, with the opportunity of economical and productive investments, offer the most desirable attractions for a rural home and the most assured returns for moderate labor. Auspiciously occupied, it might become, indeed, a happy valley, in whose ample and fruitful bosom local jealousies would be nursed to sleep, and where a magnetic example of agricultural prosperity, domestic comfort, and national sentiment, might be engendered without disturbance, and gradually permeate and redeem not only the baffled industry, but the political integrity, of the Old Dominion.

THE MAGIC PALACE.

In the year 1739 the Empress Anne, niece of Peter the Great, reigned in Russia. Her court was a gay one, with the kind of half-barbarous splendor which shone in the palaces of the czars at that period. The brief autumn of those extreme northern regions was rapidly passing away, and while statesmen were knitting their brows over political stratagems, or military campaigns, for the new year, the courtiers were eagerly planning amusements to enliven the heavy gloom of the long winter, already drawing near. Balls, masquerades, concerts, and other entertainments of the usual courtly routine, were lightly talked over. But of these the proud gallants and jewelled dames were very weary. Honest labor knows of no fatigue so exhausting as the satiety of idle pleasure. Courtly gayeties often become exceedingly dull and wearisome—a heavy burden, in fact—to those most frequently taking part in them. There was a cry for novelty. Something original was needed to throw a fresh interest into the usual amusements. Suddenly a most brilliant and novel suggestion was made.

"Let us set winter at defiance!" exclaimed the noble Alexis Danielowitch Tatischchew. "Let frost and snow and ice combine to build a Magic Palace for the Autocrat of the North!"

The suggestion was received with acclamation. The plan was laid before the Empress. She graciously smiled, and declared herself charmed with the idea. Lucky Alexis! The Imperial Exchequer was ordered to provide the necessary funds, and the work began.

Some years earlier, in the year 1732, a grand military spectacle, on an imposing scale, had been held, during the severest frosts of the year, on the Neva, then covered with ice several feet in thickness. The Empress Anne had held a review of a military corps of many thousands of men on the river.

On that occasion a large fortress of snow and ice had been built, attacked, and defended, according to regular military tactics; artillery had been drawn over the ice, cannons and mortars of heavy calibre had been discharged, and the vast icy field held firm under all this mockery of war. It was now proposed to build the Magic Palace of Alexis Danielowitch in the same way, over the frozen waters of the Neva.

The site was chosen, and the workmen began their labors. The purest and most transparent ice of the Neva was chosen for the quarry; large blocks were then cut, and squared by rule and compass, then carved with ornamental designs, as carefully and as skilfully as if they had been so much marble. Ere the walls had been raised many feet, however, the alarm was given; the ice beneath had cracked, the foundation was breaking away! The noble Alexis Tatischchew threw on his robes of fur, and drove to the spot in his sledge. He found the report correct; the Neva refused to bear the weight of his palace. The fortress of 1732 had probably been built chiefly of snow. The difficulty was laid before the Empress. She ordered her new palace to be built on the land, and pointed out a spot between her winter-palace and the admiralty, sufficiently near the Neva to facilitate the transportation of the novel building-material.

On this more favorable ground the work began anew. Still greater care was taken in preparing the blocks of ice, which, as in the first instance, were all quarried from the Neva. After they had been cut and carved, with the greatest accuracy, each block was raised by crane and pulley. At the very moment of lowering it to its destined position, a small quantity of water was thrown on the block below. The precise quantity of water was regulated as

if it had been so much mortar; if too much were used, the symmetry of the work would be injured. As the water froze, the different rows of blocks became so closely connected together, that, when completed, the whole building became one compact mass, looking as if it were chiselled entire from one icy mound. The dimensions of this palace were not large; it was indeed a sort of *petit Trianon*. The front was fifty feet in length, simple in character, and divided into seven compartments by pilasters. In six of these compartments were large windows, the framework of which was painted to imitate green marble. The ice took the paint perfectly. The panes were thin sheets of ice, beautifully smooth and transparent as the most costly glass. The central division projected, to represent a doorway, surmounted by a Roman arch and appropriate architectural ornaments. On either side of the door stood a statue of ice, on a high pedestal, and in front was an approach of several steps. This apparent door was in reality, however, but another and a larger window, level with the floor. An ornamental balustrade surmounted the front, with an architectural ornament rising in the centre, above the doorway and the window on either side of it. The roof was sloping, and marked in lines, to represent tiles; there were also chimneys, all in ice. The height of the building was twenty-one feet; its depth was eighteen feet.

But the palace itself was not the only wonder; the accessories were very complete, and all so much frost-work. A handsome balustrade, apparently of marble, with statues and architectural ornaments, completely surrounded the palace, being eighty-seven feet in length, and thirty-six in width, enclosing a sort of garden, or court, with two handsome gateways in the rear. It was through these gateways that the building was approached. Orange-trees, nearly as high as the building, bearing fruit and flower, with birds on the branches, also adorned the court, or garden—tree, flower, fruit, leaf, and bird being all

delicately chiselled out of the same magic marble as the palace itself.

The front approach was guarded by six cannons, regularly turned and bored; they stood before the balustrade, three on either side of the doorway. These were also of ice. They were of the calibre which usually receives a charge of three pounds of powder. In addition to these cannons there was also a large mortar, on each side of the entrance, of a size prepared for shells of eighty pounds. In advance of these mortars stood two neatly-carved dolphins on pedestals. Still farther in advance, two pyramids, nearly as high as the chimneys, had been erected on carved pedestals. Each was surmounted by an ornamental globe, and had an oval window in the centre.

To the left of the palace stood an elephant, large as life; on his back was a man in a Persian dress, while two similar icy figures, one bearing a lance, stood near the animal. Thus it was that the approach to the Magic Palace was guarded by other magic wonders.

Such was the aspect of the famous palace of ice, when, early in the winter, the Empress and her Court came to admire the work of that enchanter, the noble Alexis Tatishchew. The Court itself must have been a very curious spectacle to foreign eyes, so quaint and so gorgeous were the peculiar costumes collected there from different regions of the Empire. In no other country of Europe was there a pomp so Asiatic in lavish display of gems and jewels, of the richest furs and the costliest manufactures. The effect was most brilliant. The palace itself shone like one vast gem of opal, so perfect was the transparency, and so peculiar the blue tint of the fabric. Every part of the building, the statues, the dolphins, the elephant, every leaf, flower, and bird, ay, the solid pyramids, the very cannon, were glittering with the ever-changing brilliancy of the many-colored prism, with its crimson, green, golden lights.

As the Empress approached, wonders increased. A salute was fired from the icy cannons, and the mortars threw their

shells high in the air! Yes, real fire and smoke issued from the magical artillery; and at the same moment the marble-like elephant threw up a watery spray, higher than the roof of the palace.

The enchanted portal opened, and the Empress entered a handsome vestibule, whence appeared a lofty room, on either side. In the drawing-room stood a table, apparently of marble, supporting a handsome clock, whose icy wheels, daintily cut, were seen beneath the transparent case. Large statues filled the corners of the room. Settees and sofas, handsomely carved, stood on either side; nor were chairs, footstools, and other smaller pieces of furniture wanting. The sleeping-room, or what appeared such, on the opposite side of the vestibule, was even still more luxuriantly furnished. There was a grand state bedstead, with its appropriate bed, pillows, counterpane, and, above all, finely-woven curtains, apparently of lace! There was a dressing-table with its mirror, and many nicknacks, jars and bottles for powders and perfumes, with cups and boxes for trinkets. This table was supported by pretty little caryatides. On the right was an elegantly carved chimney-piece, and on the hearth were laid logs of wood, ready to kindle! Here and there wreaths of icy flowers hung in festoons.

Conceive the delight of the Empress and her Court at the magical beauty of their toy. There was no happier man that day at St. Petersburg than the successful architect, the noble Alexis Tatischev. And still the enchantment increased. At her arrival the Empress had been received with a salute. At her departure another salute was fired, with still greater effect. In the first instance a ball of hard tow had been well rammed into the cannons; but the imperial lady now desired that iron balls should be tried. The experiment was made, and the artillery of the Magic Palace was actually fired with a charge of powder of a quarter of a pound, and with iron balls. The salute was entirely successful, the balls piercing a strong plank two inches thick, at a distance

of sixty paces; and the cannons remained uninjured.

An evening visit followed. By night the enchantment appeared still greater. All the windows were illuminated with colored transparencies, and nothing could exceed the beautiful effects of the light which filled not only the windows, but the transparent walls of the building itself, with a delicate, pearly glow, even more beautiful than the opal tint by day. The pyramids were also illuminated with revolving transparencies at the oval windows. The elephant was now seen spouting a stream of burning naphtha, a fire-like spray, high in the air, while a man concealed within the hollow body of the creature, by blowing pipes, succeeded in imitating the roar natural to the animal. Within the palace the icy candles, smeared with naphtha, were lighted, without melting, and the icy logs in the fireplace were kindled in the same way!

A beautiful moonlight view, on still another occasion, was most charming, from the crystal-like character of the palace, and its garden, reflecting a thousand silvery rays. Then again, fresh falls of snow gave a new charm to the spectacle, as every architectural ornament, every twig and leaf, was daintily marked by the soft feathery flakes, of a white even more pure than that of the ice on which they fell.

Through the long winter of St. Petersburg, from January to the equinoctial days of March, that icy wonder stood on the banks of the Neva. Before April it had vanished, and disappeared again in the bosom of the stream from whence it arose.

We are not told at what cost to the treasury this dream of a courtier became a reality,—

"A scene
Of evanescent glory, once a stream,
And soon to glide into a stream again."

The coldest day of that winter at St. Petersburg was February 5th, when the thermometer stood at 30° F. below zero. The same winter was very severe throughout Europe. At London the mercury fell to 8° below zero.

BEN.

CHAPTER I.

"No! It's no cloud." Ben tumbled out of bed to the open upper half of the door, scanning with his half-shut eyes the odd saffron-colored spot in the gray sea-line. "That means mischief. You can't rightly tell till the sun's up, Letty. I'll just step down to the beach and see what the Lattans say of it. It's the most curious—" dragging on the dust-colored corduroy trousers over his big legs so fast that they split.

"But, now, Ben—the potatoes?" hesitated Letty.

Ben's jaw fell. "Oh! the potatoes! Oh, yes. Potatoes." He tied his shoes, slowly. His fingers were all thumbs, thick and slow. "Now, 'Titia," looking up presently with decision, "you know I'll dig them potatoes. I told you last night, the job was two weeks late a'ready. If a high fall-tide would come, it would swamp the field. There's no use throwin' them continuoally in my face. But there's Nancy Cool, she'll be mighty oneasy at the sight of that appearance. Cool's boat's out over night. I'll just step down and tell her it amounts to nothin'. Hey?"

"Do, Ben. Nan's had enough of trouble. Time enough to-morrow for the potatoes."

"I never put off dooty till to-morrow, 'Titia," said Ben, loftily, and went whistling across the salt-meadow, his hands in his pocket, his big, red-shirted figure coming into bold relief against the pale-tinted sky, in which hung the strangely-colored blot. It was so slight a matter that a landsman's eye would have passed it unmarked; only these fishermen, bred to find a meaning in every hint of wind or wave, were troubled and puzzled by it; with a vague sense of coming disaster.

It was an hour or two, before Ben came back to dig the potatoes. The

field was half a mile away; he determined to take Benjy, and make a day of it. "We'd better hev' our dinner along, mother?" he said. Then the Bens, big and little, had to pack the tin bucket. It was a work of time, especially as Benjy was giving an account of the clam-bake yesterday. Letitia, hearing their shouts of laughter, came in and perched herself on the table to listen. The boy had all of his father's broad sense of fun; the shrewd, twinkling blue eyes, and the queer quirks of voice in telling a story, that made old Ben the jolliest company on the coast. They were having too good a time to break up the party hastily, when some one came outside to ask Ben's help to draw a seine.

"What do you say, Titia? It's poor old Sanford."

Letty nodded.

"But, there's that digging, now;" lingering at the door. She laughed, and he went off with a whoop and leap, like a school-boy clear of his task. The potatoes were half of their next winter's support. But 'Titia was not an unreasonable woman. She would as soon have expected to see a tortoise come galloping down the road, as Ben go about his forever-undone work like another man. For herself, though, she was as brisk-limbed a little body as she was pretty. By noon the house was shining and clean. And Letty, in her gingham dress, sat sewing on the porch, the sun glinting on her coils of brown hair, while little Susy played at her feet, her blue slip looped back from her fat shoulders with a bit of ribbon. The sun shone warmly on the porch and square patch of garden, and the purple dahlias and crimson prince's-feather, bordering the tomato-beds. In front of the garden stretched the endless line of beach, where Ben and a group of

men were hauling a seine out of the uncertain yellow surf. Behind Letty's house were the woods, abandoned to the white sand and charcoal-burners.

The picture would have been altogether still and bright but for that cloud—which was no cloud. It had hardened into a dull, reddish mass just above the horizon. One of the men said that it looked like an arm and hand stretched out threateningly. Ben listened uneasily and, turning his back on it, began to joke louder than ever. Inland-born as he was, since the day he came to the coast a boy, he had been sucking in all the superstitions and monstrous fancies of the fishermen like a dry sponge put into its native water; just as naturally as he had taken to the sea and sea-craft, until he was made wrecking-master, and so became a recognized leader among them. He had worked his way up till he was owner of the *Queen*, as taut a little schooner as ever pulled her way through salt water. For the year or two after he lost her, he fished, crabbed, toed for clams, any thing to get his legs wet. His wife used to wonder if he had fish's blood.

The *Queen* was down on the beach now. It was the first time since Ben lost her that she had been back to her old mooring.

"Yon's yer boat, Ben," said Sanford. "She run in an hour ago."

Ben raised himself from the pile of fish that he was sorting.

"Whew!" he said, thrusting his thumbs leisurely in his arm-holes to look at her. The whistle died out dully.

"Noland's got a new jib on her."

"Yes."

"I never heerd how you come to sell her, Ben," said Landrey, who was from the other side of the bay.

"He never sold her."

"I'd hev' sold Benjy as soon—a'most," kicking a crab back into the water. "Howsoever, let's get on with the haul."

"Debt?" asked Landrey, nodding toward him.

"Ben went on Cox's paper——"

"He's always on somebody's paper!"

"So the *Queen* went." They always talked of Ben before him as if he were a log, or a big lump of good-nature. "Then Cox turned the cold shoulder on him."

"Hillo, now, Sanford! You've gone far enough. It hurt Joe Cox worse than me, I dare say, to see Noland steer that boat out of the bay. It's only natral he'd stand off with me since, with this onpleasantness comin' up at the sight of me."

"Well, it was only the fortune of war, Ben," cried Landrey, heartily, shouldering a basket of plaice.

"That's so! Fortune of war! I believe I'll not go out for another haul, boys; I've got business. Goin', Benjy?" as the boy jumped into the surf-boat. "Get in before dark. Yer mother, you know." He went off, clearing the beach with his long steps, shouting out, now and then, snatches of some old catch. Ben was known everywhere, by the perpetual clatter and fun he carried with him. The born coastmen have a curious silence impressed on them; never sing nor whistle; even laugh under their breath.

He stopped at his own gate, and hailed Letty. "Come down the beach a bit, mother," walking a little ahead of her when she joined him.

"Oh! the *Queen*!" cried Letty, with a catch in her breath when she saw it. She halted.

"Yes. Come on. I thought you'd like to see what Noland's been doin' to her. I would. Hillo, Noland! You've put a clean face on the boat, eh?"

"Yes. Fact is, I can't afford to hold her. She's for sale. I put a bit of paint on to freshen her up. I had a bid for her down in Baltimore."

"Then she'll go off from this bay?" Ben went on hurriedly to the cabin. "Letty and I came for a look at our old quarters. Letty took two voyages with me, you know?"

Letty followed. It was a snug little closet of a place. In that corner had been her bunk, and there her sewing-box. Ben had taken her with him

until Benjy was born. He had always been a doting old fellow, in his queer way. She ran about, crying, "Do you remember this, or that, Ben?" Ben nodded. He remembered it better than she, though he was busy asking Noland how crabs were held in Baltimore, and about that blow off the Hook.

"Doctor Drouth came up with me from the Hook," Noland said, presently. "He's somewhere's aboard."

"Drouth is, eh? You'd better run along home, mother. I'd rather you were in-doors, with that queer look in the sky. What do you make of that, Noland?"

"Puff of smoke from a steamer."

Ben shook his head. He watched Letty go up the beach, and then turned quickly. "Where's Drouth? I want a word with him. Oh! Well, Doc!" going to meet the hatchet-faced man in black who came from the stern.

"Here you are, Ben! Going over your old boat?"

"Yes, I don't see any about here like her."

"No." They dropped these few words mechanically, keeping their eyes fixed on each other, as men do between whom lies some grave, unnamed secret. Then they stood leaning over the deck of the little vessel, which rocked to and fro on the gentle, bright swells, waiting till Noland had sauntered up the beach. When he was out of hearing, they exchanged a few sentences in a rapid whisper.

Ben broke out at last aloud. "I tell you, Doc, I ken't bring myself to believe it! It seems onreal to me. There's not a sounder built man on this beach," striking his broad chest with his fist.

"You know how long the disease has had hold of you."

Ben nodded in silence.

"I put the case fully before Vandyke; there's no better authority in New York. He says perfect rest and a long sea-voyage is your only chance."

"Well, I've been restin' pretty much all my life." Ben could not help chuckling. "But a v'yage is impossible, unless before the mast."

Drouth shook his head. "Worse

than nothing. I think you ought to tell your wife. The end might come any day."

"Letty? No. I've kept it from her these seven years. I ain't a-goin' to hurt her now." He bit a piece from his plug of tobacco, and began to chew fiercely, looking moodily down into the water.

"If the *Queen* was yours now——"

"There's no use crying over spilt milk, that I kin see. She's *not* mine."

Drouth waited a moment. "It was the old Major gave you that boat, wasn't it, Ben?"

"Mrs. Dunstable. That's an ondecant name the boys give her. No. I made the money for that on the water. She dealt very liberal with me, though. I was only her bound-boy out on the frontier there; and when she brought me here and saw how I took to fishing and the water, she give me my indentures." He hesitated; but seeing that Drouth still waited, attentive, went on. "When I married, she bought the house and two acres for us."

"The house is yours, then? or Letty's, in case—any thing happens?"

Ben squirted his tobacco-juice about him for a minute or two. "The truth is, Doc, it's gone. There! There's no use of a word, now! I went on Jim Lattan's paper about two months ago, and that's the way it ended. It has a trick of ending that way—with me."

"You're an infernal fool, and Dick Lattan knows it!"

"Dick Lattan never played a man foul in his life. He meant to pay the bill. I reckon I'd do it agen in such a case. I ken't loaf about with money in my pockets while the boys are in a tight place."

"You'll loaf in your grave before long, while your wife will starve."

Ben was silent a minute, and then shook himself, like a dog getting rid of an unpleasant wetting. "It will hardly be so bad as that, I s'pose. You're going up to the village? I'll stay on the boat till Noland comes back," stretching himself on his back on a pile of rope and staring lazily up

at the peak, as if he meant to make that his day's business. If he intended to hint that he would rather be alone, Drouth did not choose to understand him.

"You've known the Major—Mrs. Dunstable, all your life, then?"

"She took me before I remember; out of the poor-house I've heard."

"There are some queer stories afloat among her kinsfolks here about her life out yonder. Hey, Ben? A childless widow's apt to be gay? How was it?"

"I never heard them stories," sharply. "I bid Letty never come to me with them. The Dunstables ruled the roast in that country, and the old lady used her money as became her. She's spent the most of it hunting for her son. She's crazy on that pint, I judge."

"You think he never was stolen by the Indians, then?"

"It's unlikely. The child wandered off, I've heard, bein' left at home with the servants. It was two weeks before his mother came back to make proper search for him. She's never been the same woman since. It was a wild country then. There's a dozen things might have happened to him without blamin' the redskins."

"It has been a monomania with her as she grew old, I believe," said Drouth, for whom the subject evidently had some peculiar interest. "When her lovers forsook her, I reckon she went back to this old trouble of her son. There has been hardly a point in the West which she or her agents have not visited. I've been one of them for a year or two. Did you know it?"

"I heard so," indifferently.

Drouth leaned over him, lowering his voice. "I meant to find the man if he were alive, Ben, and *I've done it*."

Ben started upright. "You found him! A real, live man? But you needn't tell me that he ever was stolen by the redskins!"

"Yes, I do."

"Well! I always said that story was bosh!" with a discontented grunt. "Hev' you told her yet?" after a pause.

"No."

"Hadn't you better be about it, then?"

"You're not overly civil," Drouth laughed, but jumped aboard the scow that lay alongside, and put ashore, while Ben watched him uneasily.

"She's half starved herself for years to save for that son," he said. "It'll all go to him, now. Every dollar! There's no chance there for Letty and the young un." He had not known before how much he depended on "the Major," in case, as the doctors threatened, he should die suddenly. He had been so used all of his life to depend on somebody! He lay pushing his foot against a barrel, telling himself that one of these days, before the potatoes were dry, maybe, or this big run of blue fish was over, he would die.

Die. Lie with his big, strong legs and body like a log under the sand yonder, while Letty and the children would come to want. And he never able to help them.

For a few minutes Ben lay motionless, his jaws tight shut, his hands clasped over his eyes. Then he got up. "God help us! I'll go dig the potatoes," he said. But the bit of bright flag at the peak fluttered that moment against the sky, the sail flapped, the surf plashed against the stern. There was meaning in this to Ben: the boat was a live thing to him; he knew it; needed it; he clung to the mast more passionately than he had ever done to the breast of the woman he loved. He looked out to the clear violet shadows of the sea-horizon. If Letty were down in the cabin as she used to be, and he had his hand on the wheel, and they could sail on and on and on yonder to find life for him! Leaving death on the shore, and the hateful work, even to the undug potatoes. Ben sighed and looked listlessly about, wondering if he had brought his spade with him. "I'll work for her every minute that's left," he said, vehemently. Noland found him, however, an hour after, splicing a rope of the main-sail.

"Hillo, Ben! What ails you, man? You're looking peaked, white about the

gills, I thought to-day. Seen any blue mackerel? Lattan's after them."

"The devil he is! Here's my squid-line in my pocket, as good luck would have it!" and he was off with a leap and a shout down the beach.

CHAPTER II.

DROUTH had paced up and down the beach for an hour or two, before the old lady appeared. He had sent her a note at noon, in which he stated the bald fact that her son was found, and asking for an interview. He wanted to make sure of the reward promised, but was quite willing to be spared any display of emotion on her part. She was a little too old, he fancied, for any of the sweet motherly feelings such as belonged to purer women. The reformed old rake, when every other excitement palled, had gone back to this notion of the son lost thirty years ago, merely as a last resource for stimulant.

However, when she came, her unusual quiet and subdued, almost awed manner puzzled him. There was nothing melodramatic here. He pulled a log from the old wreck for her to sit down on, and stood beside her. She was a tall, keen-eyed woman, her face beaked like a bird's; dressed in close-clinging black bombazine; to-day, too, she had omitted the tinge of rouge on her sunken cheeks, and wore her own gray hair parted over her high, narrow forehead. Something held her hand when she would have put on the glossy black wig she usually wore. "My son shall see me as I am," she thought, and laid it down. She looked in the glass a moment, and fancied she saw there the fresh, delicate face of Mary Dunstable twenty years ago. "I wish my boy *could* have seen me then!" she said gently. There were tears in the cold eyes. Her hands, thin as bird's claws, shook as she hooked her dress over the withered breast on which her baby long ago had lain. One could not believe that this was the domineering old woman to whom the men gave the name of "the Major." When she was seated on

the beach, she waited for Drouth to tell his story, asking, to his surprise, but few questions, patiently silent even when he detailed at length the heavy labor and expense which the search had entailed upon him and his agents. His story, when sifted, was clear enough. The child, a boy of about a year and a half old, had wandered into the forest, and been found and secreted by some Indian women, in order to revenge some injury which the Dunstables had done to them. It was doubtless their purpose to restore him after a time; but, fearing punishment, they had carried him with them in their next move.

"And after that?"

"After that your son shall give you his own history."

She looked at him and rose. "You do not mean—you did not bring him with you?" trying to speak coolly.

"He will be here in an hour."

At that she walked directly away from him, and stood for half an hour alone, waiting, down on the sands. Drouth knew her too well to go near or disturb her. Besides, there was something in the lonely shabby figure there by the wailing sea, waiting this life-long, deferred fulfilment of its hope which touched him despite himself. To-day she was not the woman he had known. He had prepared himself with proof upon proof, knowing her ordinary morbid suspicion about even trifles; but she had received this vital story without a question.

"Women are queer animals," he said.

"It's all the woman that is left in her, perhaps, that notion about her boy." The afternoon was growing late; the sun threw her shadow, long and black, upon the sand. She kept her eyes fixed upon the marshes through which the path came; but so far there was not a living creature in sight, except two or three fishermen, among whom was Lattan and Ben, squidding for mackerel far up the beach. When the time had almost arrived for her son to come, Drouth went closer to her.

There was one business-point on which he wished to set his mind at rest. "I

conceive, Mrs. Dunstable, that when your son is here, and you are convinced that he *is* your son, my responsibility is at an end."

She hesitated. "I do not understand you."

"I mean that my money is due, in any case. No matter whether the result satisfies you or not."

"You mean that I will be disappointed in my son?"

"I do not say that," quickly. "But his education has been different from yours, necessarily."

"He has been reared as a half-breed? I am prepared for that." After awhile, recollecting herself, she added. "As to your money, of course you have earned it. That is all right."

She turned again quickly to watch the path through the marshes. What manner of man would come to her on it? The coarse, rank pride of the woman was alert and defiant. There was no situation in life in which she had not pictured her son; she had prepared herself against any disappointment. He might be a reckless Bohemian in New York, burning brain and body away with bad liquor; a rough out on the plains; a half-breed with his dirty squaw. But under whatever disguise, the old Dunstable courage and hot energy would be there. No base training could quench the fire in that blood. The soul in him would leap to meet her own at call, vigorous and conscious of its right to mastery over other men.

She had waited many years for this hour of triumph. She could not help turning to Drouth, and saying, in her usual arrogant tone, "I set myself to do this thing twenty years ago, and now I have succeeded, in spite of fate. If there is any God in the world stronger than a strong human will, I have never found Him."

Drouth said nothing. They were all used to the old free-thinker's boasting. She was her own God, and would be to the end, unless she could set up this unknown son for an idol.

"How soon will he be here?"

Drouth glanced at his watch. "In ten minutes." He walked away from her. Now that he was sure of his pay, he felt an abated interest in her. He looked at Ben yonder with far more human sympathy. The men were squidding for mackerel, Ben leading. An athlete might have chosen the work to display all his strength and grace. Drouth had enough of an artist's eye to watch Ben with pleasure. The quick, high-stepping dash into the edge of the surf, the measured whirl of the line and glittering lead above his head; the sudden force which darted it beyond the breakers into the still sea; the slow backward tread up the beach, drawing the line hand over hand, at the end of which lay the lead and empty hook. "Unlucky Ben!" muttered Drouth. "Always unlucky!" This stalwart fellow, who swung his line in such jolly humor, knowing that in a few days he would be nothing but a dumb object of dismay and terror to even his wife and child, touched Drouth more than he could tell. "And all for the lack of a few dollars? This world's a queer botch, anyhow." He walked slowly back to Mrs. Dunstable, kicking bits of kelp as he went down into the foam.

She took an irresolute step forward to meet him. "It's more than ten minutes." Her voice was unnaturally low and hard.

"He is coming now."

They both turned to the marsh, a strip of which ran down to the edge of the beach. At this time of the year it was a field of brown velvet spikes of the salt flags, growing shoulder high. There was a rustling among them along the narrow path. "It is your son," said Drouth, drawing back.

She stood as hard and lifeless to appearance as the dead log at her feet, her withered hands knit together, the diamond on one of them blazing in the low sunlight. A flock of wild duck passed by silently in a black snake-like line upon the edge of the nearest breaker; a salt air rustled the flags, and then they parted; and Ben, his empty line

in hand, came out of the path on to the sand.

She drew back as though she had been stabbed.

"Not—that?" She put her hands out, blindly thrusting him out of sight. Drouth took hold of her, and seated her on the sand.

"That is your son," he said, shaking her a little roughly. In a moment she thrust him feebly back.

"That is Ben, my bound-boy; I have known him all my life. Where is my son? You shall not deceive me, Dr. Drouth?" in her old, shrill, imperious tone.

"I thought you would ask for the proofs before we were done with it," coolly pulling out his bundle of affidavits. "The boy was abandoned by the Indians at the first white settlement; in a year or two found his way to the poor-house, where you found him. If he is not all you ask in your son, that is your affair. You made him what he is."

She was her own keen self now. She opened the papers one by one, scanning them line by line, keeping her face carefully averted, Drouth noticed, from the figure of the man down in the surf. When she had finished, she folded them again, and bound them with the India-rubber strap. "I will send you your check to-morrow, Dr. Drouth," she said, calmly. "You deserve it for your patience. It is a well-constructed story——"

"You do not dare to say that you doubt the facts!" hotly.

"But, in constructing it," she went on, rising, "you counted too much on a woman's blind feeling. Unfortunately, it does not help you," fixing her cool, baffling eyes on his face. Drouth knew, then, that the game was out of his hands. She had put up the barrier; whatever might be her real feeling, it was hidden, as behind a rock.

"Do you mean to disown your son?"

"Ben my son? Why! look at him and me!" The haughty, fine smile belonged to the old days of her royalty of youth and grace. Drouth was baffled. She was withered and shabby;

Ben, in the strength of manhood; he had certain noble qualities, too, Drouth knew, which she could not even comprehend; yet the gulf was undeniably great, which culture, and the want of it, had made between them. So great, it seemed impossible that the same flesh and blood stood on either side of it.

"Whatever he is, you have made him," doggedly. "I wash my hands of the matter now. You know his condition. You know Vandyke's opinion, that a quiet sea-voyage is all that will save him. He is your son, Mrs. Dunstable, deny it as you choose. His life is in your hands."

"What value is that man's life to any body? I wish to God he lay dead there upon the sand!"

"You will do nothing for him, then?"

"Nothing." She passed him by, going up the marsh-path. "She knows he is her son," thought Drouth. She had always been used to treat Ben with the lazy good-humor which that lazy, good-humored fellow drew from every body. Now, in the bitterness of her disappointment, there was murder in her heart for him. So Drouth believed, watching her hurry up toward the village for her horse to go back alone to her solitary house in the pine-woods. "She's lived starving up there half her life to save for him, and now she's going back alone, because he is not a gentleman. It's her cursed pride." He judged her as he would a disappointed man, not knowing the deeper disappointment that came to her as a woman. He could not see her; she waited in the cornfield till dusk, watching Letty, busy making ready for Ben's supper. She could catch glimpses of the cheery little woman in the kitchen, of the lighted table, the steaming pot of clam-soup. Presently Ben came lounging up to the gate, with a laughing, bare-footed crowd; the Lattans, Noland, and the rest. They had all a joke for Letty. When they were gone, Ben sat down, with the two children swarming about him, and Letty brought him his plate of soup, kissing him as she did it—a reward for his hard day's work!

It all seemed nauseous and vulgar to her; yet, there *was* something here which had never come into her own life. As she turned away, she had her hand tightly pressed on her narrow chest. God only knows how long the aching and hunger had there been hidden for things common to other women as the air they breathed; love, the touch of children's fingers. She had meant when her son came to her, an absolute stranger, that her past life should be a blank to him. She would begin anew; she fancied herself an ideal mother to him, liberal, tender, loving. Ben knew her in the tawdriest undress of her daily life; jeered at her as "the Major" with his fellow-boors!

She untied her horse from the hitching-post, and mounted into the buggy. Her road skirted the beach. There was a foreboding shadow in the air. The sea thundered ominously. She heard hasty steps, after a while, behind her on the solitary road, and Ben came up and stopped the horse.

"Stay with us to-night, Mrs. Dunstable. It's miserable lonely out in the woods yonder, and you've not even a dog for company. Besides, there's a look in the sky to-night that none of the men understand."

She looked deliberately into the coarse, pleasant face without reply; then she quietly drew up the reins. "Take your hand away," she said, coldly, without naming him. "I will go home alone."

CHAPTER III.

BEN watched her disappear into the gloomy woods with a tug of pity at his honest heart. He had seen the pale, soured face turn once or twice nervously toward him as she went. "It's miserable lonely for her," he muttered, as he went back home. The strange blot in the sky had spread until it darkened the whole horizon, and there was a heavy, pitchy odor in the air. "It's my belief there's a monstrous fire to N'York," he said to Cool, who, with the other men, was wandering about uneasily. "Leastways, there's somethin' ter-

rible out o' gear somewhere." He brought Cool and Lattan in and then shut the windows, and piled up the blazing drift-wood. He hid Titia's sewing, and made her sit idle with them by the fire; he begged for the children to stay up an hour. Letty thought she never had known him in such a jolly, mad-cap humor, laughing at some of his pranks till the tears came into her eyes. Ben felt, as he generally did with them all about him, there never was a fellow in better case than himself. If only——. He could not forget that his time was short. He would make the best of it while it lasted. He pressed the apple-jack on Lattan, and treated him with unwonted deference; he did not want Dick to think he had borne him a grudge when he was gone; he kept them all up till ten o'clock; there were some capital stories too good to be lost, and very soon—there would be nobody to tell them. When they were gone, Ben carried the children to bed, and helped Titia undress them.

"Dear! dear! I have not put in a stitch to-night!" she cried. "But such a nice time as it has been! There never was a fellow like you, Ben," putting her arms about his neck as she stood behind him.

"Do you think that, little woman? I'm going to work for you to-morrow. I'll work all the time I have left;" and with this flattering salvo laid to his heart Ben soon slept the sleep of conscious virtue.

At midnight the cry came. In the history of the coast, that night is remembered as set apart, lighted with its peculiar horror. Ben, roused by a tumult of voices without, and choking for breath, went to the door, where the group of half-clothed men and women were gathered.

"What is it, Lattan?"

"God knows! The sea is on fire, I think."

In any emergency, jolly Ben was the cool-headed leader among them. He went to the beach and came back. "No. It is worse for us. The woods are burning clear up to the Hook, and the fire will be on us in a few minutes."

Even Ben over-stated it. There was no real danger in store for them. The village was detached from the extensive pine-woods that ran inland by salt-ponds or creeks. Still, it was no slight strain upon their courage to find themselves trapped, as it were, in this coming flame. The long drought had left the pine-tracts dry as tinder; the fire had been slowly stealing down to them all day. It had reached them now. It was too far back for the villagers to distinguish the separate flames; but as they stood on their own barren neck of sand, the whole horizon burned into dull and virulent heat; volumes of smoke and stench rolled down upon them, and at their back the ocean sent in its grappling breakers on sand, a greedy hell of fire.

They quieted the terrified women and children at last, and collected them all together. "There's nothin' we kin do but wait," said Ben.

"There's nothin' it can burn nigh here," added Drouth, "but Dolbeir's woods——" He stopped, glancing at the man nearest him with a sudden, awful meaning. Dolbeir's woods was a patch of pines about a mile square, connected to the main forest by a belt of swamp. There was but one house in it.

"Good God! Is she there?" asked the man (Cool), in a whisper.

Drouth nodded.

"What's the matter, boys?" said Ben, coming up.

"The Major."

The three men, silent and pale, moved as by one impulse to a point down the beach, where they could see the connecting belt of swamp. It was already a red line of fire.

"It's too late," said Drouth; and after a moment, "Don't let the women know."

"Kin we do nothing?" Cool said, with a strangely altered voice.

"No;" adding quickly: "Don't you see? The fire is within a quarter of a mile of her house. Before a man could reach her, this woods will be a living coal." He could not but remember the "cursed pride" of the poor old woman; how she had jeered at God, and left her

own son to die this very night. With Drouth's Calvinistic belief, it seemed right to him that the Lord should thus terribly have laid bare His red right hand in vengeance. A lurid light suddenly shot up into the sky. By it they had a glimpse of the house standing black and solitary in the hollow of the woods.

"Give me your shirt, Cool," said Ben; "mine's cotton," stripping rapidly.

"What are you going to do?" cried Drouth. "You shall not go, Ben! You are mad."

"Stand back, Drouth." He strapped the waist-belt, drew up his high boots, carefully stopping every entrance for the air. Drouth caught his arm, forcing him to look at him.

"You shall hear what I say. If you go, you'll never come back alive."

"I don't believe I will. But I can't stand it, Doc. Don't let Letty know that I've gone."

He was ready now, a fur cap tied securely down over his jaws. He stood irresolutely a moment, and then muttering to Cool, "I can't go without a word," crossed over to where his wife stood with the other women, stooped and kissed first one child and then the other. "Why, Susy, girl! you're mighty fond of old dad, that's a fact," disengaging her clinging arms slowly, and holding the sleepy face close to his own a minute. "Letty!" She turned her white, frightened face. "Go into the house, Letty. Don't you worry, little woman. Whatever comes, don't you worry." He dared not kiss her, for fear of rousing her suspicion, but he held her hand tight. It was for the last time, and she did not know it! "The—the Good Man's over all; don't you know, Letty? Now go in with the children." He took her to the house-door.

"Come soon, Ben." He did not answer; but he only stooped and kissed the little, freckled face, lifted pleadingly to his. Then he shut the door, and came back to Drouth.

"If I never come back, Doc," he said, steadily, "tell her how it was. Tell her how short my time was anyhow. I don't

think I can do any thing better with it than this." He seemed to be deaf to all the two men said. Then he ran into the surf, wetting his clothes thoroughly, dipping a cloth to put over his face to protect him from the smoke. When he came out of the water, there was a ring of the usual good-humored chuckle in his voice. "I've a notion that you're not done with me yet," nodding, as he started toward the wood.

Drouth tried to say, "God bless you," but it choked in his throat. Every step of the way was known to Ben. He thought as he ran, that he could find it in the darkest night; but he had not calculated on the stifling smoke that rolled in volumes in his face. The men, watching him, saw him stop and stagger once, twice, in the open space before he reached the woods.

The swift, black figure, running in the open space, suddenly caught the sight of the villagers. He heard the far-off shouts of dismay that followed him, and a moment after a single cry—a woman's.

"Oh, God! Ben! Ben!"

He was just at the entrance of the woods. They saw him stop one instant, and then, without turning to look back, he darted through the brushwood and was lost to sight. A few moments after, he heard, through all the other sounds, the sharp, regular stroke of axes. "They are cutting down the swamp trees to help me," he thought. "But it's too late; the fire has crossed before them." Twice he lost his way. The familiar sound of the axe-strokes was lost. Nothing was left that was familiar. The trees in the lurid light put on unnatural, ghostly shapes; overhead was a sea of rolling clouds on fire; billow above billow; the sharp crackle of the burning woods, the roar of the wind through the pines, and the woeiful beating of the sea upon the shore answered each other in hollow thunders. To Ben it seemed as if that great and terrible day of the Lord had come, of which he had often heard in the back seat of the little Methodist chapel, trembling as he heard.

There was a field before the house.

The woods enclosed house and field completely, as in a horseshoe. The fire was already creeping down both sides, the part yet untouched being that through which he had come. The sole chance for life was that he could regain his path before the fire reached it. He crossed the field, entered the house. There was no gay, gallant enthusiasm, no sense of derring-do in the poor fisherman; abject terror dragged down every heavy step; with every breath came the thought of wife and children, drawing him back; life itself had grown terribly dear lately since it had been measured out to him in such niggardly dose. Yet he took his life in his hand and threw it down; a manlier man, I think, in his cowardice, than any cavalier of old.

The house was vacant. In a path of the desolate little garden behind it, he found the old woman lying where she had fallen, stifled by the smoke and senseless from terror. Ben lifted her without a word and turned back. His own strength was giving way; and he had wasted time irreparably in searching for her. The fire was so close now that the currant-bushes in the garden were already singed by the heat.

Yet he might reach the woods——

Through the dark hall again and out into the open fields.

Then, he laid her down and stood quietly beside her. It was too late. The pines were on fire.

A moment after, Ben pulled out his tobacco and began to chew vehemently. Then he wandered aimlessly apart, and stood looking up into the uneasy sea of fire. Death was near. It seemed to the ignorant fisherman that he stood already alone with God. Presently his old mistress came up and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Is there no chance?"

He looked at her vacantly and shook his head. His heart was with Letty and the children. She saw that it was. It did not seem to matter so much to her—this sudden, terrible death coming upon her; the passion, the hunger which had driven her almost mad for years mastered all others at the last.

Her son. She recognized him now. Which of his race had gone to meet death with nobler courage? In his coarse, uncultured face there was in this last hour a grand sweetness and simplicity. It was she who had left him debased, as untaught as an animal. Now, he held those he loved close to his soul, and she, with her own child beside her, would die alone. God so punished her.

The God whom she had not seen in all the sunshine and sweet airs of her prosperous life, she thought she found now in vengeance and death. So blind are men.

They were bound in by a ring of fire; the wind drove the flame in jets and whip-like snaky lines toward them through the crisp stubble. Now and then, at long intervals, a strange greenish light conquered the red glow, and a sound which was not the wind or sea hushed them both. Ben did not notice it. She came to him at last and took his hand. He was so like his father, she thought! Now, in the hopeless peril of the hour, the easy jollity had slipped away from his face, and the stern, fine forces of the man came out to meet Death. There was but a little time left to her. The hot air scorched her breath; her lungs contracted. To die without one human being to care for her! She drew his hand to her face.

"Do you care to know that you are my son?"

Ben looked down at her. It seemed a far-off matter to him now; though, it may be, a faint comical fancy came to him that if he were going to live, it would be a most disagreeable possibility. "I don't know how that kin be," turning away again. "It's unlikely."

"I'm nothing to you! Yet you were my child once!"

The cry of the old woman touched Ben. "You're not nothing to me. Don't talk that way, Mrs. Dunstable. I come here to fetch you. But as for bein' your son— Anyhow, it's all up with us now!" He clasped his hands over his head and walked away from her, unconscious that he did so. But he was a man, and it was hard to

stand patient while he was burned like a rat in a cage. The fire crept closer, slowly. The house behind them burned up suddenly into a vivid glare. The ground grew hot under their feet. She followed him, caught his hand again.

"It's coming."

He did not answer.

"You're thinking only of Letty and the children?"

"Naturally," with a queer, pitiful chuckle.

After that there was silence between them.

She never knew how long a time passed. At last there came a strange sound which had been heard before over the roar of the flames and the sea. She saw Ben lift his head to listen. There was a blinding flash—another.

He turned his face to the darkening sky, put out his trembling hand, stood motionless a moment, and then threw himself with a cry upon the ground.

"Merciful God! *The rain! the rain!*"

CHAPTER IV.

A FRESH, cool morning; the sea dark-green, with the low light of the yet unrisen sun glancing through its clear, broken heights and hollows; white gulls flickering here and there along the crest of the shore-breaker; a few black porpoises lazily rolling further out; overhead, drifts of pale pink clouds, and off to the East, in the yet vacant chamber of the sun, depth-upon depth of golden mist. Even from the sterile sea-sand Nature drew color and life those autumn days. The salt stubble fields were turned into rich bronze and maroon slopes; along their hedges of holly the bay bushes thrust out their berries white as with hoar-frost; the golden-rod tossed its yellow plumes, the tiger-lilies blazed passionately in the dim light, while here and there a pond of fresh water lifted its cool burden of green leaves and perfumed white cups. Letty thought the village never looked so bright and quiet as now, when she was going to bid it good-by.

For the *Queen* was to sail that morning. She was anchored off shore, and all the people were down to see her off, with her new captain and crew. The crew were all from the village. There was not a boy there who had not tried for this chance of sailing with Captain Ben. Everybody now made a sort of gala-day of it: how could they help it when they looked at Ben's jolly face, or heard his tremendous, boisterous shouts? Any stranger coming among them would only have seen a homely, gaunt fellow setting out on a trading expedition to Cuba or beyond. They could not know that to Ben it was the enchanted voyage of his life; that it was his lost youth he sailed to find, and meant to bring back again.

He ran up to the house for a last word with his mother, who stood waiting at the door, steadying herself with one hand on little Susy's shoulder. The night of the fire and the long illness which followed had broken her down beyond help. It was an old, white-haired woman who waited for him, chattering with little Susy, pleased and eager as the child. In those long, helpless days of sickness, with Ben and Letty nursing her, a great change had come upon her. The people, who were never tired bringing her new home-brewed medicines, herb-teas, and savory little dishes, could hardly believe that the poor, feeble creature was the hated "old Major."

Perhaps, coming close to Death, she had come close also to some great truth, but dimly guessed by us in the heat and worry of every-day life.

One day, she said, looking shrewdly up into Letty's face: "There's something in your herb-tea, Letty, which I never found in any wine that money could buy."

"I hope it will cure you, mother," she said, puzzled to know what she meant.

"It has cured me, child," gravely.

Letty fretted secretly a good deal about the difference between them and this new-found mother; her own bad grammar, Ben's tobacco, his everlasting noisy hillos and laughs, his bare red

legs, gave her many an anxious hour. "It's very rough for you with us," she ventured one day to say.

"My dear," said the old woman, meaningly, "I never was loved in all my life before." But Letty noticed that she clung most to Susy, who was a gentle little thing, and dainty and old-fashioned in her ways. They grew such fast friends, indeed, that when she had bought the *Queen* and fitted it out for Ben, she said, "Take Letty with you, my son, and the boy; but leave me Susy. Don't leave me alone again," with sudden terror in her voice. "I will not need her long."

It was settled, therefore, that they should keep the house together till the *Queen's* return. The old child was just as eager with their plans as the little one. After the ship had sailed that morning, they went up to a high headland to watch her out of sight. They could see the men waving their hats, and Ben with Letty standing on the bow, beckoning to them.

The little girl choked down a sob. "When they come back," she said, cheerfully, "the *Queen* will come round that point. We'll stand just here to see it come in."

"You will stand here, Susy."

"So will you, I suppose, grandmother. You can come if you will."

The sea-wind blew the gray hair about her eyes. She shaded them with her hand, standing silent until long after the man's figure on deck had faded out of sight. "When you are as old as I," she said at last, "you will know that there is always something which we would have had in life, but—which never came,—never came. There is another will than ours, Susy. And a better," she added, in a lower tone.

She stood looking patiently out to the wide sea, knowing that she would never see her son again.

But lazy Ben had his hand upon the wheel at last, and Letty was by his side, and in the clear light they sailed happily on and on and on to meet the early morning.

TRIAL BY JURY.

It is common learning to every student of the law that the right of trial by jury was guaranteed by the great title-deed of English liberty, and that by the Constitution of the United States and the constitutions of many, if not all, of the individual states, it is secured to all persons charged with crime, and to a very large class of civil causes. But the origin and nature of the institution, with its practical workings as an instrument in the administration of justice, are not generally known or thought of among the intelligent and respectable class of citizens who are oftenest called upon to sit in the capacity of jurors. The feeling that it is one of the most effective safeguards against aggressions of centralized power, together with a rich experience of its salutary influence in times of local or national political excitement has brought both Briton and American to cling to it with uncommon tenacity. The Englishman and American have thus learned to regard it as a thing too sacred to be tampered with, and hence, to view every suggestion for its modification with the keenest jealousy.

If we regard the trial by jury merely as a *political* institution, it undoubtedly deserves the encomium of De Tocqueville, who, speaking of it in that character, says: "He who punishes infractions of the law is the real master of society. Now the institution of the jury raises the people itself, or at least a class of citizens, to the bench of judicial authority. The institution of the jury consequently invests the people, or at least that class of citizens, with the direction of society. . . . The system of the jury as it is understood in America appears to me to be as direct and extreme a consequence of the sovereignty of the people as universal suf-

frage. These institutions are two instruments of equal power, which contribute to the supremacy of the majority."

We repeat that this high praise of trial by jury as a political safeguard is just, for there has never been invented another such protection of the life and property of the citizen against the servile judge of a tyrannical government. It disposes of the cause of the patriot by the sympathetic judgment of twelve of his peers. They know the wants, the desires, and the hopes of the masses; they partake of them, and guard it as you will, in the end they will reflect the popular feeling. Their verdict will be the verdict of the populace.

But however favorably it may operate for the commonwealth in cases of great and general public interest (and in this category we may include all prosecutions for crime), it needs no argument to show that neighborhood prejudices and sympathies will not always, nor oftener than not, qualify jurors to make up a satisfactory verdict in matters of *private* difference. Indeed, the same susceptibility which renders the jury the palladium of our liberties may in a majority of *civil* causes entirely disqualify them from rendering a carefully-considered and thoroughly-impartial verdict.

This brings us to our main purpose, namely, to point out some of the defects of trial by jury as a *judicial* institution. Upon this ground the distinguished author, whom we have already quoted, admits that its utility might fairly be contested. Nevertheless, he is an advocate of trial by jury in both civil and criminal causes. "For my own part," says he, "I had rather submit the decision of a case to ignorant jurors directed by a skilful judge, than to judges, a majority of whom are

imperfectly acquainted with jurisprudence and with the laws." He would have better expressed the preference of a very large number of American lawyers, had he written: "I would rather submit to the judgment of a single skilful judge, *in a civil cause*, than to the verdict of twelve ignorant jurors, who being unaccustomed to the application of the rules of evidence, and without experience in analyzing, arranging, and combining masses of intricate and perhaps conflicting testimony, are made the victims of their sympathy and impulse, and moulded by the skilful advocate, as clay in the hands of the potter."

In the trial of civil causes, the objection to a single judge is not felt to be so forcible as in criminal trials. It very rarely happens that the controversies of private individuals are such as to tempt the integrity of the judge who is usually a discerning man, practiced in sifting the true from the false, and accustomed to testing the rights of parties by the cold, inflexible standards of the law. If such a judge may "direct" or control the verdict of a jury, there is no good reason why he may not himself decide the cause at once in those cases where the public interest is not at stake. Nay, there are apparent many reasons why it were better so.

1. For example, jurors, if not always ignorant, are at least generally unaccustomed to performing judicial functions, and are as untrained for and unskilled in that kind of labor as the judge who "directs" them is in building steam engines. Now, there is no appropriateness in taking men from every calling in every walk of life to perform, without previous training, one of the most delicate and difficult functions of government,—except it be, as we have before said, in those cases of public concern in which political considerations outweigh all others. Yet it is often, nay, generally, done. On the other hand, judges, if not always skilful, are always of respectable standing in a profession which is trained in the study and practice of the law; and they are not seldom men of unsullied honor and profound sagacity.

2. Jurors may be, and often are, imposed upon and misled by the artful sophistries of an advocate, if he be a popular favorite. Judges are rarely deceived by the tricks of the trade.

3. In theory of law jurors are judges of fact only; in practice they are many times judges of both law and fact, receiving the charge of the court with becoming meekness, and then deciding according to their own notions of law and right. This is especially so in civil causes, where the government or a great corporation is a party against private individuals. In such cases it is often nearly impossible to obtain a fair and impartial verdict. We could name a county where a railroad company was never known to win the verdict, no matter what the law or the evidence might be, or how often the verdict might be set aside, or judgments reversed by the superior tribunals; and railroad cases are of common occurrence there. We could name another county in which verdicts have been set aside and judgments reversed by the higher courts no less than eight times in a single case, and still the popular element continues to speak through the jury against the solemn judgment of some of the purest and best men on the bench. Yet this is a mere civil action for damages, in which the public have no interest whatever; but there is a popular jealousy of corporations to be gratified; and so, right or wrong, the verdict is always for the plaintiff. Such abuses can only become frequent under the jury-system, and could hardly occur with any judge who has any professional pride, to say nothing of honesty. That kind of contumacy amounts to a species of nullification, and any judge who should attempt it and persist in it would be speedily impeached and removed.

4. Jurors are beyond the reach of impeachment because their office ends with the finding of the verdict. Not only so, they are practically beyond the reach of any punishment for a false verdict. In the olden times a writ of attain lay to inquire whether a jury of twelve men gave a false verdict, and if

the grand jury of attain found the verdict to have been obtained by corruption of the jury, the jurors were outlawed and made forever infamous and were also punished by confiscation and imprisonment. If this remedy was ever adopted in this country, it long since fell into disuse. Jurors now sit and determine the rights of parties without any responsibility to the law except for perjury and taking bribes, and these charges, and particularly the first, from the very nature of the case can with difficulty, and only at rare intervals, be substantiated.

The defects which have been enumerated, and they are not all that could be mentioned, are not accidental, but essential defects of the system. They are defects which may well be tolerated in causes of a public nature for the sake of insuring the perpetual sovereignty of the people; but which in the trial of private suits are a burdensome and growing evil. "After all," says Blackstone, "it must be owned, that the best and most effectual method to preserve and extend the trial by jury in practice, would be by endeavoring to remove all the defects, as well as to improve the advantages incident to this mode of inquiry. If justice is not done to the entire satisfaction of the people in this

method of deciding facts, in spite of all encomiums and panegyrics on trials at the common law, they will resort in search of that justice to another tribunal; though more dilatory, though more expensive, though more arbitrary in its frame and constitution. If justice is not done to the crown by the verdict of a jury, the necessities of the public revenue will call for the erection of summary tribunals."

It remains to be noted that trials of civil causes before a court without a jury is no untried experiment even in this country and England. The immense commercial and international interests which are adjusted in the admiralty courts are not less wisely, nor less satisfactorily determined because they are decided upon without the intervention of a jury. It is believed that the important and oftentimes complicated cases which are decided in chancery are as conscientiously decided upon the facts as in the common law courts, and even more impartially. We have never heard that the safety of our political rights is endangered by this single judge jurisdiction. But we are certain that it is a frequent remark among lawyers that it is a good rule to submit a righteous cause to the court, and to try a bad one before a jury.

FATHER HYACINTHE'S PREDECESSOR AT NOTRE-DAME.

EVERY THING is defined by its antithesis. The vivid public interest rife at the actual moment respecting Father Hyacinthe recalls his brilliant rival and contrast, Father Félix. Father Félix preceded Father Hyacinthe as preacher at Notre-Dame. He represented the extreme Papal interest in the Gallican church. He was set forth by this interest as the voice most capable of stemming the tide of liberal sentiment on which, partly swelling it, partly guiding it, but chiefly borne by it, Father Lacordaire had rode into his easy and magnificent renown. After a few seasons of his Conférences at Notre-Dame,

attended by vast congregations of the selectest wit and wisdom of Paris, Father Félix yielded his place again to Lacordaire's true successor, Father Hyacinthe. Such is the oscillating, if not vacillating, policy with which Rome essays to stop Time, and turn the wheels of Progress backward.

Father Félix enlisted no sympathy. But the absence of sympathy only enhances the splendor of his intellectual triumph. Rarely has any arena of oratorical gladiatorship witnessed feats of strength and of skill, at the same time so barren and so admirable. The coolness, and the poise, and the confidence

of power, with which this man sallied out, single-handed, as it were, against the bristling and impenetrable front of God's embattled providential forces, would have been sublime audacity, had he himself been conscious of the odds. As it was, to Protestant eyes it seemed like impudence, saved, however, from grotesqueness, by the marvellous address of the champion.

There are well-pronounced varieties,—for aught I know, quite endlessly numerous,—of effects that may be produced by eloquence. Here, certainly, was a variety which to my experience was novel. It may not be devoid of interest to the reader to have it described. Let me describe it by telling the story of my first Sunday morning at Notre-Dame, during one of the Lents when Father Félix was the preacher there.

The hour for the sermon to commence was half-past one. I went before twelve, and not too soon. At twelve the best seats in the choir of the church were all taken. I paid a charge of three sous at the entrance of the choir for a seat at my choice. I wandered up and down the aisle extemporized between the rows of chairs already occupied, and finally was negotiating with a policeman—omnipresent representative of the Government—for the privilege of a place in the aisle, when that space should be closed up, expecting to stand, an hour, till then. Unexpectedly, and quite out of precedent, a young man near by beckoned to me, and gave me a chair (which he had sat *two or three hours* to reserve) by his side. I tried to repay him with my gratitude, and I succeeded, for he volunteered, as we went out, to keep a place for me the following Sunday. I engaged it.

This young man, a student, unlike almost all his fellows, seemed religious. He crossed himself, and murmured prayers, and bowed, and chanted, during the mass preceding the sermon. At odd spells,—I ought to say, not exactly *within* the time occupied by the mass, however,—he told me how the Père Félix was the most eloquent man of the times; that

he was superior to Father Lacordaire, just deceased; that some called him the Bossuet of the nineteenth century; that all the celebrities of journalism, of philosophy, of letters in Paris, were in the audience. I asked him if he was a hearer of M. St. Hilaire at the Sorbonne. He said yes, and gratified me, and confirmed himself in my good opinions, by giving, he a Catholic, to M. St. Hilaire, a Protestant, just that character of earnestness and of suasion which I had attributed to him myself.

That vast cathedral, meantime, filled itself to the remotest corner of its lofty galleries—now I did not quite see exactly that, but I believe it—while, at intervals, I read a report, bought the day before, of the previous sermon of Father Félix. I found it so splendid, that I conjectured it might have been an unusual inspiration, and accordingly prepared myself to be disappointed in the effort of the day. I was disappointed, but it was by having my utmost expectations surpassed.

Father Félix addressed himself to the times, and did not beat the air. His subject for the season was, "The Harmony of Reason and Faith." His sermons were polemics against Rationalism, which had spoken a recent and bold word through M. Renan, and been silenced for it there, at the College of France. The Church,—that Church which claims by eminence, nay, exclusively, to be the *pillar and ground of the truth*, hastened officiously to the war. Certainly Father Félix was no mean champion. And, taking that day as a specimen, he spoke for Protestantism, as well as for Catholicism—better even. I can easily believe that the Truth in its abstract, intellectual form, might call the muster-roll of its confessors, from beginning to end, without getting the response of a clearer-ringing voice than that of Father Félix. M. Bersier had told me he was a Jesuit, and a thorough one. Surely he was a thorough one. Such adroit adjustment to time, and place, and public temper—such fencing, with logic vivified into rhetoric—such swift and infallible en-

counter of the precise face offered by the revolving prism of the question of the hour—such perfect blending of the man of the world with the son of the church in that seductive deference to the rationalizing spirit of the age and that profound obeisance to hierarchical authority—it was worthy of the all-accomplished member of the Society of Jesus.

A man of medium stature, not forty years old, with a head that you would call round, and a rubicund complexion,—such appeared Father Félix to me. His eloquence borrowed little from his personal appearance, nor did his personal appearance at any time seem transfigured by his eloquence. His voice, without being any thing extraordinary, was sufficiently musical, and sent itself in clear globules of pure pronunciation, and elastic emphasis, to the farthest recesses of that pillared auditorium.

Hearing him preach was like seeing a salt crystallize. His matter seemed instinct with some spirit of life that moved it into perfect forms. Every sentence was a formulated thought,—definite, clear, sharp, ultimate,—like a crystal. The whole discourse was a glittering mass of crystallization—like those superb mountains of crystal, helped by art to their symmetry of aggregation, which they show you, at Paris, in the *Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers*.

It may be thought, from my illustration of the crystallizing process, that there was not much warmth in Father Félix's eloquence. And I cannot say that there was. If there was any, it was an incidental evolution, like the heat which kindles during an energetic chemical action. As for generous, vital, personal warmth, according to my thinking, there was none. The speaker's weapon was a lance of lightning, vivid, rapid, deadly. There was no thunder-burst. The blade leaped suddenly to its mark, in silence, and *pierced* it always. Not an aim missed.

Of course, I describe the effect. There were passages of comparatively sonorous declamation; but the sound made no

part of the impression on me. It was the swift, barbed thought, and the arrowy words.

The form of the discourse was as perfect as a type of nature. It was tripartite, and completely, exhaustively comprehensive of the subject—which was, for the day, *how* the harmony of Reason and Faith is destroyed:

1st. Either by the absorption of Reason in Faith;

2d. Or by the absorption of Faith in Reason;

3d. Or by the separation of Reason and Faith.

The special admirable quality of the treatment was *definition*, sharp as a schoolman's, but without the schoolman's over-refinement. If thought is distinction, as has been said, then here was thought. It is surprising how little remains for discussion, after terms are defined. The orator hardly did any thing more than state the three ways of destroying the proper harmony of Reason with Faith—and rested, as the lawyers say. After stating the current Rationalism, the whole purport of which, quoting, respectfully, from an "illustrious Protestant," he declared to be the denial of the Supernatural, either as existing or as possible, he rose into a lofty sphere of indignant declamation, protesting, in the name of humanity, that the Supernatural does exist. It was as splendid as any thing could possibly be—*without the awe-inspiring wrath of a passionate heart*. The cold flash of his eloquence lighted the place, like the heatless flame of the white Aurora Borealis. The ice-fields of the North Pole throw such a reflection of the sunshine which they freeze.

As the orator impaled Rationalism, shuddering on his spear, naked and self-conscious,—unharméd, save by a too relentless exposure,—his unsympathizing audience could not repress an audible laugh—the most curious, and most worthy of analysis, that I ever heard. It did not mean amusement. It did not mean gratification. It did not mean applause. It meant simply the recognition of success, *without emotion*.

of any kind whatever. It was almost cynical on both sides.

How do I account for this strange phenomenon—the absence of *sympathy* between speaker and hearer—in the midst of such resplendent oratory? Whether it was subjective or not with me—it was, in part, I can readily believe—I felt the repellent charm, radiant around that white-robed priest, of his Jesuitical character. He stood there insulated entirely from the electric touches of those human hearts, by the vitreous non-conductors of his ecclesiasticism. Representative of a suspected order, priest, celibate, Jesuit—how solitary he was! I could have pitied my human brother; but in the pride of schooled and imperial intellect, he *wanted* nothing that the heart had to offer.

You felt, rightly or wrongly, that the cleaving words he spoke were spoken more in the interest of church, than in the interest of truth, much more than in the interest of humanity. You wished him success against his foe—for it was also your foe—but you did not wish *him* the success. It was a strange suspense you experienced between good emotions. You had no sympathy for either of the combatants; you had no positive feeling at all; you were hostile toward the one, and you could not be friendly toward the other. I should have said that your only positive feeling was a disagreeable one.

Oh, if the heart of Luther could have stormed and thundered from that Olympus of intellect! If that mute, angry, lightning-tongued sky could have broken the spell that kept it arid! If it could have burst in sobs of passionate rain! Those who have enjoyed the privilege of hearing Father Hyacinthe from the same place, know how different and how much more grateful and more fruitful is the effect of eloquence when the heart answers to the head like Jura to the Alps. A mute tempest of cloud and lightning without thunder or rain is the symbol of Father Félix. A tropical burst of shower is the symbol of Father Hyacinthe.

Light without heat was Father Félix's sermon to me that day. No translation

is possible that would not rob it of that finish of form which was a capital point of its effectiveness. The style was classic and polished to the last degree. There was nothing positive in the sermon, from first to last, that could offend *any* taste, religious, literary, or philosophic. It was all of an Attic purity. Except the word Catholicism, used instead of religion, here and there, there was absolutely not a suggestion which was not *truly* catholic—that is, fit for the adoption of any Christian. No hint of the Virgin, as is common. Pure, supreme, exclusive ascription to Christ—in the very words of Paul, and in every thing *but* Paul's inimitable spirit. He closed by declaiming a rhetorical invocation of Christ—with open eyes, and oratoric gesture. It was the absolute zero in the temperature of his discourse.

I have perhaps been too severe as well as too long. I have hardly been too laudatory. I might mention that it seemed curious to see the preacher sit down, two or three times, as if it was a regular convention of the pulpit—it is, I believe—when the auditory, by unanimous consent, proceeded to coughing, and clearing their throats, and blowing their noses. Father Félix took no text.

So the art of pulpit eloquence—such as existed in the French Augustan age, the time of Louis XIV., when Bourdaloue, and Massillon, and Bossuet preached an almost perfectly pure gospel, with a perfectly pure diction—is not extinct in France. There is something exquisitely fascinating in what I can only call the accomplished literary politeness which you feel to be present and dominant in such discourse. It is the wisdom of God, unable to recognize itself, in the disguise of the wisdom of men. The very fidelity of the preacher seems to become but his graceful deference to the proprieties of the place and the theme. How one, after the contentment of the mind begins to cloy, does sigh for a moment of Paul! Even now we are all of us holding our breath to see whether Paul has not perhaps returned, for at least a moment, in the person of Father Hyacinthe.

CONCERNING CHARLOTTE.

[CONTINUED.]

A MODEL SCHOOL.

THE next day Mr. Lauderdale brought Ethelbert to call upon Charlotte.

"Miss Burnham has been telling Allston about your model school," said he, "and we have come to ask permission to visit it this afternoon."

"From what I hear," said Ethelbert, "the plan is admirable, and realizes ideas for which I have the most profound sympathy. Please take me to see your school."

"The plan is not original," answered Charlotte, "as you must have already perceived from Margaret's description. I have tried to put in practice the theories of several eminent thinkers, only occasionally adding a detail of my own. The school is at present my most rampant hobby, and I shall be only too much delighted to show it off to you."

Charlotte left the room to prepare for the walk. When she returned, she found Ethelbert absorbed in contemplation of a vase of flowers that Gerald had brought fresh that morning. As she approached, he pulled a heliotrope from the bouquet, and examined it minutely.

"This flower reminds me of your friend, Margaret Burnham," he observed. "She has precisely the grave delicacy and patient strength which characterize the heliotrope."

"He divined that," thought Charlotte, "and did not know that she wore a heliotrope in her hair!" Aloud she said:

"When you know her better, you will add,—the aromatic fragrance of nature, that diffuses itself only for intimate friends, but which fully compensates the absence of rich coloring of the exterior."

"I do not see any thing so interesting in Margaret," observed Mr. Lauderdale.

"She always seems to me as cold as an icicle and stiff as a ramrod."

"And always will," returned Charlotte, coolly. "Heliotropes are a little beyond you, my dear neighbor. I will make you a bouquet of roses and lilies, with here and there a marigold."

Mr. Lauderdale opened his lips to protest in defence of his own penetration, but Charlotte declined to listen, and hurried her guests, laughing, out of the house.

On the road, she explained to Ethelbert the circumstances which led to founding the school. "Three years ago, when I first came of age, I was exceedingly bored by the exhortations of my neighbors, who wanted me to found a ragged-school or an orphan asylum, or perpetrate some other benefit to society. I had no objection to orphans, and rather a partiality for rags; but I was frightened at the monotonous prospect of a horde of crop-headed children, in blue checked aprons, heaped together in whitewashed rooms to learn their Catechism and duty to their neighbors. Besides, I hated philanthropy, and revolted at the idea of taking it up as an occupation, because I had left school, and was supposed to have nothing to do. Distracted between prejudices and principles, I was rapidly growing morbid, even rabid, when a blessed uncle of mine happened to die, and left me all his fortune, including a prosperous farm. As my bread and butter was already amply secured, I had no personal need of this windfall, and resolved to devote it to the luxury of having my own way."

"Charlotte calls that a luxury," observed Mr. Lauderdale. "I should rather style it the first necessity of her existence."

"It is the first necessity of every

existence capable of having a way of its own," said Ethelbert.

"Mr. Allston, accept my gratitude. I am a born despot, and, I believe, founded this school in order to have a kingdom to rule over. With the cunning of my tribe, I veiled my inexorable purpose in honeyed words. I collected my philanthropic neighbors, and proposed to consecrate the entire fortune of my uncle to the evolution of their ideas. In exchange for so considerable a donation, I should be left in absolute control of the whole concern. Other friends of the cause might contribute by means of annual subscriptions, and whenever they were dissatisfied with my proceedings they could remonstrate with me, and in case of contumacy, cut off their share of my supplies. But I trusted to be able to satisfy them so completely, that they would continue their cordial support of an institution which would owe its existence to their benevolent initiative. It was dreadful to these good people to resign a Board of Managers, and all the intrigues and cabals thereto appertaining. Nevertheless, they agreed, seeing I would agree to nothing else; so the matter was left in my hands, and I set to work. The buildings on the farm were enlarged to accommodate three hundred children, the number actually living there. During the year of preparation, I selected my pupils by means of an extensive correspondence, recruiting them chiefly among the poor and orphans, but securing also a certain number of well-to-do paying scholars, who, I need not assure you, are placed on precisely the same footing as the rest.

"The school opened well, with the full three hundred, ranked as follows: twenty-five are babies under a year old; twenty-five more under three years; fifty, between three and six; and the remaining two hundred from seven to fourteen."

"What are the reasons for this classification?"

"The elder two hundred work the farm, so that the school is nearly self-supporting, and I could not afford at

first to have too many little ones. But by-and-by I trust that the nursery will become one of the most important parts of the establishment."

"Why did you receive paying scholars if the school was designed for charitable purposes?"

"But it was *not*," said Charlotte with great energy; "and I was determined to prevent any stigma of pauperism from attaching to my children. I did not want to do good, or to be good, but simply to engage in the most natural and charming occupation possible to human beings. Does a child cease to be interesting because it has not had the misfortune to be born in a gutter?"

Ethelbert smiled brightly,—his smile was always pure and bright, as his voice was pure and cool,—but had no time to answer, for at this moment the party arrived at the gates of the institution.

It had not, however, in the least the air of an institution, merely of a very large rambling farm-house. The building was shaded by great walnut-trees, and surrounded by grass too irregular to be called a lawn, and upon which a flock of geese was feeding. The path from the gate was narrow, and entirely devoid of trimness, and Mr. Lauderdale proffered his usual criticism upon its careless condition.

"I should think, Charlotte," he observed, "you would be ashamed to have left your school so long a time without a decent avenue. And when will you have some orderly grass-plats instead of this straggling common?"

"Never," returned Charlotte, composedly. "Being happily disencumbered of a Manager's Board, I have been able to avoid all useless pomp of regularity and magnificence. It is worse than thrown away upon children, for they are chilled, and crushed, and stifled by it. They instinctively crave irregularity, even disorder, and I take special pains to satisfy them, for I remember my own childhood."

"I think," said Ethelbert, "that half the evils in the world are caused because people forget their childhood."

"And that children have but one

life,—that of the imagination. They are infinitely more intellectual than we are, and, to be perfectly happy, need nothing but liberty for their ideas. Without such liberty, they either degenerate or die."

The visitors entered the nursery.

This was a large, semicircular room, surrounded by a dozen smaller ones, where the babies slept apart. The sun streamed cheerfully through the broad windows, mattresses covered the floor, and on these were sprawling twenty-five babies, entirely naked, and rioting in the enjoyment of a sun-bath.

"No pains are spared to develop these small bodies," said Charlotte—"baths, and frictions, and carefully adapted food, and varied amusements, which they find chiefly in each other's society, thus saving herculean exertions on the part of nurses. Twenty-five babies are infinitely more manageable, and more interesting, than one."

And she went in among the young children, like a gardener among his tender crocus-bulbs.

In a room adjoining the kitchen, a number of children, under six years old, were shelling peas and beans, and some elder ones scoured knives. From the window, the visitors saw a group of boys and girls bringing home a load of raspberries on a goat-wagon; another engaged in hoeing corn, and in the pigeon-house appeared some blond heads, around whom fluttered a cloud of cooing pigeons, eager for the corn that the children scattered to them.

The ample kitchen was thronged with chattering assistants, who, under the guidance of a single teacher, prepared their own dinners, and learned how to cook,—as a most fascinating amusement. Charlotte explained that the range of diet was extremely varied, and every day a bill of fare was posted in the dining-room, from which each child made his selection, and handed a written order to the kitchen department. As all the domestic service was performed by the children, they were at liberty to modify it at pleasure, and form independent groups for dining,

not only in the common hall, but in any room of the house, or suitable corner of the grounds. In summer the dinner constituted a series of picnics, amplified to gorgeous feasts by the riotous imaginations of childhood.

In the laundry, the washing was done by machines, but the ironing was entrusted to the children.

Still another suite of rooms was devoted to handicrafts of various kinds. Sewing held the principal place, for the children made their own clothes on machines, after the work had been prepared for them by teachers. The elder pupils were also taught hand-sewing. Carpentry, shoemaking, cabinetmaking, flower-work, &c., were also taught, and the trained abilities of the pupils turned to practical account for the necessities of the establishment.

The farm was devoted to the culture of fruit and vegetables, and the raising of poultry and pigeons, all for the market as well as home consumption. As many cows and goats were kept as the children could conveniently take care of. The goats were useful, not only for their milk, but also for draught instead of horses, the various farm-loads being divided up among innumerable little wagons, suited to their capacity and to that of the children.

This subdivision of labor, and the use of miniature instruments and apparatus to suit the Lilliputian workpeople constituted the first principle in the distribution of work. By this means, a multiplicity of small forces were able to accomplish as much, and as efficiently, as a smaller number of adult persons.

The second principle concerned itself with the happiness of the workers, and consisted in the subdivision of time. No child was expected to work more than an hour at any one employment, and being trained to aptitude in a great variety, was able to change from one to another many times during the day.

In obedience to the third principle, or liberty of attraction, all the children were left free to select their occupations according to their tastes. Every morning the teachers announced the tasks

that must be performed that day, and various lists were opened on which the pupils might voluntarily enroll themselves. In the rare cases when the work failed to attract a sufficient number of tasters, there were always a sufficient number of volunteers, who enrolled themselves from motives of honor and friendship, and devotion to the public welfare.

According to the fourth principle, the children were initiated into the divers manipulations by their fellows, just a little more advanced in age and ability than themselves. And no child was taught any thing, until, mortified by his own ignorance and awkwardness, he had himself solicited instruction.

The boys and girls were employed together, and in all kinds of work, domestic and agricultural. The boys learned how to sew and cook, the girls how to dig and hoe.

"My subscribers," observed Charlotte, "made a great fuss over this item of the system, which is as essential as the geese that I have left feeding on the lawn. I don't know which scandalized them the most, that boys should work the sewing-machines, or that girls should wheel potatoes. But I wanted to uproot certain superstitions, and habituate my children to see no distinction in work, but that between physical and mental, in both of which they must all necessarily engage."

"What is the use," said Mr. Lauderdale, "when they must encounter such distinctions as soon as they enter the world?"

"Perhaps my little phalanx will do something to efface them. Perhaps they will have learned to crave the social charm that is experienced when two different natures are engaged in the same pursuit, and which is entirely lost by the present stupid practice of shutting them up apart on account of their differences."

The visitors now entered the school-rooms.

"Prepare yourself," said Mr. Lauderdale to Allston, "for the most revolutionary system of instruction that you

ever heard of. Charlotte, I believe you will be afraid to tell what you teach, and above all what you don't teach to these benighted children."

"The regular course of instruction," said Charlotte, "embraces nothing but languages. Children who manifest any special taste, are taught drawing and music; the latter on any instrument they may select. Each child, moreover, is obliged to keep accounts of the work in which he is engaged, and has opportunities of earning small sums of money for his own profit, and in these transactions he learns the rudiments of arithmetic. He is taught to read and write his own language, at the same time, and in the same breath that he learns the vocabularies of a half-a-dozen others. The object of the entire system, is to fill the child's mind with vivid and accurate pictures. He is taught languages as a key to language, both because this constitutes the natural study of his age, and that for which he has especial facility, and because in language, as in a mirror, he can see reflected the entire world, that he is not yet strong enough to explore. He studies words as images, translates them as much as possible into picturesque realities, and is finally taught to use them as signs, when his mind has become saturated with their real significance. The same natural significance and picturesque effect is sought in the syllables and the letters, and the A B C class is a little more advanced than that which is first taught how to read. You see them here at work."

The class was engaged in filling up with blocks of wood a gigantic frame, which represented the letter B. Nearly a quarter of an hour was needed to complete this letter, and the duration and intensity of the effort involved, served to stamp the B indelibly on the memory.

"We aim," said Charlotte, "to produce single effects, clear, profound, and vivid, rather than fritter away the time and the attention by repeated haggings and nibblings and superficial chips of ideas."

By the side of the B, one of the pu-

pils now placed a pair of gutta percha lips, also mounted on a frame, and movable by a wire.

"Pronounce this letter," said the teacher to the class; and the children shouted out the sound in chorus.

"What pronounces this letter?"

"The lips."

"Show me how."

The boy pulled the wire, the great lips opened and shut like the statue of Friar Bacon, and the rosy mouths of the children moved in unison.

"And the letter B is therefore——?"

"A labial!" cried the class.

Charlotte explained to her guests that similar apparatus was brought into play for the illustration of gutturals, and dentals, and all the rest of the alphabet. They passed into another room, where a new class was reciting.

"Tell me about the word vanish," said the teacher to the boy at the head of the class.

"*Vanish, s'évanouir, vanus, vain, ɔ̃evuir, aphanisomai, fancee*, root Van or Fan, composed of a labial and a liquid. The labial shows that the thing is mobile, is running up or running away, the liquid, that it has dissolved into nothingness."

"Show me how."

On the table in front of the class was placed a lump of brilliantly blue ammonia, sulphate of copper. The pupil poured acid on the mass, and it disappeared rapidly before the delighted children.

"What is the German for vanish," asked the teacher of the next pupil, a girl.

"*Verschwinden*, like *twinkle*, like a flash which passes very quickly."

In illustration, the child swung a polished mirror into the sunbeam that streamed through the window, and the others clapped their hands as the flitting vision dazzled their eyes.

"The word stamp," demanded the teacher of the third scholar.

"Root *st*,—*sto*—stand, stable, stork, stark, *stampfen*, *stehen*, stare, *staoimos*. Dental, meaning immobility, fixity, preceded by a sibilant which shows how something has rushed down to its place, like a rocket, I suppose."

VOL. V—13

"Illustrate this root," said the teacher.

The entire class sprang to their feet, and stamped on the floor so vigorously that Mr. Lauderdale put his hands to his ears, and Charlotte, laughing, led the way to another room.

"By the time these children are fourteen," she said, "they will understand six different languages well, have become familiar with a multitude of facts, that vulgar superstition relegates to professed scientific courses; and be in possession of trained, flexible intellects, capable of rapidly mastering any theme to which they may apply themselves. And the teachers of the national schools complain, that after five years' drilling, their pupils cannot learn how to read and write!"

"In this room," continued Charlotte, "the children reenact history."

"Every one knows, that in spite of all the parade that is made at school about teaching history and chronology, children really learn nothing but a few isolated stories, and forget the rest. Leonidas at Thermopylae, Alfred burning his cakes, George Washington, who couldn't tell a lie, this constitutes their budget of historical information."

"Since this is all they will learn, this is all I attempt to teach them; only, by intensifying each scene, I am able to impress upon them a great variety, without risk of confusion. I tell them stories, and they act them out afterwards, with all the appropriate scenery and costumes, and some of the money saved from the lawn is expended in this necessary luxury."

Here the teacher approached, and whispered some secret communication.

"Ah!" exclaimed Charlotte. "We have now a case in point, that exactly illustrates the working of the system. The other day I related the escape of Queen Mary from Lochleven Castle, and it seems that the children who sleep in the tower have been reenacting the story. A whole party of them ran away last night, and were found this morning asleep in the barn. In the case of such escapades, it is the rule to imprison the parties concerned, to await their trial."

before me and their fellows. Madam, you may release the prisoners."

The teacher opened a door which led into a small room, painted like a dungeon, and lighted by narrow-grated windows. Half-a-dozen boys and girls, between nine and twelve years old, filed out solemnly and seated themselves on the trial bench, with an air of heroic dignity.

"I do not quite understand this severity, this dungeon, in a system of liberty and attraction," said Ethelbert.

"It is the counterpoise," answered Charlotte. "The intellect is developed by attraction, the character by resistance. The children are stimulated to such a passionate interest in ideas, that they are prepared to dare all manner of hardship in their defence, and to face the dangers which they must hereafter encounter in real life. These dangers result from the adoption of false ideas; and from failure to win the approbation of the world for those which are true. Since the dangers are real, and rooted in the nature of things, it is just that the children who have dared to originate new ideas should bear a certain amount of anxiety and suspense, before the ideas are accepted. They must learn to be heroes as well as thinkers, or their thoughts will always be stifled at the birth."

Turning to the culprits, Charlotte asked in a grave tone:

"Who is responsible for this affair?"

A beautiful boy of ten years old, with large steel-gray eyes, and fair curling hair, rose and bowed.

"It is I," he answered.

"And who are you?"

"Lord Douglas."

"Very good. You may tell your story."

"After you had told us about Queen Mary, we went down by the brook to think it over. The more we thought, the more we were indignant at her captivity, and the more we were determined to release her. She sleeps in the tower, you know, in the room above ours."

"Where is Queen Mary?"

Lord Douglas beckoned to a little

girl, somewhat younger, but as beautiful as himself. She came to his side timidly, but confident in his powers of protection.

"Just look at her," said Lord Douglas, with the quaint, deliberate admiration characteristic of boys of ten. "See what hair she has, and what eyes! Is it possible that we could have left her in that horrid castle, and with that hateful Lady Murray? We should have been pigs, worse than the followers of Ulysses."

"There is some truth in what you say," observed Charlotte.

"I should think there was. Well, we plotted together, Ronald, and Henry Seyton, and myself, and before supper we contrived to secretly warn Queen Mary's maids of honor, the girls who sleep in the same room with her, you know. We agreed to escape the same night, and at supper we could hardly eat for thinking about it."

"I did," interposed a chubby little fellow, "because I was not sure when we should have another chance."

"Oh, of course," returned Lord Douglas, with magnificent scorn. "You were only the page. You could not be expected to feel the crisis as we did."

"After supper, we managed to grease the bolts of the front door, and to take a wax impression of the keys. We were in such a hurry that the impression wasn't very good; but that did not matter much, since the keys are always left in the door."

"Then what was the use of taking an impression," asked Mr. Lauderdale.

"Oh, of course, we *had* to," answered Lord Douglas. "*They* did, you know. Well, while we did that, the ladies of honor stole the costumes from the wardrobe,—and I take pleasure in assuring you," said the little Lord, turning toward his feminine *confrères* with a superb gesture, "that they did their business admirably. No one suspected them, and they hid the costumes under the bed-clothes."

"We went to bed at nine. I, of course, did not sleep, but the other boys slept like logs."

"I bet I did," said the small positivist, who had before acknowledged his matter-of-fact supper. "Lord Douglas had talked to me so much, I was dead beat out. He's an *awful* fellow when he once get's going."

"Well," said Lord Douglas, waving his hand in condescending acceptance of his comrade's valuable but inferior qualities, "it was best that he did sleep, for he was wide-awake like a good-fellow when the time for action came."

"When the clock struck one, I roused the boys, we dressed, and crept up stairs to knock at Queen Mary's door. Her faithful ladies had prepared her, and I had the honor of taking her under my special protection."

"He is always real good to me," interposed Queen Mary, gratefully.

"Madam, it is my duty, and my privilege," said Lord Douglas, bowing. "We stole down stairs in silence, but our hearts beat so loudly that it seemed as if every one must hear them."

"Oh, I was terribly frightened," said the little queen, her blue eyes dilating at the recollection of the recent peril.

"That was quite natural, since it was she alone whose life was in danger from her wicked enemies."

"We had no difficulty in unbolting the door and passing out. But then for the first time," . . . and the boy colored, hesitated, and cast down his eyes as if overwhelmed with shame.

"What was the matter?" asked Charlotte.

"Oh, it was too stupid! I hardly dare tell you. You know Lochleven Castle was on an island surrounded by water—and they brought a boat close up to the wall so that Queen Mary stepped into it and rowed off."

"Very true."

"Well, here it is not so at all—and we had to walk a quarter of a mile to reach the water!"

"That was extremely inaccurate," said Charlotte, infusing a tone of displeasure into her voice for the first time. "I am really ashamed that you could have undertaken to escape without remembering this insuperable difficulty."

"So am I," said Lord Douglas, quite subdued. "But at that moment we could not retreat. We reached the lake, I spread my cloak on the ground that Queen Mary might step from it to the boat."

"Oh, for shame!" cried the listening children. "That was Raleigh with Queen Elizabeth!"

Convinced of error by the acclamation of his peers, the poor little lord lost all heart. His gray eyes filled with tears—he choked back his sobs with difficulty.

"Ronald may finish," said Charlotte, kindly.

"There is not much more to say. I could have told the whole in half the time that he has been at it. We rowed across the pond—he calls it a lake, and I suppose I ought to, but it sounds funny."

"Certainly you ought to call it a lake," said Charlotte. "How could Lochleven Castle have been built in the middle of a pond?"

"Lake, then. When we got to the other side, we didn't know what to do next. Some fellows ought to have come after us, and that would have been splendid. Lord Douglas said we must find an inn where Queen Mary might re—re—"

"Repose!" interrupted Lord Douglas, indignantly.

"Which means rest," continued the other. "He never thought about us, and we were all as tired as she was."

"Clown!" cried Lord Douglas, with tragic vehemence. "How dare you speak of your petty trials in comparison with hers! A dethroned queen, insulted, threatened with the scaffold, stealing away in the dead of night, with a handful of faithful followers! Think how she must have felt, and be thankful that you were permitted to share her sufferings!"

"Oh yes, I felt awfully," said Queen Mary, and sighed. "I believe I was sleepy too, for I was real glad when we came to the barn."

"Lord Douglas said that it was an inn," continued Ronald. "Only kept by a secret friend of the queen's."

"A *vassal*," corrected Lord Douglas, with emphasis.

"So we climbed up the ladder and crept into the hay, and pretty soon were all fast asleep. I believe Lord Douglas watched part of the night. He's a true beat, I'll say that for him."

The Douglas grasped his follower's hand. "I didn't mean to be rude to you just now," he whispered. "I'll give you my jackknife."

"It don't cut. I'll take your pencil instead, if you like. But don't be in a hurry. Wait till to-morrow to think about it."

"The party was found in the barn this morning," said the teacher, "and I sent them all to the dungeon immediately."

"Now," said Charlotte, "we must judge this matter. You have noticed, children, that Bertram has been guilty of two gross inaccuracies. What does he deserve for this?"

"Disgrace!" cried several voices, and Bertram hung his head.

"On the other hand, we must acknowledge that he has shown both skill and courage in realizing the history. Should we not set that against the disgrace?"

"Yes!" said the children.

"On account of the mistakes, therefore, we will count the affair a partial failure, and I wish you all to notice that it is impossible to avoid such mistakes where the circumstances are so very different, so nobody need try again to run away at night. I shall certainly consider it a *total failure* another time. In regard to Bertram, however, we will, after noticing the failures, accord him an honor."

"Agreed," shouted the children.

"Come here, Bertram," Charlotte drew the boy toward her, and imprinted a grave kiss on his forehead.

"You may write his name in large letters on the Board of Honors this evening," she said to the teacher, "and those of his companions in smaller letters. Good-bye, children."

And Charlotte led her guests away.

"Charlotte, you are perfectly crazy," said Mr. Lauderdale, when they had left the house. "You have so excited those children that they will all be tum-

bling out of bed for the next fortnight."

"Not at all. I have restrained them by pointing out an impossibility in the nature of things, the only kind of restraint to which human beings can submit with dignity. Should, however, another escapade occur—which is extremely improbable—I shall so effectually wither it as a *total failure*, that no one will dare to try again, for fear of becoming the laughing-stock of the school."

MARGARET.

That same afternoon, Margaret was seated with her two pupils in Mrs. Lauderdale's handsome school-room. The children were more than usually rude and restive, and Margaret's patience more than usually inefficacious. They were grained like their mother, and from their father had chiefly inherited an immense capacity for self-indulgence, which, deprived of his grace, showed greedy and coarse enough. The dignified patience of a shy, shrinking woman, was entirely thrown away upon such natures. They needed an active, bustling, jolly, quick-tempered person, who would occasionally cuff them on the ears, but tell them plenty of stories afterwards and often excuse their lessons. Margaret's conscientious determination to drive into their rebellious little heads, the stipulated amount of arithmetic and geography, only irritated them,—and they had no scruple in venting their irritation against a person who never scolded, nor raised her voice, nor complained about them. They might have lavished boisterous affection upon any one sufficiently boisterous to amuse and control them at the same time. Margaret could do neither, and like Mr. Lauderdale the children found their governess cold and stiff and altogether uninteresting. She, keenly alive to their indifference, and incessantly reproaching herself for it, was herself more profoundly irritated than she was aware, by their resemblance to their mother. This resemblance, or rather identity of nature, like a fatal prophecy, continually paralyzed all her efforts either to love or improve the children,—as if they were already

grown up, and hardened into coarse clay.

To sunny, sympathetic natures, that assimilate without effort all the bitter and the sweet that comes in their way, retaining the sweet, and changing the bitter to mellowness, persons like Margaret are often incomprehensible. And coarse, overbearingly successful people, —though good-natured as cabbages,—are pitiless towards such glacial incapacities. Neither suspect the fountains of tenderness pent up behind these barriers of ice, the delicate talent crippled by these shy gaucheries. Mere kindness is insufficient to melt the barriers, or to set the proud shrinking soul at ease. The words must be penetrating as well as bland, the sympathy careful, profound,—or both are rejected, to the astonishment and irritation of well-meaning officiousness.

People rarely take the time or trouble necessary to understand characters. They prefer rather to regard the difficulties as a tacit insult to themselves, and an excuse for keeping at a distance. They will build green-houses for exotic heaths, they will foster early violets into bloom with lavished cares. But souls, —more precious than heaths, more tender than violets,—are reckoned unworthy of such costly pains; they are left to freeze unsheltered on biting winter nights, and to be thrown away carelessly among other withered refuse.

"Grace," said Margaret, "You do not know your lesson at all. You must learn it over again."

"I shan't do it."

Margaret, without further words, handed the child the book. Grace wrenched out the page, tore it into pieces, and laughed triumphantly in Margaret's face.

"You may learn the next lesson, and I will hold the book for you," said Margaret, coldly.

Upon this the child burst into a storm of tears, and threw herself upon the floor, where she lay drumming the carpet with the heels of her shoes. The noise summoned the mamma to inquire into the cause of the not unusual disturbance.

"Goodness gracious, Miss Burnham, you are letting Grace spoil her new ten-dollar shoes in that manner! I am astonished that you have not yet learned how to control these children. You will ruin their tempers."

Grace, feeling that her cause was fortified by parental tenderness, stopped kicking, but yelled a little louder, as if to prove the vicious influence that the governess had already exercised over her angelic disposition. Margaret, far more deeply chagrined by the consciousness of her own ill-success than Mrs. Lauderdale's words could make her, hesitated for a reply, when the footman entered the room, and handed her a pencilled note.

"He's waiting," said the man, jerking his finger over his shoulder in a free and easy manner upon which he would not have ventured in presence of Margaret alone. But the servants were always less respectful to her when Mrs. Lauderdale was by.

Margaret glanced at the note, written in a foreign language, and started up hastily to leave the room.

"Stop a moment, Miss Burnham," interposed her employer; "I hope you are not going to run off during school-hours in this harum-scarum manner. I pay you a good salary to teach my children, and I cannot have them cheated out of their time."

At this remark, the waiter chuckled secretly as he closed the door. Margaret colored for a moment, and then turned as white as steel.

"You are right, madam," she answered in a low voice, "I should wait, —and of course, will do so. I only regret that you felt obliged to speak so openly before the servant and the children."

Had Margaret thrown back the words into Mrs. Lauderdale's face, and insisted upon seeing her visitor, the good dame would have been perfectly satisfied. A five minutes' hearty quarrel, would have opposed no obstacle to reconciliation and concession five minutes afterwards, and the atmosphere would have been cleared up by the storm.

"I'm a regular out-and-outer," Mrs. Lauderdale was accustomed to say. "I have my word quick and sharp as you please, and all is over. Give me an honest temper, and none of your sneaking sullenness."

But the dignity that refused to bandy words, and that could afford to acknowledge an error, profoundly annoyed this honest dame, because so mysterious and inexplicable. Such conduct could only be the cloak for some concealed impertinence. Margaret's immediate submission had removed too quickly all open pretext for scolding,—but the unexpended displeasure launched itself helter-skelter in the dark.

"And who is this 'He' that is waiting? A lover under the rose, I'll stake my head. I think it is high time I investigated this surreptitious correspondence. Let us see your letter, Miss Burnham."

And with a broad laugh, and a gesture intended to be playful, Mrs. Lauderdale held out her hand to snatch the little note. But Margaret drew back and put it in her pocket.

"Excuse me," she said, in distinct, cold tones, "I acknowledged the justice of your observation that I should not allow my own affairs to interrupt the duties I owe to you. But these affairs *are* my own, and I must beg leave to reserve them exclusively to myself." Mrs. Lauderdale fumed a little, but presently withdrew, not before she had officially excused Grace from a repetition of the lesson.

"There is no comfort in life," she said to herself, "with these sly, secretive people. A frank outspoken girl I could love; but this Margaret, with her stealthy obstinate ways, is like a cat. We shall never get along together."

Mrs. Lauderdale did not do herself more than justice in asserting that she could love and be kind to a person more comprehensible than Margaret. But moral incompatibilities constitute obstacles to the best intentions, quite as insuperable as blindness, or deafness, or any other physical infirmity.

As soon as his mother's back was turned, Henry Lauderdale junior hurled

his arithmetic up to the ceiling, whence it fell—minus the cover.

"Hurrah! I bet Miss Burnham got a good scolding *this* time!" he cried, exultingly.

"What will your father say to this arithmetic?" said Margaret, ignoring the boyish impertinence, at which nevertheless she quivered inwardly. "It is the third you have spoiled within a month."

"I'll tell him you threw it at my head because I did not know my sums."

The afternoon wore away slowly, the tasks were at last finished, and the governess and pupils released, to the infinite content of all parties. Margaret waited with tingling impatience, until every book had been replaced, and the desks rolled back to precisely the requisite angle,—an operation which Henry contrived to prolong for a full quarter of an hour. Finally every thing was in order, the children dismissed to their recreation, and Margaret, released, sped down the avenue to the park gate.

Under the hedge in the road was seated a man, whose face and hands seemed to belong to a gentleman, but whose coarse ragged clothes rather indicated a common tramp. And the voice in which he growled at Margaret as she approached, was that of a gentleman degenerated into a tramp, like the tones of a broken grand piano, pitched into the lumber room.

"You kept me waiting long enough!" said this agreeable personage.

"I could not help it, father," said Margaret, uttering the last word with difficulty, as if it stuck in her throat. "The children's lessons were not finished, and I could not leave them."

"Well,—you've brought the money, I hope."

"All I have for the moment," and she emptied her small purse into his outstretched hand.

"Bah! That is not worth shaking a stick at. I say,—it's a shame that you did not stay at your uncle's, you might have managed to filch me much more than this."

"You know I left him, because he

forbade me to have anything to do with you."

"Just like your romantic nonsense. It would have been far more practical both for yourself and for me, to stay and pick up the drippings from his fat table. He need never have known that you met me now and then by chance."

"What!" exclaimed Margaret, in indignant amazement, "You would have wished me to cheat the man who nourished me with his bounty, and eat at his table with a lie on my lips! My mother herself would not have done that for you. Oh, do not suggest such infamy, or I shall begin to believe that you are!"

She stopped short. Her step-father met her eyes with dogged assurance.

"That I am what? Guilty of the theft of which they accuse me?"

"Yes."

"Well, suppose I am. Would you shake me off like a mangy cur, as all your virtuous friends have done?"

Margaret placed her hand on her bosom, as if to seek strength and inspiration of some concealed talisman.

"No, no," she cried. "For *her* sake I will never forsake you!"

The man looked at her a moment as if debating whether or no to permit some words to pass that trembled on his lips. He evidently decided that further confidence was at the time inappropriate, and shut his jaws hard together, as if to force back into his muddy consciousness, whatever might be trying to escape. Then he pulled his slouched hat over his eyes, and rose to go.

"These clothes," said Margaret timidly, "can you not afford to wear any better? I will send you some more money soon."

He laughed gruffly. "Thank you, girl. I dress better than this when I am at home and receiving company, but too much toilette would be rather unhealthy in this vicinity." He strode away, nodding a salutation, in which an ancient grace struggled through an acquired roughness of demeanor, like a golden curl escaping from beneath a fustian cap.

Margaret watched her step-father out of sight, then reentered the park. But

instead of returning to the house, she sought refuge behind a lilac bush, where, unseen, she could draw from her bosom the flat locket that held the precious miniature of her dead mother.

A fair, sweet face, with low, broad forehead and delicate eyebrows like Margaret's own, and drooping mouth, whose settled melancholy relaxed not a line of the forced purpose into which it had been composed. An heroic but deadly purpose, to which her life had been vainly sacrificed, the endeavor to rehabilitate the character of her husband. In him she had persistently believed, for him she had expended her energy and her fortune. Margaret had consented to accept her faith, Margaret had nursed her in the long, terrible illness that closed her clouded life, Margaret had taken up as a sacred heritage, her faith in a man whom she herself disliked, and had continued steadfastly at the post where her dying mother had left her. Alone in the world, with only this miniature between herself and dreariest desolation, often this frail barrier had proved all-sufficient. But to-day Margaret was depressed by the consciousness of failure in her easier duties, depressed by a new suspicion of unworthiness in the object of her patient fidelity, and the desolation seemed to draw nearer.

The soul is less exigent than we suppose, and often, to sustain its strength, needs but a single friendly voice that shall say, "Thou art strong!" But when the voice fails, and all other comfort fails, the poor soul is sometimes very desolate. As Margaret looked at the face of her lost mother, tears sprang to her eyes, unaccustomed sobs choked her throat. For a moment the pent up longing and loneliness must have its way, and Margaret, crouched behind the lilac with her one treasure in her arms, broke down into an agony of weeping.

Short is the space left by the world for indulgence in solitary grief. In a few minutes Margaret heard the gate swing open, and the voices of Lauderdale and Allston returning from their walk. She instantly checked her sobbing, but not in time, for Ethelbert said,

"I thought I heard some one crying just now. Who can it be?"

"Oh, it is probably Grace," replied the father indifferently; "she is always in some kind of trouble." And Mr. Lauderdale walked on. He was quite alive to the pathos of tears in books, or in people for whom he was not responsible. But the troubles in which he might be compelled to interfere, simply annoyed him, and he shirked them as much as possible.

Ethelbert lingered behind, and came directly towards Margaret's hiding-place, following the direction of the sound he had heard. Margaret made herself as small as possible, but, as Ethelbert passed the lilac, she saw by his scarcely perceptible start, that he had discovered her. In these circumstances an awkward person would have exclaimed aloud; any one timid or indifferent would have withdrawn at once, and in silence. Ethelbert did neither. Whatever might be the cause for Margaret's grief, she had probably cried long enough, and a little

diversion could not fail to do her good. He walked straight on therefore, toward a late flowering syringa, leisurely cut off a spray, turned and came back to Margaret.

Her habits of self-control had enabled her to recover her composure during this little interval, and as Ethelbert approached she rose to meet him.

"We have been visiting the school," he said directly. "I thank you very much for telling me about it."

"I need not ask if you were pleased?"

"I was delighted. The school is charming, and completely imbued with the imaginative vitality of its founder."

Then he described the visit, and the escapade of the history class. His fluent description demanded but few interruptions from Margaret. He talked to her, rather than with her, and the bright, kindly speech first soothed, then interested, then cheered his companion, just as he probably intended that it should do.

THE AFRICAN EXODUS.

SANTO DOMINGO, 1869.

"And God said unto Israel in the visions of the night: 'Fear not to go down into Egypt, for I will there make of thee a great people.'"

AMERICA has been to the children of Africa what Egypt was to the children of Israel, a land of bondage in which they toiled as an alien and despised race. They toiled, *but they also learned*, under their proud masters those arts of civilization which converted a feeble and ignorant tribe into "a great people," disciplined to productive industry and trained to habits of orderly obedience.

Wisely or unwisely done, rightly or wrongly accepted by the dominant race, African slavery has ceased in the United States; and leaving the past to bury its own dead, the future can recognize none but freemen on the soil of the Union.

But this change in the political status of the blacks did not extinguish the

race. It still exists as a great people though a peculiar, and to those who will insist on the term, an alien race.

This strange, but numerous people, represent an industrial power of four millions. More by an extra million than the population of the United States when they defied the arms of England, and made themselves a self-governing nation in 1776.

This mighty productive power still feels the shock and disorganization consequent upon the sudden change of its directing forces; but all the same, it continues alive and present to enhance by so much the industrial energies of the country. It may yield less for the moment than it produced under the intelligent and despotic authority of the late master-class; but it is by no

means destroyed. It exists, and must be employed, for better or for worse, as the stronger white race shall be wise or unwise.

Avoiding all manner of ethical side issues, we will keep then to this one great and undeniable fact, that there exists in the United States a peculiar people representing an industrial power of four millions; and that in the Antilles there are about two millions more of the same race whose energies are more or less wastefully applied.

Can the thirty millions of whites, with whom their future destinies are to so large an extent interwoven, fancy that it is nothing to them or their children whatever may become of their African freedmen? I use the term African as the one most clearly, fairly expressive of their lineage and race characteristics. Negro is a word of reproach even among themselves, while "African" defines their origin from a grand and magnificently endowed continent, and declares for the race a distinct right of nationality in the motherland. In adopting that name and title the African asserts the great truth that his race are not destitute of country and empire, and that he is the lineal and legitimate heir—whenever he chooses to return and assert his birthright—of as rich and noble domains as any the sun smiles upon in all the borders of the round world.

Already some of the best and bravest of the sons of Africa are bearing back to her bosom the most precious gifts of civilization. They take to her the choicest treasures of their house of bondage; as Moses and his brethren of the tribes of Israel carried back to the land of their inheritance the arts and sciences of their Egyptian masters. The plough, the loom, the foundry, the steam-power, and even the electric telegraph is penetrating, and will soon permeate Africa from ocean to ocean. The death of the slave-trade is forcing the native chiefs of Africa into new and more hopeful relations with the white traders along their coasts. Missionaries of peace and civilization are traversing

the paths formerly monopolized by the slave-trading castles, and commerce is now opening profitable markets in broad and fertile realms in the interior of Africa—noble realms which were barely known by name—and only as slave-producing marts—to the last generation of slave-buyers.

In those beautiful regions the boldest and best instructed of the liberated children of Africa will soon build up flourishing and world-respected States. They may well be of such vast and welcome utility to the commerce and manufactures of other nations that it becomes the common wish, as well as the common interest of all races to forget prejudices of caste and color, as is happening in the case of Japan.

It is another curious parallel between the Hebrew period of servitude in Egypt and the African servitude for a like period of four hundred years in America, that the Egyptians entertained similar prejudices of race towards their Hebrew slaves. The native servants of Joseph's household would not sit at the table with Joseph's brothers, because the Hebrews (perhaps as aliens) "were an abomination to the Egyptians." High as he was in rank, and greatly appreciated as were his eminent services by the King, Joseph felt the necessity of having a separate abiding place assigned to his kindred. They were always held as an alien and inferior race during their long and severe apprenticeship to Egyptian civilization. They were forced to learn the arts and the habits of a higher order of civilization under the heavy yoke of a strange people, who despised and "hardly entreated them," because they were of an alien race, precisely as the Africans have served and suffered under the foreign yoke of their American masters.

The Hebrew and African slave phases have such a marvellous correspondence even to the sudden mighty and irresistible climax of emancipation, that one case seems like a prophetic foreshadowing of the other, and the crowning act of a great *African exodus will be an inevitable conclusion.*

The children of Africa will not consent to remain pariahs and aliens in a strange land when a great empire of their own, in which fertile domains in a congenial climate and the highest rounds of social distinction, and the most elevated honors of political rank await their acceptance in the vast realms of the mother-land. They must and will return in strong, well-organized bands to take and to keep, to subdue and to govern the vast empire of their race.

Two causes, both of them harsh, and to the human understanding striking revelations of Divine Justice, combined to force the children of Israel to form themselves into the compact and united nationality which God had promised they should become in Egypt. One was the stern divisions of race and caste which compelled the despised Hebrews to remain apart an alien and subjugated people. This national system of scorn and repression kept them a distinct people with well-defined and firmly-knit ties of race unity. Had they been allowed equal citizenship and encouraged to contract marriage and business intimacies with the Egyptians, they would have probably merged their national peculiarities into the larger sea of native population, and melted out of history as a separate people. With their absorption into another nationality would have also passed away their cherished traditions and expectations of future empire in the Land of Promise. Again, the parallel is complete. Would the children of Africa gird up their loins to recover their distant inheritance and leave Africa to blossom in prosperous beauty, were they not held apart and treated as aliens in the land of their bondage? No; the visible and permanent lines of race-demarkation are also the signs and the charter for a distinct and independent nationality in that ready and inviting Africa of which our freedmen are the lineal heirs and the natural sovereigns.

The second condition precedent for a robust national existence, is a strong, hardy, industrious population, able to create wealth and ready to defend it;

and such a people was moulded in Egypt, as afterwards another in America, out of the hard exigencies of many successive generations of slavery.

The inflexible prejudices of race kept each of these marked and peculiar bond-people apart from the dominant race in the land of their sojourn, and the constant toils of many successive generations shaped and hardened them into an industrious and disciplined power. Meanwhile, they acquired the useful arts and the moral and intellectual training which alone could raise them to the dignity of a self-governing power. So prepared, the children of Israel went up from the land of bondage and established a great nation. So prepared, the children of Africa are even now marshalling their hosts for a mighty exodus. Many, in numbers probably a large majority, will remain where they were born; but tens of thousands are this day preparing, more or less unconsciously, to take their part in building up a new empire in Africa.

Another remarkable sequence is the fact that in Santo Domingo, at the spot on which the first cargo of slaves from Africa were landed, exists a regular organization of the "Children of Africa," whose aim and work it is to prepare the rising generation for the great exodus of their race.

It was the fittest point of departure for the returning keels of the instructed and disenthralled Africans, whose feeble, ignorant, and barbarous ancestors had traversed the same ocean-track hitherward, as bound, suffering, and ill-treated slaves. The Training-School of Santo Domingo was formed by a few freedmen from Baltimore, under the friendly counsels of a single white friend. The Government gave them a part of the walls of an old barrack which they have fitted up after a fashion, by the labor of their own hands for chapel and school-house, and established therein a free school. The Bible Society of New York supplies the pupils with the Scriptures for their Sunday reading-classes; and the most interesting publications of the Tract Society, furnished gratis also,

has amply provided the evening schools with welcome books for the young and old. This grain of mustard-seed, sown in modest silence, and nurtured by the free-handed kindness of societies composed almost, if not altogether, of whites whose fathers were slave-owners, may grow and expand into a wide-branch-

ing tree; but let its fruits be few or many, those who go forth from under it will assuredly carry back to the motherland the most precious treasures in the gift of their former masters; the *Light of Christian Civilization* and the *Love of Industrial Progress*, the twin pillars of national might.

AMERICAN RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth."—*Shakespeare*.

THE traveller from foreign lands, whom a steamer belonging to the Cunard or the French line has brought in a week to the city of New York, finds that the noble ship was a worthy introduction to the new country, where all he sees is as grand as he expected. The beautiful bay with its smiling banks and countless villas, though not as magnificent as that of Rio, nor as gorgeous in coloring and rich in associations as that of Naples, inferior even, in many respects, to the Golden Horn in its eastern splendor, or to the grimly imposing harbor of Stockholm, still fills him with delight, and the low, busy hum of the great city rising from beyond the forest of masts, tells him that he approaches one of the centres of the world's commerce. He finds in Broadway a street abounding in all the signs of enormous wealth and boundless activity, and far surpassing in both the busiest thoroughfares of Paris or London. Like Eastern bazaars, devoted in certain parts to money institutions, in others to wholesale houses, and again to fashionable retail trade, it impresses him both forcibly and favorably by its splendor and its vast surging life, in spite of its distressing narrowness and the capricious mixture of marble palaces with wretched old brick houses, and of elegant equipages, fit for Hyde Park or the Prater, with unsightly hacks and old-fashioned drays. He looks with wonder at the upper part of the city, which has widened and regulated itself with no Hansmann to direct and to demolish, and though he may smile at finding the pal-

atial mansions of "merchant princes," presenting their narrow fronts with wearisome uniformity close to the street, unconscious of *perron* or *porte cochère*, and lacking even the little elbow-room eked out by humbler dwellings in a tiny lawn or modest flower-garden, he is naturally struck by the miles and miles of wealth-bespeaking Rows and Terraces, interspersed with costly edifices of larger dimensions and almost overwhelming splendor. He finds in the Park a signal evidence of the munificence of a republican community, well directed and eminently useful, with a prospect of future increase proportionate to that of the city, to which it is at once an ornament, an honor and a health-giving delight. In fine, without referring to the higher, intellectual enjoyments which he meets in this the genuine capital of the Union, he cannot fail being impressed with the material grandeur of this portion of the New World, and he begins to understand practically the marvellous accounts of American wealth or American energy, with which all Europe is ringing. A visit to the gold-room, makes him think less of the Exchange or the Bourse than he did before, and at the American Institute Fair in the colossal rink, he finds proofs of inventive genius such as no nation on earth has yet displayed. He is fully satisfied that the statements he has heard at home were not, as he feared, exaggerated by patriotism or colored by partiality, and he is naturally desirous to see more of this wonderful country, and full of expectation of what he will see

on his way to the political capital, and a little beyond, to the famous Old Dominion renowned in English history, and as grand in her tragic humiliation now as she was in her full power, when she gave statesmen and presidents to the Union.

His anticipations are to be sadly disappointed. He finds that the American, the Nomad of civilization, is like his brother Nomad, the Arab, satisfied if he is but in motion, but treats all other things, including comfort, health, and life itself, as matters of comparative indifference.

His hack carries him after dinner down an indescribable, dirty, ill-paved street, to a wooden shanty near the wharf. The driver jumps down, roughly demanding his fare, before he deigns to open the door, jerks his portmanteau from the foot-board behind, throws it down in the black mud and vanishes. The traveller looks instinctively for the Station. He is on his way from New York, the Empire city, as he has heard it called daily, to Washington the capital of the United States of America. This is the great thoroughfare from the North to the South; the one great line on which the immense travel of the whole people carries daily tens of thousands in one or the other direction. He recalls the superb stations of great European cities, from the magnificent *débarcadère* of the Northern Railway of France to the tiny wood-carved cottage on the Bergstrasse; he sees in his mind the vast halls, adorned with statues and frescoes, through which he passed in Vienna before he entered the train going East, and thinks, perchance, of the quaint but spacious houses by the side of the railway in Egypt with their airy rooms and rich ornamentations.

He has to learn that travelling means in America rushing from one place to another, and next to rushing, pushing. The lesson is at hand, for as he stands in the deep mud, looking disconsolately around for the station, or an obliging official in his uniform to direct his steps, he is rudely jostled on all sides, his luggage is kicked about, his umbrella knocked

over, and boys yell at him, Evening papers? and, Black y'r boots? At last he sees a stream of people entering a little wooden shed; he follows them and finds himself in a dirty, crowded room, with a little window on one side, which he finds out is the ticket office. He purchases his, if kind friends have not saved him the trouble, by procuring one for him at a hotel, and luckily finds a porter by his side, whom the prospect of a handsome gratuity inclines to be gracious. By his aid, he makes his way through an almost furious crowd, into another shed, still dirtier and meaner than the first, where he is literally pelted with huge iron-bound trunks; they pass between his legs threatening to upset him; they knock against his arms and his sides, they are lifted over his head and endanger his life. Then they are thrown pell-mell on a platform, and in the midst of this infernal din, bewildered and confused, he is rudely summoned by an Irishman on the other side: Now then, your ticket! Then comes the only drop of comfort he is likely to have on his journey; he receives his check and is relieved of all care for his luggage till he arrives at his hotel. But what must he do next? How he wishes for one of those cozy waiting-rooms for first class passengers, with their easy chairs and sofas, their gay decorations and bright windows, their pleasant companions and obliging officials! He is out again on the street, in imminent danger of being run over by street cars and huge vans, by hacks dashing up and drays turning suddenly round; at last he asks a civil-looking person, who answers with a stare and an apparent doubt of his right to be travelling alone: There's the ferry! He enters a huge wooden building, into which men and women, drays and wagons, wheel-barrows and luggage-crates are shoved promiscuously, till he is stopped at a stile, through which only one person can pass, and where of course is the inevitable rush and the unfeeling jam. He has to unbutton his coat and to show his ticket, or else to pay a few cents. He follows the crowd, and seeing the chains of a ferry-boat before

him, he goes toward them, when he is met by a stream of eager people rushing out and fairly overwhelming him. And again, there is no one to direct him, no sign-board to guide him, no official to be consulted. A new wave rushing up from the ticket-office at last seizes him, and he drifts helplessly along, across a hanging bridge, into a long narrow passage, which he sees marked, Ladies' Cabin, and nearly out again at the other end, on to the bow of the vessel.

Heaven be thanked! He is on the ferry-boat, and for a few minutes enjoys the bracing salt-air, the glorious view down the bay and up the river, and above all, the certainty of not having a host of elbows stuck into his side and people pressing him behind till he nearly suffocates those before him. But he has not much time to recover; he hears a clanking of chains, a winding of wheels, and firmly grasping his umbrella and his dressing case, he is once more lifted off his feet and carried helplessly in a fearful rush over the boat, across a yawning gulf between its bow and its floating bridge on shore, and into a somewhat cleaner and airier building, half-filled with counters offering fruits and refreshments. He looks around, but here also no sign, no help; he must follow the crowd, and to his intense disgust, he is once more stopped in a narrow, crammed passage, to obey the fiercely-uttered summons: Tickets! At last he finds himself in what he may take for a station, if he chooses—an immense structure, filled with trains, and O wonder! placards are hanging on some of the cars, with the name of their destination printed in large letters. Devoutly grateful for the first item of information vouchsafed him, he hurries—for he has already learned to rush like others—but is met by a stern: Next car, this car for ladies! Oh, the bitter lesson he has to learn, that whatever his birth, rank, and station in life may be, he is here but a man, and as a man an inferior animal, who is not safely to be trusted with ladies! Like a good traveller, he does not grumble, but takes things as he finds them, and is on the

point of entering a car, when he hears a stentorian voice from the farthest end of the train cry out: Sleeping car, gentlemen!

He has heard much of this great American invention, and has been advised to spare his strength and avoid unnecessary fatigue by taking a berth and sleeping all night. He walks down, therefore, into the utter darkness, from whence the voice proceeds, and finds a man, lantern in hand, selling tickets for berths and staterooms. He obtains a ticket, but not the information where to find his berth, and at hap-hazard mounts a platform leading to a peculiar-looking car. It is locked. He starts to try the other end, and after having waded through a long mud-puddle, which he could not see in the deep night which reigns in this part of the building, he finds a colored servant who tells him to walk in. Here also utter darkness! A man with a lantern comes and enables him to read the letter and number of his berth—but it turns out that he must go to another car. At last he has found the place and admires the ingenuity with which the seats give up a mattress, pillows, blankets, and coverlets, as if by magic, and a very comfortable-looking bed is improvised in a few minutes. His watchful eye, however, discovers here also the sad disproportion between outward splendor and real comfort. The woodwork of the car is superb in its variety of material and excellence of finish; heavy damask curtains hang from rich gilt cornices and the seats are covered with costly plush or velvet. But before he has become well at home in the berths, which remind him uncomfortably of his state-room on the steamer, he is once more imperatively ordered to show his ticket, a lantern is thrust in his eye and a second guard—perhaps a detective?—inspects him as if he were a criminal. His neighbor is a lady, and he hears how she pleads in a low tone. But the conductor opens the curtains unceremoniously, and tells her he must see his passengers, telling her as a half excuse for his rudeness, with a grim smile of delight at the trick and his own

sagacity, that he has but just before discovered a man, who had "doubled" in on another passenger and tried to hide behind him under the blankets in order to escape paying his passage-money! After a few moments' silence, an unlucky baby lifts up its voice and has to be very audibly persuaded to be a "good child" by an offer of refreshment; then a couple of politicians enter into a loud and warm discussion on the approaching election in their State; a poor boy with a whooping-cough starts from his couch crying in his sleep: I am dying! and then breaks forth in vehement spasms of coughing, and thus it keeps on, hour after hour, in the huge barrack, where some forty or fifty people are packed away, with nothing but thin partitions, opened at the top, and half drawn curtains, to separate them from each other.

The traveller, weary of having so much more company in the car and in his little berth than he is accustomed to, hails the rising of the sun, as he approaches the ineffably mean surroundings of the great city. Sterile fields alternate with small woods of scrub pines; huge gullies rend the red soil in all directions and wretched hovels with half-clad negroes meet his eye everywhere. Afar off he sees the magnificent cupola of the Capitol rise pure and white above the low mists, and his heart beats high at the sight of the palace, from which as from the heart of a great nation, its life's blood pulsates through this colossal empire. But he looks in vain for smiling kitchen gardens, for rows of pretty cottages and stately country mansions, and for the low but cozy houses of far-stretching suburbs to which his eye had been used at home. A few wooden sheds, a row of black men and boys perched on a rail fence and a herd of pigs wandering in perfect happiness through heaps of garbage, are all the indications of a great city he beholds, before his train is shoved into a dark shed, stops, and leaves him once more to his own inspirations. He follows the inevitable rush down a long narrow passage, beset on all sides by hand-trucks, wheelbarrows and dogs, to say

nothing of impatient elbows and unwieldy baskets, that leave their mark in his side, till he is pushed, he hardly knows how, into a vast building, handsome enough in its large proportions and solid structure; but utterly bare and deserted. In vain does he inquire of several persons, what he must do; every body seems to be in a desperate state of hurry and, though civil enough in look and word, to have no time for answering questions. In vain does he look for the book-stall and the refreshment room, which he has come to consider an indispensable comfort of every railway-station on earth; in vain for the uniformed official or even a porter with his badge, to whom he might turn for information. It need not be said with what feelings of admiration for the independent American, who needs no guidance and no help, but is "ever enough in himself" and with what pity for his own "foreign helplessness" he approaches the doors; but all his thoughts and feelings are drowned in an instant by a score of powerful whips thrust literally into his face, while a Babel of voices shouts in his ears a perfect torrent of unintelligible names.

Happy the man who can here take a cab and drive at once to his hotel, to make his morning ablutions and enjoy a breakfast such as he is not likely to remember having found outside of Scotland! He will feel as if he had indeed reached the desired haven, and will, for some time, remain in happy ignorance of the strange fact that Washington, a large, opulent city and the capital of the Great Republic, the residence of a numerous diplomatic corps and the political *élite* of the whole nation, cannot yet boast of a first-class hotel!

But woe is him, if his fate carries him farther on the great high-road from the North to the South! After having run the gauntlet of intolerable rudeness through a crowd of black and white coachmen, he finds himself in the middle of a muddy street, cut up with railway tracks, in constant danger of being run over by express-wagons and luggage-vans, and surrounded by a number of

low drinking-shops, crowded even at that hour with thirsty laborers and loafers. He has heard, however, and learned by experience that the American is invariably civil and ready to give information; he inquires, therefore, of a passer-by, where the train for the South is, and receives a willing answer, accompanied by a dramatic gesture of the hand. Can it really be, that he is expected to run after that little horse-car, which is just moving off through slush and mud, and seems to be filled to its utmost capacity with passengers of every rank, age, and color? He remembers where he is, grasps his impediments and hurries after the fast retreating car. No helping hand is stretched out to him; not a word of information is vouchsafed, and as he jumps on the platform behind, he cannot help smiling grimly at his unwonted agility, and wondering, with a keen sense of enjoyment at the anomalous position in which he finds himself, what will become of him next? He is, of course, duly asked for his ticket, a ceremony which he has gone through so often that he has long ceased to grumble at it, and marvels again to see how this, the great train to the South, moves leisurely through the wide streets of the city and condescendingly picks up or sets down stray passengers all along the road. At last he reaches a wharf on the river, if a sand hole, half filled with stagnant water, and a few rickety, rotten beams and planks, covered with mud and garbage, deserve that name, and sees a crowd rush once more, as if their lives were in danger, on board a little dirty steamboat, where he is expected to make his way through piles of baggage, under horses' heads and over boxes, babies, and bleating sheep to the cleanest and quietest place he may find.

After a while, a colored man will come and ring a huge bell before his face, summon him to breakfast; but with this meal and the landing on Virginia's soil begins a sad period in his travels, which is better omitted here, for the same reason which makes us turn aside when we meet a lady whom we have once known, when she was great and rich in

children and in honor, and who now appears before us in sad weeds, alone and with downcast eye, but still so grand and so noble in her solitude and sorrow, that we feel pity would be out of place and sympathy superfluous.

Is American travelling really a penance? Far from it. The railways of the republic have undeniable advantages over those of the Old World, which no experienced traveller will fail to appreciate fully. The manner in which the cars are built, the system of checking luggage for thousands of miles, the control exercised by the conductor, and even the supply of ice-water, and the boy with papers and books, are points of great excellence. But American railways lack as yet two important features, which are somewhat valued abroad: comfort for the traveller and responsibility of the company's officials.

The idea of comfort is, of course, a relative one, and can, therefore, only cautiously be applied to a general judgment of so important a feature in the life of a great nation. The foreigner is apt to imagine comfort to mean that he may find on the train which he chooses for a pleasure excursion, a snug though not very large salon, handsomely but not gorgeously furnished, with an abundance of lounges and easy-chairs, tables, and mirrors, and no draught and no dust. He shows his ticket when he enters the car, and surrenders it when he arrives at his destination; he only sees the guard when he wants him to render him a service, and although it is done for a consideration, he never asks in vain for information, for refreshments, or for special favors. His wife sits down with her children on the floor around her; his sister takes her embroidery or her novel, and he ensconces himself in an arm-chair near the large window to enjoy the scenery. Other groups occupy other parts of the little salon, and enter into a friendly chat or remain as far apart as if they were in another train, as their tastes make it preferable. Thus they spend a few hours pleasantly and quietly, and when they arrive at the end of their journey, they are fresh and fit to enter

any room, having encountered no cinders and no dust.

The American, gregarious by nature and by education, would dislike such exclusiveness, and seeks his comfort in the greatest number with whom he can associate. He must have a wandering caravanserai, in which eighty or a hundred persons of all classes and colors and ages are assembled together, and where he can move about in his nervous restlessness to meet friends, to make acquaintances, and to see new faces and new phases of life. He loves to hear a roar of voices around him, with people constantly moving from seat to seat, or up and down the long, narrow passage in the middle. He would not like to sit alone, but presses down into a narrow, double seat, where every movement brings him in personal contact with his neighbor and makes him master of his ease and comfort for the journey. The book of Job comes into prominence once more, for the American—even the fragile, delicate lady—submits with admirable patience to the tyranny which such close proximity must needs produce; the open window, admitting with the cold draught almost invariably a current of cinders and dust, the half-filled spittoon with its nauseous contents, the restless activity and the easy familiarity of the neighbor are all borne in silence and cheerful submission. The American delights in the length of his train and the variety of its contents: he pays a visit to the luggage-room to inspect trunks and boxes; he chats with the express agent and looks at the countless parcels he has under his charge, from the small box filled with precious gold to the Newfoundland dog on his chain, from the bridal bouquet he carries to one station to the long, narrow box which he has to deliver at the next cemetery. He spends an hour in the smoking-room, where "black and white do congregate," and then passes from car to car, disregarding the danger and enjoying the intercourse with several hundred of his fellow-travellers.

It is an amusing feature in the history of American railways, that while Austria

and other foreign countries have imitated the long, double-seated car—which in southern regions and the tropics, with its cane seats and backs, and large gauze-covered windows, is the perfection of comfort—America, on the other hand, begins slowly in this point also to imitate the Old World and to introduce cars with private compartments. The tenderness of American pride forbids the calling them by their right names, and hence there are no first-class and second-class cars, but virtually the same is accomplished under the somewhat ludicrous title of drawing-room cars and silver-palace cars. Aside from the enormous price, these new cars are well-arranged and offer every comfort which is attainable on American railways; they are well hung and go easily; the little compartments are cozy and snugly fitted up with easy seats, large windows, tables, and mirrors, and privacy is secured, if not absolutely, at least to a great degree. Perhaps the only drawback is the utter disregard paid here also to the unfortunate single gentleman, who does not choose to engage four seats at once. There is no axiom truer than that, in travelling in America, money is a matter of little consequence, but a wife so indispensable, that a well-known poet could give his trans-Atlantic friend the candid advice: If you really want to travel for six months in the United States, you had better marry, steal, or borrow a wife, than go alone.

On the subject of responsibility there can, of course, be no such difference of opinion as on that of comfort. Nothing can exceed the thorough defectiveness of the American railway system in this respect, and the consequences are overwhelming in their fatality. From the humblest brakeman to the president of the road, the officers utterly and disdainfully disclaim being responsible for anything to any body. If the switchman has forgotten his duty and hastens a number of souls unprepared into eternity; if the engineer is drunk and runs into another train, producing a calamity that sends misery to a thousand homes; if a cashier runs away and ruins all the

stockholders, or a president speculates in gold and robs his friends of millions—there is no one responsible for all these disasters and crimes. A ludicrous instance, illustrative of this happy exemption of railway officials, occurred a few years ago in a Southern State. An unusually heavy snowfall had obstructed the trains in such a manner, that at one place a party of travellers was kept for a week in a state which approached starvation, and made even the man who was then reputed the richest man in the States aware that money is not omnipotent. Another train was blocked up before an impassable deep lane, a few miles from a large city, the capital of the State, where thousands were anxiously awaiting news from the North. For days the passengers suffered with that unsurpassed patience which is one of the national virtues, cheered by the merry sallies of a gentleman, whose convivial charms are well remembered in Liverpool and now fully appreciated at a watering-place in Canada, and the genius of a great actress, now no more. But at last they began to suffer in good earnest, and one of the passengers, born in the high north of Europe, determined to make an effort to establish communications between the train and the city. He started on foot, and in the course of a few hours reached the town with comparative ease, greatly indignant at the shameful neglect which alone could explain why a wealthy railroad corporation should have left a number of passengers buried in snow and suffering from hunger for two days and three nights at a distance of only five or six miles. One of the first persons he met was the Superintendent of the road; he made the situation of the unlucky travellers known to him, and was promised that an extra train with provisions and fuel should be started as soon as possible. But when he urged dispatch and, his patience giving way, expressed himself somewhat strongly on the sufferings to which they had been exposed, and of which his increasing faintness made him sensibly conscious, the official became abusive and informed him that he was a gentleman and would ask satisfaction for

such language! There the matter ended for the present. When the train had been rescued, which was the work of a few hours, an indignation meeting was proposed in the concert-room of the leading hotel at that place. The poor foreigner was too much exhausted to attend, but when he inquired after the result on the following day, he was informed that resolutions had been passed, praising the officers of the road for the prompt and efficient aid rendered under such difficult circumstances. How far this was the result of a jolly dinner, where the champagne flowed in streams, given by the Superintendent to the actress and her friends, was never fully ascertained.

The subject of irresponsibility in cases of great disasters is too serious for a mere gossip on American railways. Suffice it to say, that nothing can explain the recklessness of railway managers and the want of condign punishment for gross and culpable negligence, than the marvellous indifference to human life, which is perhaps the natural effect of republican institutions and a nomadic life. It is well known that the mortality of children from natural causes and from others, is enormous in America, and yet in spite of the efforts of physicians, the admonitions of bishops and great divines, and the horror every now and then expressed by the press, the newspapers teem with advertisements tending to increase the evil, and mothers are as careless as ever in the management of children. Accidents by which young men and women lose their lives, are seen in every journal; now it is reckless shooting by pistol or sporting gun, and now a coal-oil explosion; theatres burn, engines explode, steamboats blow up, and trains collide; the world shudders—but there is no Rachel to weep because they are not. The strange people, so noble in its loftier traits, so grand in its public and private benevolence, are in too great a hurry to step the perpetual rush for the sake of one who drops by the way-side, and a week, a day after, not a soul thinks of the "accident" but the hundreds whom it has reduced to misery and wretchedness. The same applies to minor evils. If a train

is delayed by negligence or rushes by before its time to suit the engineer; if a connection is not made, and the detention involves a delay of twenty-four hours with all its attendant expenses and losses, or a conductor fails to stop at your station, and carries you on for many a mile—all complaints are met with unmoved face, and your lawyer will tell you that a lawsuit would be long, expensive, and very uncertain. This utter disregard of the responsibility to the public is probably most marked in the case of over-crowded trains. Elsewhere the payment made for a ticket is held to insure an equivalent, a seat and transportation to the desired point; the obligation is believed to arise from a contract entered into between the company and the possessor, and in England at least the latter is entitled, if the company fail to convey him as stipulated to the end of his journey, to hire a conveyance at their expense and to recover in court. Not so in America. No binding obligation is acknowledged. If there are no seats you can stand up, and at the North as at the South, on the most frequented routes, numbers of passengers may daily be seen patiently standing up in the middle aisle of cars, holding on as best they may to counteract the violent jostling and rocking peculiar to American railways, and hardly venturing to grumble at the abuse. A few gentlemen living on one of the great lines leading into New York not long since presented the company that owned the line with sufficient ground and a considerable sum of money to erect a station near their country-houses. The first time after its completion, one of the donors purchased his ticket and entered the train to go to town; but it was full to overflowing, and instead of adding another car or making room somewhere, he, an elderly gentleman of high social standing, and entitled to the utmost consideration, was compelled to stand for several hours and thus to expose himself to an amount of fatigue, annoyance, and serious injury to his health, which in a less vigorous constitution might have proved fatal.

The fact is, that most American rail-

ways are built on speculation, and for profit. A few large landowners, who wish their lands to be brought into market, appeal to some capitalists, who seek an investment for their funds; they enter into a compact and the railway is built. If Congress can be made to believe that some public benefit may be derived from the enterprise, so much the better; in that case a grant of public lands is made and the undertaking is secure, and enormous profits certain. The road is then located on the cheapest lands; the sections are given out to the lowest bidder, who lets out his contract to subcontractors; the engineer and all the officials form one great association for earning large sums, and hence the cheapest and meanest material is furnished and duly accepted as satisfactory. The whole is done in the greatest possible haste and in the most imperfect manner; a great celebration is held, dinners are given, the enterprise, energy, and spirit of the projectors is praised in fulsome terms, and ere the first year is gone, not a few lives have been sacrificed to the great speculation. Railway committees of the British Parliament and coteries at the Paris Bourse have only child's play before them in comparison with the gigantic "rings" of American railway enterprises. It was during the last session of the Congress that a famous speculator who was also a member of the Senate, approached a privileged visitor with the words: I have taken a good contract, Governor.—How much? —Forty millions!—You don't say so? well, I think I can tell you how that will work.—Well, how?—You will sublet it to somebody else and pocket ten millions by the transaction.—Well, you are about right, I think that will be the sum.

Hence only a small number of the leading railways, mainly at the North, a few in the Northwest and one or two in Georgia, are really well built, having powerful engines, well ballasted roads, and steel rails. Most of the others would be considered abroad as mere make-shifts, dangerous in the extreme and a horror to paternal governments like

those of Germany. Hence the many inconveniences connected with American railway travelling: the fearful jolting over defective and worn-out rails, badly coupled and imperfectly secured; the still more exhausting constant shaking which tries the nerves to their utmost and makes a hundred miles on American roads equal to four hundred on foreign roads, in point of fatigue; the frequent stoppages to take in water and wood, now utterly unknown on the great express trains of Europe, and the frequent accidents arising from imperfections of the running material. The wonder is only how they can be so patiently endured. The American boasts, and boasts justly, of the marvellous inventive genius of his race, and points with legitimate pride to the number of patents issued daily! And yet he submits to seeing his health impaired by breathing the impure, dust-filled air of the cars for hours and hours, till his person is covered from head to foot with more uncleanness than a month's journey elsewhere would have accumulated; he bears being rocked and shaken and jolted till he feels every bone in his body with sore consciousness, nay, he even risks his life behind a crazy engine, in a mere wreck of a car and on a track of worn-out rails laid on loose sleepers. He must be moving, moving, and has no time, in his rush through the world and this life, to weigh the chances and to think of his safety.

Where so much indifference to life is manifested, culminating in unparalleled bravery on the battle-field and unhesitating exposure while saving others, it is naturally not to be expected that much care would be bestowed upon the minor comforts in travelling. The seats, even aside from the forced intimacy which they produce, are not often really comfortable, too much attention being given to bright color and costly ornamentation, and too little to the ease of the traveller. The ventilation, on the other hand, is admirable and far superior to any thing attempted abroad; the same, unfortunately, cannot be said for the heating apparatus commonly in use. Where Continental trains employ hot-

water compartments under foot, which send the warm air upward and keep the most sensitive part of the human body, the feet, comfortable, American railways prefer two huge iron stoves, which diffuse an intolerable heat in their immediate neighborhood, but leave the more remote parts cold and admit under the seats a constant current of icy air. The intense heat leads impatient traveller with robust health to open the window, and the less vigorous neighbor has, at best, to choose between being roasted on one side or chilled through on the other side. Nor can much praise be bestowed upon the refreshment-rooms met with on railways generally, though great improvements have of late been made on some roads, where they equal, if they do not surpass, the best establishments of the kind in Europe—always excepting the French buffet, which in quality, savor, and price of eatables is unmatched. But on the generality of roads the provision made for feeding the hungry traveller is simply execrable, and well-deserving that a Dickens should arise with a pen powerful enough to arouse the patient American to a full sense of the absurdity of the prevailing system. As the train reaches a stopping-place, chosen by no means for its suitableness or the merits of the landlord, but generally in the interests of certain members of the Ring, a number of large bells is instantly set in motion and a dozen powerful voices are heard shouting: Dinner, gentlemen, dinner! Then follows the customary rush to a table, on which a lot of dishes have been standing ready so long that they are cold; the eager traveller draws up as many as he can reach, heaps them on his plate and works away with a vigor and a haste as if it was a wager who could eat most in the shortest time. Often before he has finished, and always before he is allowed to leave the room, he is summoned to pay the extortionate dollar or more, which is the usual price of every meal, however scant it may have been and however little the guest may have been able to consume. Hence the practical American has fallen upon the evident device of

travelling with his lunch-basket, and many hundred meals are thus taken daily on every train, which travels over a long distance. How far cold dishes are injurious to health, when they form the only food for several days, is an open question; but there can be no doubt that what may be the loss of the inn-keeper, is the gain of the traveller; and even a series of cold lunches, eaten comfortably and leisurely in the cars, must be vastly superior to hot dishes, snatched hastily and undigested. The perfection of American railway travelling in this respect is found on that greatest of roads known to the world, the Pacific Railroad. The lucky holder of a through ticket in one of the so-called Pullman cars, who finds within the same coach his seat by day and his couch by night, and a restaurant where he may either pay a sum of money for all his meals during the journey, or order each time what he chooses, has a rare opportunity of enjoying the luxury of travelling in its fullest extent. As the train carries him swiftly along, he sees every place of civilization unrolled as in a vast panorama before his eye; here in the East, the large city with all the evidences of highest culture and greatest wealth; then the border-land, where the new settler and the squatter bring their cheerful sacrifice of a hard life's work for the benefit of the coming generation; next the primeval forest and the boundless prairie, with an abundance of animal life, while the emigrant's slow oxen and the Indian's shaggy pony eye each other suspiciously and their masters represent in striking contrast the dying race of the owner of the soil and the undaunted energy of the usurper. Then he catches a glimpse at the strange prophet's home, who rules like Mohammed over a host of deluded beings, which he has drawn to him across the vast ocean and the great prairies of the New World from the very centres of civilization and the remotest corners of Europe. He rises from his comfortable dinner and smokes his cigar as he climbs the Rocky Mountains with their weird cañons and their snow-covered heights, and when he

awakes again, he finds himself on the Pacific slope, soon to see the Golden Gate opening before him upon the still waters of another ocean!

This is, however, almost the only route on which the novelty of the ever-varying sights, the freshness of the scenes on which the Redskin and the Mormon enact their strange dramas, and the excitement of crossing a vast continent from ocean to ocean, make railway travelling a real pleasure. Everywhere else it has become a mere mechanical contrivance to devour space and to reach a given place in the shortest possible time. The country abounds in beautiful scenery, unsurpassed in loveliness and richness of coloring by any thing known abroad. But how few travellers race up the Hudson, the Connecticut, the Mohawk, or the Susquehanna, with any purpose of enjoying the beauties of nature? The West and the South have again their peculiar charms, surprising to the unprepared eye of the foreigner, who marvels at the beauty of a city like Madison, or the picturesque scenery in Western Georgia; but who ever thinks of travelling there for enjoyment? How many even take the trouble to look out and regale themselves with the rich feast spread out before their eyes? The American, whose homesteads are generally chosen with a careful regard to fine views and handsome surroundings, and whose excellence in landscape painting is well established, has yet but little eye for scenery; he is too much hurried, too sedulously bent upon business, too full of care and speculation, to enjoy in happy leisure the rich treasures which his country holds up before him in matchless exuberance. Nor does railway travelling seem to have made him more communicative and courteous to his neighbors. The stereotyped Yankee with his indefatigable questioning is no longer to be found, but as little can the social gentleman often be met who in the old stage-coach would kindly render some small service or throw out some trifling remarks in order to establish friendly relations and show his benevolent sympathy with the welfare of his

fellow-travellers. The courtesy, which formerly respected a cloak, an umbrella, or a book as a sign that a seat was occupied, is no longer observed by all, and the weary traveller, who may have been sitting by his friend's side for days and nights, is unceremoniously ousted by a market-woman, who enters at some way-station, and finding him absent for a moment, takes his seat and pleads a lady's privilege in refusing to give way to the rightful owner. But even this homage paid to the sex, and hence, one might imagine, of as little value as the attachment of the elder Biron, who was always constant in his love—to the sex, is slowly passing away, and ladies may be seen standing, especially in the street-

cars of large cities, while men sit coolly around them, and think not of rising. Is this the effect of the large influx of foreigners, whose views of the respect due to the fair are less exaggerated than those of the American? Or has the war, as some will have it, among other demoralising effects, caused this sad loss of former courtesy also? It is certainly desirable that some simple code of rules for railway-travelling should be agreed upon, by which such matters could easily be regulated, and the eminent good sense and practical tact of the American hold out a fair promise that this, like many other delicate points, will soon be arranged by a silent understanding and mutual concession.

SKETCHES IN COLOR.

THIRD.

We were

“— sitting down one afternoon
Upon our parlor rug;”

not, as sat the merry doctor;

“With a very heavy quarto
And a very lively bug;”

but with some army blankets, that we were sewing together, to do duty as carpets, when an ambulance stopped in front of the house, swift feet passed up the steps and through the door (we were in an Arcadia where people did not lock their front doors), and a voice, just the least trifle imperious in its tone, ordered us to “put up that work, and get our hats, and come along directly.”

“And what for, pray?” we asked; somewhat doubtful about being ordered out of our house in such unceremonious fashion.

“I’m going to Slabtown, and I want you to go with me.”

“But we can’t go to-day. We’ve got this work to finish, and —”

“Oh! yes, you can. Any way, you must; for the doctor has lent me this ambulance for the whole afternoon, and there’s no knowing when I can have one again. You’ll never have a better chance to see Slabtown, and I assure you, you’ll be sorry if you miss it.”

“What and where is Slabtown?”

“The greatest curiosity you ever saw; there—I won’t tell you another word. If you choose to come, I’ll tell you about it on the way; if not, I must go at once; for if I delay, it will make it so late getting back.”

So we postponed our carpet sewing, packed ourselves into the ambulance, and rattled away through the sleepy old streets, whose only occupant was the afternoon sunshine, which danced through the deserted gardens, and played such undignified pranks with the quaint, venerable houses, that it was almost enough to rouse the “dead and gone” owners to resent the liberty.

“Have you been to the freedmen’s camp down by the depot?” asked our friend.

We had not. The week since our arrival had been fully occupied in setting our house in order, and we had been nowhere.

“Then we’ll go there first; for it’s a perfect curiosity to see them as they first come in. William, there’ll be time to stop for a few minutes at the freedmen’s camp, won’t there?”

“I’ll drive a little faster so as to make

time," responded our Jehu, a tall Vermonter who was taking his first look at the world, outside of his native town; "I'd like to go there myself, it's every bit as good as goin' to the minstrels. Of all creeturs ever the Lord made, I dew think them niggers is jest the queerest."

The freedmen's camp consisted of a number of tents, arranged in parallel rows, in which the colored people, who came in by hundreds from the country around, were accommodated until they could find work, and a more comfortable habitation. We saw there, what we had so often heard of, and what is now a thing of the past; the plantation negro, with his curious talk, his childish interest in trifles, and his omnipresent banjo.

There was an immense difference in appearance and character between the field-hands and the house-servants. The former can, even now, after so long a time of freedom, be recognized at a glance by their walk. They invariably lift their feet high, and take long strides, as they were obliged to do in stepping over the corn-hills. The house-servants held themselves at an immeasurable distance above the field-hands, and would tell, with an air of superiority infinitely amusing, that "*dey* nebbber done no common work, dey was allus roun' de house, jes' under missis' orders;" their social standing being settled, in their own estimation, as nearly as I could make out, by the fact of their having been, or having *not* been, under an overseer.

There had just been a large arrival from North Carolina. Many of them had never before been off the plantation where they were born, and their expressions of wonder, and comments upon what was new and strange to them, were exceedingly comical. They crowded eagerly round to see "dese yer northern ladies," who were to them the representatives of freedom and every earthly good. They commented freely upon our appearance; and their remarks certainly had the merit of frankness, whatever else they lacked. The negro, like many of his educated brethren, thinks much of appearances; and fine

clothes, and bright colors, are the joy 'and rejoicing of his heart. I don't know whether they expected to see us dressed in "red, white and blue," with golden diadems on our heads, and waving the "star-spangled banner," after the manner of Miss Columbia in the pictures; but they were evidently disappointed. "Dey ain't dressed up much fer ter go a ridin'," I heard one say; while another remarked, "Mighty plain lookin' cah'ge dey comed in. Nebber seed ladies ridin' like dat ar 'fore. Ole missus had a raal hansum cah'ge, wouldn't a sot her foot into dat ar."

Some of them had their fires made out of doors, and were baking their hoe-cake, chattering and laughing the while, in childish enjoyment of their new life, with its unaccustomed privilege of going hither and yon, as they would;—with not a thought of the untried world and the doubtful future beyond them; while others, particularly the old ones, sat in the tents, in apathetic indifference to every thing around them, apparently completely stupefied, at being transplanted from the old accustomed scenes, to these, so new and strange.

The local attachments of the negro are very strong. The breaking-up of old associations, the leaving familiar scenes, is like a death-blow to him; and *this*, and *not* their attachment to their old masters, as the latter triumphantly claim, accounts, I think, satisfactorily, for the fact that some of them have gone back to the places that were for so many years the only homes they knew. They return to their old haunts, as a bird to its last year's nest.

Raising the flap of one of the tents, the most extraordinary spectacle we had ever beheld, met our astonished gaze. A piece of carpeting was spread on the ground, and on this, *sat*, Turk fashion, an enormously fat woman, one of the blackest of her race, dressed in an exquisite light blue moire-antique, short-sleeved, and low-necked, with a full trimming of point-lace on the waist; while from the red and yellow handkerchief, sadly in need of washing, that bound her head, depended three superb ostrich feathers,

the color exactly matching the dress. They had undoubtedly formed the gala robe and headdress, of some Southern dame, who had abandoned her house in sudden fright at the approach of the Yankees, leaving behind every thing but the most necessary articles, to be appropriated by the servants; who in such cases, following the example of their imagined prototypes, "spoiled the Egyptians." There was the faintest perceptible quiver of her eyelids, as we raised the tent-flap, but in no other way did she manifest the slightest consciousness of our presence; sitting motionless, with folded arms, like a bronze statue of some barbaric queen.

Our Vermonter, who appeared to be enjoying himself as much as if he were witnessing a performance of his favorite minstrels, seeming to regard the whole thing as a grand national spectacular entertainment, suggested that "if we were a goin' to Slabtown, it was about time to be lookin' that way;" so we turned our backs upon the glories of the moire-antique and ostrich feathers, and followed for a while the windings of the blue, beautiful river, over a road that had once probably been good, but was now cut into deep ruts by the heavy government wagons and artillery; then striking across a wild, desert country, where every trace of fence and house was obliterated—one wide-spread ruin as far as the eye could reach—we rode for a mile or two, and then came in sight of what we thought was a fort, until our guide announced:

"There's Slabtown."

"Where?"

"In that enclosure. There is no way of driving in, so we shall have to leave the ambulance here and walk."

I have no idea of the exact area covered by this settlement, but it contained between two and three thousand colored people, who had made for themselves a home here, almost in the wilderness. The place was surrounded by a strong and very high fence, with a broad ditch outside, spanned at intervals, where there were gates in the fence, by narrow bridges. There seemed to have been a defi-

nite purpose to make the place as difficult of access as possible. The width of the bridges admitted of but one person crossing at a time, so it would be quite easy to resist the attack of even a large force.

Crossing one of the bridges and entering the gate, we found ourselves in a broad street, with a labyrinth of narrower ones leading from it in every direction. The houses were built of logs plastered with mud—the warmest dwelling ever invented—with huge mud chimneys rising, in Southern fashion, from the ground on the outside. Most of them looked neat and comfortable, and I did not see one that could really be called dirty. Some of them had porches over the doors, with side lattices, made of rough wood with the bark on, arranged in pretty, tasteful patterns, precisely in the style of the rustic wood-work, for which our city cabinet-makers charge so enormously. Slabtown was in the height of the fashion, so far as wood-work went, and might, indeed, have dictated fashions to the rest of the world, for I have never seen any work of the kind so beautiful as these rustic porches, and the chairs and settees that invited one to rest in them.

The houses stood some distance apart, and each one had a little plot of ground attached, where the owners raised corn and some few vegetables, and an enclosure where they kept the abomination of the Jews. Corn meal is the necessary, and bacon the luxury of the black man; give him an abundance of these, and occasionally some fresh fish, and he asks nothing more of gastronomy. The women did all the work in the cultivation of the gardens, while most of the men found work in the town, or in the numerous camps that dotted the plain, and lay like snow-wreaths in the clefts of the hill-country beyond.

The men were nearly all absent, except a few old ones, who sat by the fire, smoking their pipes, and droning to one another of the bygone days, "de shuckin' time, an' de gran' Christmas at ole massa's"—more real to them now than these strange new days upon which they had fallen. But we were in just the best

time to see the women, for the midday work was done, and it was not yet time to prepare the hoe-cake for the evening meal; so most of them were out of doors, on the porches or in the street, refreshing themselves with a dish of gossip, after the manner of their sisters, white, black, yellow, or copper-colored, all over the world,—and dressed in fashions such as mortal eyes had never before seen, nor mortal imaginations conceived.

One woman was promenading the main street, in a Turkey-red skirt and a soldier's light blue overcoat, with a string of glass beads carefully spread out over her shoulders, that not one of them should be hidden. Another had on a rag-carpet with a hole cut in the centre, through which her head appeared, the corners hanging down over a light, delicate silk skirt, elaborately trimmed with velvet—part of "ole missus'" wardrobe, undoubtedly—and on her head a man's old straw hat, adorned with a bunch of soiled artificial flowers. Still another wore a nondescript garment, of which it was impossible to determine the original color or material, so many shades and qualities mingled in the patches; and over this bundle of rags was displayed a black lace mantilla, while the smoke from her pipe curled upwards around a delicate little white bonnet, set sideways over her very dirty turban.

Scores of such costumes met us at every turn. But notwithstanding these half childish, half barbarous absurdities, there was much to be hopeful of in a people who, just released from slavery, acting for the first time on their own responsibility, like a child taking its first steps alone, had the wit to plan, the energy to carry out, and the stability to maintain, an undertaking like this settlement. It was entirely their own doings. They had come here, one by one, from the freedmen's camp, as they found the means of support; had built their houses, and when the place grew to nearly its present size, enclosed it in the manner described.

It is idle to talk, after such an example as this, of the inability of the colored people to take care of themselves. They

have proved conclusively in this, and in other instances, that they are abundantly able. They *can* do it, and, if thrown upon their own resources, as were these, without a helping hand, they *will*. But my experience with them has invariably been, that if any help is given them, they cease all personal exertion, and sit down with folded hands, to wait for more. Where nothing is done for them, though they suffer at first, they soon develop into energy and independence; but if you do anything for them, you must do everything. Many persons at the North have been very much disappointed at what seemed to them great ingratitude on the part of colored people for whom they had done much; but I do not think it is so much ingratitude, as a manifestation of this peculiarity of their race. Do anything at all for them, and from that moment you are in their eyes laid under an obligation to take care of them for the rest of their lives.

This settlement was an independent one in every respect. They had some few laws and regulations, which all bound themselves to respect, and they maintained their own store, church, doctor, and minister. The latter was absent, but we saw the doctor. He looked more like an Indian than a Negro, and was possessed of a great deal of natural common sense, and some considerable knowledge of different diseases and their remedies, picked up, he could scarcely tell how; so said the surgeon of a hospital in town, who occasionally supplied him with a few of the simpler medicines.

We visited the store, and found the proprietor stretched out on the tops of some barrels, so sound asleep, that our entrance and talking did not wake him. I think we might have carried off his whole stock, and he been none the wiser. It would not have been much to carry, for all that was visible was a cabbage, three smoked herrings, a paper of pins, ditto needles, some sticks of candy, half a dozen pipes, and a box of the peculiar quality of tobacco, dear to the negro heart, elegantly denominated "pig-tail."

The church stood in the centre of the

place. I wonder if it was accidental, or for convenience, or whether there was a definite idea, in making the paths through which the daily life was trodden, all radiate from this central point of light and faith. It was built in the same fashion as the houses, of logs with the bark left on. The door had no hinges; two strips of leather held it, and a third with a hole in it, through which a nail passed, served for bolt and lock. The square openings cut for windows, were unfilled by sash or glass; the air and sunshine entered unchecked; free as the mercy, warm and life-giving as the love, the worshippers sought there. There was no floor save the bare earth, and the seats were of the rudest kind,—logs set upright, with rough boards laid upon them.

The pulpit rose like a piece of fairy work, among these coarse and homely surroundings. It was of the rustic work in which these people displayed so much taste, and by far the most beautiful specimen I have ever seen. I know not what the outward man may be, but a true artist soul, designed what was wrought out there. The aspirations of a crushed, dumb life, breathed themselves out in that dream of beauty. On either side of the pulpit an evergreen was planted, and an ivy twined itself through the lattice work of the front; the rich, glossy, dark green of the leaves, contrasting with the dead brown of the wood. There was both faith and poetry in the planting there these emblems of immortality, earnestness and reminders of the "everlasting spring," and "never-fading flowers," in the "land beyond the river."

No other building made with hands ever affected me as did that little church, with its bare floor, its rough log walls, and its one touching attempt at beauty and refinement. I have been in gorgeous city churches, where the operatic choir sent floods of melody through aisle, and nave, and transept, and where the kneeling congregation as with one voice, joined in the solemn responses to prayers, that through ages of faith have carried worshipping hearts

heavenward; I have been in quiet country meeting-houses, where the simple, old-fashioned tunes were sung, and the good man's words were few and plain so that a little child might understand, and the green boughs waved against the windows and looked lovingly in, as longing to join their mute praise with that of the worshippers; I have sat in solemn Quaker assemblages, awed almost to fear by the deathlike silence; in earnest Methodist gatherings, where "out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh;" I have stood under cathedral domes of the old world, where opal lights fell on floor and pillar, from pictured windows, the secret of whose coloring was lost long years ago; where chisellings from the mighty masters of the past, seemed living things save for their silence; where the organ notes drifted up through arch and dome, and dropped their liquid echoes into the stillness; where light, and color, and architecture, and music were blended into one perfect whole, so that there was scarce a distinctive recognition of either, only the consciousness of an atmosphere of beauty that enwrapped the senses, while the soul sank utterly satisfied, into the calm of that beatitude of harmony; but never through all these, did the "*Our Father*" come home to me with such fullness, and distinctness and nearness, as in that little church in the wilderness, where the "poor and the needy" of an out-cast race, worshipped the God of their deliverance. "Peace be within thy walls," and the blessing of the "God of peace," upon all who gather there.

We had become bewildered by the maze of streets through which we had passed, so that we were obliged to ask for a guide to lead us to the one by which we had entered. Seated in the ambulance once more, our friend asked:

"William, don't you think we might drive round by the colored orphan asylum, and stop there for a few minutes?"

Our Green Mountain friend pulled out a watch, that might have come over in the Mayflower, and been originally

bought by the pound, and looked from it to the sun and back again, as if trying to discover whether that luminary were going to set in accordance with it; if not, the mistake would inevitably be with the sun, and not with the watch.

"Wall, I dunno; it's the longest road, but you know they say, 'the longest way round's the shortest way hum,' and I dunno but it'll be jes' so, for that's a better road than the one we come, and I kin drive faster."

So we took our last look of Slabtown, and laid away pleasant remembrances of it to be called up for future enjoyment, regretting only that we could not change the name to something prettier and more expressive of its character. I never could decide upon a satisfactory reason for the fact, that almost every settlement of colored people I have known anything about, has been called Slabtown. I have heard of at least a dozen; and in what the peculiar appropriateness of the name consists, I have entirely failed to understand.

The orphan asylum was in a confiscated house, furnished by the government for the purpose. It stood in the centre of a farm, not another house in sight; and here, in this lonely place, two women lived, who, walking in the footsteps of their master, had left home, and friends, and ease, and comfort, to gather these little ones, wandering alone through the rough paths of the world, into one of the earthly folds of the Good Shepherd. There were about fifty children, most of whom had been brought there by soldiers, who had picked them up from the roadside on their march, where,—the little feet growing weary, and unable to keep up with older, stronger ones,—they had been left to die, save for the pitying help of stranger hands; for in that panic-stricken flight, with its eager haste, its only half-assured hope, its backward looks of terror, it was literally true that "the mother forgot her child," and had no "compas-

sion" on it, when its weariness made it a hindrance to her progress; and leaving it to, she knew not what fate, hastened, alone, to freedom.

All the burden of providing and caring for these children in every way, and teaching them, these two women bore alone. Once a week, one of them drove into town, five miles, to buy needed articles, and get their mail, and this was their only communication with the world; their nearest neighbors were bitter enemies, and they were shut up to each other and their work. And so they had lived for months. It was a wonderful life, in its self-abnegation, its entire giving up of everything to which our nature clings, and which our habits of life seem to make necessary; but, "verily they have their reward," largely now, for the satisfaction of such a work is greater than can be understood by those who have never earned it for themselves; and completely, when, having fed this little flock here, the "well-done" shall be said to them, at the great ingathering of those, who, "inasmuch as they have done it to the least of these, have done it" to their Lord.

Not many such days come in a lifetime, as this, whose setting we watched on our homeward way,—so full, so suggestive, so rich in new experiences. We could not tell how long it was since we had laid aside our work, and left our house; we seemed to have been rolling on in that ambulance for weeks; but, when at home once more, we took up the thread of our daily life, it was with a new, thankful sense of its dignity and worthiness. A nation had been "born in a day;" and to us was given a little of the work of elevating, and teaching, and helping it to become worthy of its freedom. Some misgivings had clouded our hopes of success in our work, but having seen what we had that day, we gave them to the winds, and "took courage."

WIND OF THE SOUTHLAND.

I.

WIND of the Southland, murmuring under moon,
Thou hast the stolen soul of all things sweet—
Sea-scents that languish upon idle seas,
Fumes that on shadowy shorelands swoon or swell,
Balm burnings, and blown languors of briery blooms
From isles beyond a thousand brims of sea,
Wind of the Southland, wand'ring through the night!

II.

Wind of the Southland, memory burns in me,
For thou hast come through portals of the Past.
I knew thy whisper in youth's dreaming-time
That shined the sweetest weathers of the world;
Thy breathing moves like a forgotten voice,
And thy touch thrills like a remembered hand,
Wind of the Southland, tender as of old.

III.

Wind of the Southland, singing from the South,
As though thou led'st a revel of the Junes
Where late has past the funeral of the year,
Our wreaths are ruined, and our nests are bare,
There lies the moulted feather on sad mould,
But here's a life outrising clay for thee,
Wind of the Southland, singing from the South!

IV.

Wind of the Southland, singing from the South,
We long have lost all music of our own,
Warm thou the starry heart of even with song,
Waken the green delaying in the ground,
And call the leaf that slumbers in the bud,
O minstrel of the prophecies of spring,
Wind of the Southland, breathing song and scent!

V.

Wind of the Southland, wilt thou bring my broods
That flying took the heart of my desire
And left me fain to follow and find rest?
To-night my dream discerns returning wings,
And hears good cheer ring out of alien skies
And far away—but is my dream a dream,
Wind of the Southland, wandering our ways?

VI.

Wind of the Southland, murmuring under moon,
 Thou bringest more than I can sing or say,
 And comest as a covenant to our clime;
 My hopes come back like doves from o'er the sea,
 My heart forgets the winter-world that flies,
 Leans o'er its fires, and nods and dreams of spring,
 Wind of the Southland, singing from the South!

 THE GREAT GALE AT PASSAMAQUODDY.

THE coast of Maine has become the popular resort during the last few years, and the fame of Mt. Desert has spread far and wide, till thousands of visitors have made it the terminus of their summer journey, unconscious that there is an Ultima Thule beyond, of equal picturesqueness and beauty.

Passamaquoddy Bay, with its numerous islands, and rocky cliffs, its sandy coves and wooded shores, possesses a wild charm of its own, which is beginning to force its way to notice, and already tourists are beginning to make notes of it, and artists to suspect its fine possibilities of light and shade, and to recognize the warmth and power of its fine red tints of granite and sandstone, and the calm beauty, or stormy magnificence of its wonderful skies, with their strange amber and purple hues.

The purity of the healthful air, and the fresh and breezy vigor of the life in these quiet neighborhoods, having tempted us to prolong a summer vacation somewhat far into the fall, it chanced that we were witnesses of a superb and terrible spectacle, such as has never yet befallen and we hope may never again befall the chance visitor in this far-off region to witness. I refer to the storm of the night of Oct. 4th, which showed itself in such different forms in various localities; now in rain and freshet, and again in violent wind, and furious tempest.

A month before, when all Boston was blown to flinders, the attention of some of us was attracted to the prediction

of Lieutenant Saxby of the Royal Navy, with regard to another gale, to which we might still look forward.

This prediction bore date of December 21st 1868, and was extracted from the London Standard. It read as follows:—

"At 7 A.M. on the ensuing 5th of October, the moon will be at the part of her orbit which is nearest the earth; her attraction will be at its maximum force. At noon the moon will be on the earth's equator, a circumstance which never occurs without marked atmospheric disturbance. At 2 P.M. on the same day, lines drawn from the earth's centre will cut the sun and moon in the same arc of right ascension. The moon's attraction, and the sun's will therefore be acting in the same direction. In other words the new moon will be on the earth's equator when in perigee, and nothing more threatening of high tides and destructive winds can occur."

In the September blow, we had stood a pretty fair shaking, and had found several trees uprooted in the morning, while our small boats were piled up helter-skelter on the beach filled with gravel and drift-wood, and banged and bruised by floating logs that had hammered and buffeted them till they were much the worse for wear.

The daylight showed traces of a remarkable tide, the grass was washed flat for many feet beyond the highest water mark above the beach line, and half a dozen of our neighbors' boats had gone ashore on the opposite point, our own yacht having barely ridden out the gale;

but our chimneys stood upright, the roof had not loosened, and we could read with that complacency which characterizes a man's review of his neighbors' calamity, the doleful account of the wild work made in Boston by the same south-wester.

Thus, having weathered the stiffest breeze remembered by the oldest inhabitant, we believed we might afford to laugh at prognostications of evil through the wind, even from an officer of the Royal Navy, backed by such astronomical proofs as Lieutenant Saxby had at command.

Nevertheless the prophecy was alluded to, as one comments on Second Advent prospects of universal destruction, and as the fifth drew near, we looked for the proof of the fallacy of this warning to be added to the many records of the absurd presumption of man, in attempting to calculate the disturbance of the elements.

The morning of October 4th dawned mild and damp, with a warm wind blowing from the south-west across the water. Passamaquoddy Bay, ordinarily a placid and sunny surface enough, with sufficient variety of billow and foam to redeem it from tameness, to say nothing of twenty-five feet of tide coming and going perpetually, was now crested with white-capped waves, which gleamed against the varied purple and green shades of the main body of the water, and far and wide the commotion extended. The small craft scudded for shelter, and soon the Bay was deserted, but for the solitary steamboat which was seen making her way up slowly as the gloom of evening fell.

At dusk we went down to the shore. The tide was about an hour flood, and the waves black as night were dashing into spray against the crags, and rolling up over the shingle with a rush and swell that tossed the stones in air, while the roar was loud and booming like that of the sea, instead of the gentle plash to which we are accustomed.

The skipper came down to the shore, and tried the moorings of his large sailboat which was lying in the cove at the

foot of the lawn, fastened by the bow to the shore, and by the stern line to the remains of an old wharf whose solid foundations had stood the storms of half a century.

The skipper examined the double bow-line knots of his strong lines, shook the tightly furled sails to see if all was fast, straightened the centre-board, and saw that the side-stays were steady.

"Is she secure?" I asked. "She'll hold if the wharf holds," he replied, sentimentally, as he gave another tug at the rope. "It will be a fair test," he continued, "but it stood the great gale, and I guess it will hold through this."

The tide came in rapidly, the wind had increased, and was one of the kind you can lean up against, and now the rain began to fall, first in mild mist which soon changed to heavy pattering storm.

Passamaquoddy Bay being one of the arms of the great Bay of Fundy, receives the influx of its marvellous tides, the ordinary run being from twenty to thirty feet, so that its daily ebb and flow is no small circumstance; but on this occasion with the sea lashed into a fury by the rising wind which blew straight on shore, we anticipated something uncommon; and as the fast falling rain drove us to the house for shelter, we turned regretfully to take one last look at the dark seething waves, just in time to see a boat that was moored to a buoy in the cove, swamp, and go under, while the sea swept over her with its resistless force.

As we reached the door the rain came down in torrents, driving in through closed shutters and bolted sash, streaming in rivulets under doors, forcing a passage through the crevices in windows, and pelting through the roof upon the ceiling below. The family were kept flying for two hours with mops and floor-cloths and towels, to keep out the flood, after which the deluge somewhat abated, though the wind continued rising, howling savagely about the corners, with a human malice in its tones, and a positive wail of spite when after shaking the strongly barred doors and windows for a while, it failed to force an entrance.

The steady, square-built house rocked like a boat on the wave, the cupola cracked, the shutters were lifted from their hinges and banged furiously. One of the windows blew in with a loud crash, and boards and blankets were almost insufficient to barricade the aperture.

Above the raging of the elements could be heard the sharp sound of splitting wood as the trees outside fell before the hurricane; the wind roared in the wide chimneys, and fanned the dying embers to a flame; and now a new calamity threatened. One of the servants rushing in from the kitchen announced that the neighbor's chimney was on fire, and on looking out, the sparks large and bright were whirling in the air directly toward our barn. To be burned out on such a night would be a fearful thing; and the skipper donning overcoat and goloshes, marched bravely through the storm to warn Mr. B. of his danger.

By the time he returned the rain had abated, almost ceased, but the tempest was at its height, and even his stalwart and athletic form could with difficulty maintain a foothold. He brought doleful reports of prostrate fences and broken gates, but the darkness concealed the worst damage.

Soon, Johnson, the skipper's man, puts his head in the door.

"If you please, sir, the boat has come ashore, and I have been down to try to save her, but I can't do anything; and there are two men here from the village, who say that all the barns are down, and that they have been about saving people's property all night. They picked up one woman who had fainted in the road; her barn blew down, and she thought the house was coming after, so she ran out and fell with the fright."

"I will go and see," says the skipper, and the men follow him to the beach.

The sky is clearing, the rain has ceased. I follow them down the bank. Storm-clouds scud across the horizon, above them the stars shine out clear and still. It is nine o'clock, it wants an hour to high water. The trees on the lawn have a curiously bent and twisted

look, two or three are split from top to bottom, the ground is strewn with leaves and branches from their boughs. We grope our way to the shore, but before we reach the end of the grassy slope, something heaves and surges at our feet. Black as midnight, resistless as fate, the sea is booming in, far above the sand, above the bank, nearly up to the punt which has been hauled far up upon the grass. The tidal wave combs over ten feet high, the spray dashing far higher, sprinkles our faces. The wharf has disappeared, its logs and timbers are rolled to our very feet; the white foam gleaming in the starlight breaks over the summit of the crag on which its highest beams rested. An inky yeast of seaweed and driftwood seethes against the grass. We stand high up on a kind of battlement of turf, usually far above the highest wave. Now the cresting billow breaking into foam drenches our foreheads, as it leaps high in air.

The boat, broadside to, is banging up upon the rocks. A large hemlock log inside her, makes her unmanageable. It is hopeless to attempt to bring her in, the most that can be done is to save the sails; one of the men springs in to unfasten them—as he does so, the surf engulfs him. Boat and man disappear in the raging flood.

There is a breathless pause, then the wave recedes, and the boy scrambles dripping to the shore.

"She went to pieces under me," he says, as he shakes himself.

Bang! goes the keel upon the cruel rock; she is breaking up, the wreck floats away under the skipper's eye. Pretty soon he comes up the bank, the men bearing the wet and torn sails behind him, like trophies.

"There is not enough of her to show she ever was a boat," he says, ruefully enough.

The tide rolls higher and higher, the other boats, which we thought were out of harm's way, have to be moved again; the surf already has half filled the punt, as she lies high upon the grass.

Passamaquoddy, almost always tranquil in our quiet cove, sheltered by two

bluffs, roars and thunders like the Atlantic. The surf is equal to Cape May.

As we climb the hill to the house, we catch glimpses of trees uprooted in the swale to the north of us, and the foot-bridge across the ravine near by, with its strong cedar supports, undermined by the falling trees, is broken in two, and the pieces lie scattered far and wide.

At ten o'clock I went down alone to the shore. The gale had nearly subsided, its fury was over; the tide was at its height, but its raging breakers rolled harmlessly on. It had done its worst.

The scene was grand. The stormy sky, breaking into rifts of clearness, through which shone the solemn unchanging stars, the bent forms of the trees, visible in the dim and uncertain light, their tossing branches still vibrating, and their leaves stirring noisily; the forms of ruin barely sketched in the obscurity, the up-turned boats, overset by the wind, and the mighty wave with its powerful and terrible voice, swelling and heaving below in the darkness, formed a picture at once fearful and magnificent.

The tempest has passed by, the gusts come fainter and fainter, now they are silent. By eleven the atmosphere is clear, the wind lulled to rest. It is hard to believe that an hour before we were rocked by the hurricane. We can sleep undisturbed, happily unconscious of tomorrow's store of misery.

Morning dawns upon a scene of desolation. Devastation and wreck meet the eye on shore and sea. Every fence is flat, the barns are down or unroofed, the chimneys look like those of a bombarded town. From a tidy New England village, trim and well to do, ours is transformed into a Virginia settlement, tumble-down and desolate.

"It is like Petersburg after the battle," says a returned soldier.

Not a boat is in sight; the town across the bay, on the New Brunswick side, seems to have lost half its warehouses, and nearly all its wharves. The neighbors report dire disaster to cattle buried in the ruins of the barns. Two men of our acquaintance were in a stable when

it fell, and were not extricated for fifteen minutes, but were both unhurt.

"I have lived here seventy year," says one old man, "and I never see the wind blow before; the last gale warn't nothin' to it," and he points dismally to his unroofed barn and his rows of uprooted apple-trees.

The groves are the saddest sight. Evergreens and birches of fifty years' growth lined our shores for miles, crowning the rocky bluffs with freshness and beauty. These now lie uprooted and broken; fir upon spruce, silver-birch upon pine, in mighty winrows of a giant's mowing, straight through from sea to clearing. Scarcely one tree of considerable size is left standing. The woods are impassable from the fallen trunks. Great firs lie snapped short off at the root, where the ground has proved too firm to allow them to be uprooted.

In New Brunswick, where the forest primeval still exists in patches, in fifty acres of original growth, only three trees are left standing; while the second growth being more pliable has suffered less, though fearfully injured.

In a cemetery at St. Stephen, N. B., in the centre of an ancient pine forest, the gardener estimates that a thousand trees have fallen. Here, hundreds lie prostrate. Whatever offered a surface to the wind is down. It is a piteous spectacle, the forest laid low, the growth of a century destroyed in a single night! The loss is irreparable.

The day brings news of dire disaster far and wide. Pembroke, Perry, Calais all have suffered.

Eastport, being exposed to the full force of the gale, is almost a ruin; its spires lie flat, its wharves are gone, some of its stores are washed away, the shipping has greatly suffered. One new barque going out of St. Andrews to seek a harbor, broke in two, and all on board perished. The damage to the fishing interest is incalculable. The small boats are broken to pieces, the drying houses, containing nets, lines, and cordage are destroyed, the shores are strewn with wrecks. The St. John papers report one hundred and forty bodies washed

ashore at Grand Menan. The steamer New York, lying at anchor at Lubec, in Rummery's Cove, which has always been esteemed a safe harbor, parted her iron cables like whipcord. The shock of the wind was so tremendous that the whole upper deck started, and the Captain is of opinion that had the moorings not given way, the saloon with all the passengers would have been washed overboard.

In this town a heavy rafter was blown from a fallen barn, and driven through the wall of a neighboring house, as if shot from a mortar. A brick house on a hill, in an exposed position, had the gable end blown in, all four of the chimneys blown down, and the roof torn to pieces. A barn was forced six feet from its foundations and only kept from falling down into the gully on whose edge it was built, by the support of the trees growing against it. A vessel on the stocks was blown bodily eight feet, when it fell, and crushed the frame so that it cannot be used in rebuilding it. The gable end of a new store, with no window in it, which had just been weather-boarded and painted, was driven com-

pletely in. A hogshhead full of water was lifted quite across a door-yard. The church spire was moved two feet, and two of its pinnacles carried away.

At St. Stephens, N. B., one church was utterly destroyed and lies a shapeless ruin. The bell tower of the Episcopal church fell, having given forth several ominous tolls before it came crashing down.

It is needless to multiply instances of the power of the gale. It was a hurricane such as this region has never known. More befitting the tropics than this frigid section.

The people bear their heavy losses with singular equanimity. There is nobody to blame, and the disaster is so general, that one almost forgets individual distress in the general misfortune.

Truly, "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw," this has been the most uncanny, and though we must hope it has blown somebody good, it certainly has brought ill enough for one neighborhood.

To cheer our drooping spirits, two more gales for the 18th and 28th insts. are predicted; but let us hope that the prophecies are founded on less secure ground than that of Lieutenant Saxby.

THE DEATH BELL.

A REFULGENT noon filled all the world with splendor. The little clouds in these beautiful heavens looked like the white shoulders of swimmers in a lake of sapphire. But the doorway of the bell foundry of Breslau was low and arched, and here the sunbeams halted, as if they craved no commerce with the darkness and the gloomy vapors pervading the great vault within. Helena stopped, too, for she, like the sunbeams, seemed to dread familiarity with these ghastly shadows. As she stood in the archway, with her bright yellow hair rippling down over her crimson mantilla, one might have thought that Aurora had returned at noonday to chide the sun for confiscating all her dewdrops. This charming girl looked down eagerly into the foundry. She saw the great furnace

with its consecrations of blue flame, and the huge caldron wherein the molten metal for the new bell for the Magdalen church lay shimmering like a lake of gold; she saw the rays of lurid light darting up to the ceiling of the vault and clinging to all the beams as with bloody hands; but she saw no living soul within, for Reichert the founder and his artisans had gone to their midday meal; and the embryonic bell was apparently left to take care of itself. A shade of disappointment crossed her pretty face. "I thought he truly would have waited," she said, and was about to turn away, when a voice cried, "Helena, thou dear one, I am here," and presently there emerged in the twilight of the archway, a tall and handsome youth, who ran forward in great joy, and seized the maiden's

hands, and exclaimed, "I am glad thou art come. Thou shalt now descend into this black paradise of surprises, and behold all that thou hast been curious about so long."

"I thought, Fritz, that thou hadst left," she replied.

"Nay," said he. "How should I disappoint my dear one who wished to see our preparations for casting the bell? Be careful in passing down these steps. Our master has often promised to have them repaired; though, for my part, I had rather he should mend his temper than the steps. Let me take thy hand. So! Thou canst not see the way? Ah, trust me; I will neither falter nor mislead thee. Now will we mount this platform, where thou canst see that which will one day sound merrily over Breslau."

"Oh, how beautiful," she exclaimed; but, a slight emotion akin to a shudder disturbed her, and she said, "Perchance, Fritz, this bell may sound notes of woe for thee or for me."

At her feet lay the lake of shining metal, faintly palpitating in the intense heat. One could almost fancy the liquid was pellucid, so clear was the delusive shimmer upon its surface. Yet, while there was no visible impulse to give it motion, there were evidences of some mysterious yearnings that disturbed it. Inexplicable tremors, faint vibrations, as if responsive to harmonies inaudible to human ears, agitated the mass. One might detect pulsations. The metal was unable to tranquillize itself with these fiery raptures penetrating all its atoms. It trembled in delicious anguish. It writhed with the instinct for escaping as a brute in a cage writhes against the inexorable bars. It beat in little petulant ripples upon the sides of the caldron as upon a shore. It wanted to utter in waves and currents, and capricious eddies the delights of mobility; it would become fraternal with rolling floods of lava; it would unite in intention with tides, and cataracts, and all the flowing masses of the world. It murmured, and thrilled, and purred, and uttered little soft seductive sighs. Across its surface danced

innumerable sparkles, salamandrine flies, one would say; galaxies of emeralds, taking to themselves wings, could not sparkle more brilliantly. Now and then a minute fragment of scoria was shot up from the depth of the lake, and exploded in tiny meteoric showers; while round the margin fiery auroras were streaming.

"It is beautiful," repeated Helena.

"Ah, many a handsome face hath looked upon it," said Fritz, "but none so handsome as thine."

"What, do many visitors, come hither?"

"Yes, many of the highborn dames of Breslau come to see the molten metal for the bell. And pretty offerings, too, they throw into the caldron. One of them threw her bracelets all sparkling with gems into the mass; others have thrown in golden crosses. Yesterday a lady brought a great silver flagon. Some of the rich burghers' wives have brought massive silver candlesticks. Many have thrown in rings of dazzling beauty; I would I could ornament thy taper fingers with such toys. But chiefest of all that I grudged to this dragon bell, which in its fiery hunger hath swallowed so much, was a gold necklace given by the Syndic's daughter. Oh, it was of marvellous beauty and radiance; and as I saw it fly from her hands like a shooting star, rest a moment on the surface of the metal, and then dissolve away forever, I wished some gnome had rescued it for thee."

"Vex not thyself for such baubles," returned Helena. "The flowers thou gavest me last evening are dearer far to me than jewels, for thy kisses hover upon the petals and mix with the perfume. And this little cornelian cross of thine—see, I wear it close to my heart. Could I treasure it more lovingly if it were even of richer make?"

He knew not how to conceal his pleasure at these words. "I see—thou art pretending to love me," he said with a smile.

"And dost thou never pretend to love me?" she replied. As men add smiles to their love-jests, so women add to theirs a tear. Helena's eyes glistened as she spoke.

"But come," said he, "let us descend and see the mould wherein this monster bell is to be cast." And they stepped down from the platform to where huge masses of clay and sand, and cunning contrivances of iron and wood had been fashioned into a matrix for the bell. Above was the channel which was to convey the molten metal from the vent of the caldron to the mould.

Helena gazed at it with that sort of vague admiration which one feels for anything huge, ungainly and complicated, about which one understands nothing.

"Shouldst thou not like to see the great river of metal come flaming down the channel?" said Fritz, excited by a sudden suggestion of daring.

"That would I," replied Helena, clapping her hands with delight.

"What if I open the vent?" returned he.

"Yes, do it!" she cried. "Nay, do it not," she added with trepidation, seeing that he laid hold of a great maul, and was moving toward the caldron. "Nay, do it not. Thou knowest how harshly Reichert, thy master, deals with his men. His mouth will be full of evil speech when he returns, if thou shouldst meddle with the work."

Fritz scarcely heard her. A horrid excitement, that "wild delight punished by Nemesis," possessed him. He rushed up the steps toward the vent, swinging the maul in great curves as he went. The hammer descended with a crash upon the bars; with frantic glee he struck them one by one away; the flap fell, and in an instant the bright metal came roaring and hissing through the channel. Her eye was dazzled with the rapidity of its down-rush. In a short time the caldron was empty, and the mould full.

"It is accomplished," said Fritz, exultingly.

"Alas, I fear thou hast done wrong," replied Helena. "And now I hear the voice of the master."

Reichert indeed descended the steps of the vault. He cast a nod of recognition without cheerfulness towards Hele-

na. He moved towards the caldron; he noticed that smoke and vapor were thicker in the vault than usual.

"How now," he exclaimed to Fritz, "What art thou doing? See that all is going well with the metal. The bell must be cast this night."

"It is cast already," replied Fritz.

"Cast? What means it? What devil's prank hast thou been playing?"

"I have run the metal into the mould," said Fritz.

"Thou fool and maker of mischief, thou hast ruined me!" shrieked Reichert, in a burst of ungovernable fury. "Did I not forbid thee, on pain of death, to touch the vent? By Pluto, I will teach thee a lesson!" and he sprang upon the youth.

All the lurid shadows in the great arch above were moved with sudden frenzy. They shook red hands in ghostly deprecation; they beckoned for invisible witnesses; they moved hither and thither among the beams and rafters; they clutched at the unknown. Some of them lifted up a shadowy finger, as who should signal, "Hush! a tragedy is upon us!"

"Oh mercy, mercy!" screamed Helena. "Oh mercy, mercy!"

"No, none!" exclaimed the infuriate founder. "He hath disobeyed my orders and ruined my great work. As he hath blotted my fair fame, his life shall pay the penalty. Die, cursed meddler!"—and he plunged a dagger into the youth's heart. The blood of the murdered boy spirted over upon the mould, and gave a horrid baptism to the bell. The vault rang with Helena's piercing screams; but presently she sank insensible beside the corpse of her lover.

REICHERT was condemned to death. Gloomily he paced the prison cell; but all the terrors that surrounded his condition failed to bend that morose, indomitable spirit. He heard it related that on breaking away the mould, the bell was found a perfect casting, without flaw or defect. His workmen—but his no longer—were engaged in giving it the final touches of art, and masons and car-

penters were preparing the tower of the Magdalen church for its reception. With regrets he heard all these rumors, but without compunction.

The night before his execution he sent for his friend Von Tallien.

"You are come," he said, when the latter entered the cell, "to take your farewell of a man whom destiny has cruelly injured. There are compensations, it is said, in every life—but as for me, I can detect no such delicate arrangement in the world. What compensation is there for a ruined career, as mine is? No! Man, wretched man, is not protected by some amiable Being, whose motives of government are all sweet and friendly. Rather is he the offspring of savage, ruthless elements, which breed him after I know not what grotesque and hideous pairing. He is the brother of raging winds, of howling tempests, of cataclysms that rend the mountain bars; and his destiny, like theirs, is to be beaten about the world in endless agony and strife."

"Alas, my poor friend," answered Von Tallien, who was a good, conventional man, strangely contrasted (as is often the case in friendship) with the fiery Reichert, and who understood nothing of these bold arraignments of causes and forces, "Alas, my friend, think in this sad hour that your fellow-men have not been so merciless to you as you have been to yourself. Recollect that you did not use to control your temper. You were too hot, too hot. Think of this, and try to be humble and contrite; and so prepare yourself for the tribunal of Heaven."

"Contrite! humble! Let me hear no more of these degrading notions. Know this, I am a Man! I have faculties to play a part in the world. I am a great Artist! Should I renounce these sovereign powers and walk as an apologist for my being before sun and stars? Nay, let me descend to the fellowship of brutes, and like the ox be trained for slaughter—" he suddenly stopped. "Ha, what a pang! To that event I am indeed brought against my will."

Von Tallien was deeply moved by this passionate outburst, but, being the man

he was, felt naturally desirous of bringing the prisoner to a better frame of mind. With this idea he led back the conversation to the crime for which Reichert had been condemned.

"Against your will, and not against your will," said he. "It was of your own will that you took the life of another."

"He was unfaithful, and deserved death," was Reichert's response. "To please a girl, he risked the ruin of my greatest work. Such an act, I repeat, deserved death."

"Oh," exclaimed Von Tallien in a shocked and deprecating tone.

"Yes, it is just. The world has too many of these inconsiderate idlers, who go about marring the works of others. Some of them should leave it. When they have done their worst, 'Oh, it was a jest!' they say—as if that consoled one. Draco punished all offences with death. I, at least, would thus punish an injury to a work of art."

"But your bell was found perfect. Nothing could have succeeded better," said Von Tallien.

"Oh! misery, I know it. Failure would have been the vindication of all my cares. For, indeed with what secret fear and delight, I looked forward to that casting! How many times a day I ran over in my mind every precaution, every expedient that might ensure success. By night my dream, by day my whole employ! At last, every thing was ready. The crowning moment came, and another, a meddling servant, steps in and defrauds me of my rightful triumph as an artist. I say," he cried, striking his fist upon the table where his fetters made a loud jangling, "I say, it is an affront of Fate."

He sat down, and covered his face with his hands. Von Tallien was confused and perplexed; he knew not how to deal with this troubled haughty spirit.

The silence that ensued was broken by the entrance of a janitor who came to announce that visitors must leave the prison. Von Tallien again recommended religious ideas to his friend. "Let me beseech you," he said, "by the love

we have borne one another, to soften your disposition. Confess that you have done wrong. Confession is a life-preserver thrown out by conscience to save the soul from drowning in the gulfs of selfishness."

"No more!" said Reichert imperiously. "Never will I confess that man can do wrong in vindicating his honor—especially the artist. Let it pass. We must part. But still before you go, there is a request which I would have you convey to my tormentors. Ask them to have the bell secured in its place in the Magdalen tower this night, that I may at least hear its voice before I die. And henceforth let it toll at the death of every one who is brought to such an end as I am."

Von Tallien promised to use his influence with the council for these objects, and so prepared to leave his unfortunate friend for ever. He was unable to repress his emotion, and parted from him in a paroxysm of grief.

The workmen engaged in the Magdalen tower hurried to the completion of their task, but it was not till the next day that the work was accomplished—indeed, the bell was only just fixed as the mournful procession left the prison. The executioner, the priests, the officers of the prison, the council of the city, in the midst of them the prisoner guarded by two soldiers, moved along through the crowd, and reached the foot of the Rabenstein, "the hill of death."

Then it was that Reichert heard sweet and melancholy notes pour forth from

the Magdalen tower, and raising his eyes saw the new bell swinging like a censurer, and laden with sound as with a perfume.

The spectators spoke to each other of the singular circumstance that a man should go to make a bell, and afterwards hear it tolled for his own death. A creeping terror began to agitate their souls. They thought so strange an event boded evil to them. Meanwhile the bell became shriller and more clamorous. It filled all the air with passionate appeals. Sometimes it pleaded for pity, sometimes it shrieked for revenge, then it changed to doleful lamentation; finally one of the listeners declared that its cadences seemed very like low mocking laughter.

Reichert heard all these sounds. His heart was torn with contending emotions; he knew not himself, nor his thoughts. Indistinguishable reveries whirled together in a vortex of pride, shame, agony, and regret. "For this I labored," he said. Then the bell seemed to moan of remorse. It thrilled him to the soul. He thought of the youth he had slain: "Oh, thou unhappy boy, I pity thee," he cried. The tears gushed into his eyes, and poured down his cheeks. The people seeing his lips move as he sat down on the "bloody seat" thought he was praying, and said he would make a good end.

The executioner lifted his sword. A silence fell upon the lips of men and the hearts of women. In a moment all was over.

THE STORY OF CRAZY MARTHA.*

[FROM THE PROVENÇAL OF JACQUES JASMIN.]

[This little drama commences in 1798, at Lafitte, a pretty hamlet situated on the banks of the Lot, near Clairac, and terminates in 1802. At this last period, Martha, bereft of her reason, escaped from the village, and was often afterwards seen in the streets of Agen, an object of public pity, begging her bread, and flying in terror from the children who cried out after her,—“*Maltro, un souldat!*” (*Martha, a soldier!*) The author confesses that more than all others, in his childhood he pursued poor Martha with his sarcasms: he little dreamed that one day his muse, inspired by the wretched lot of the poor idiot, would owe to her one of his most exquisite creations. Martha died in 1834.]

I.

*Drawing the Lot.—Two different hearts.
—The Cards never lie.—The Conscript.—The Oath.*

Nor far from the banks which the pretty little river Lot bathes with the cool kisses of its transparent waters, there lies, half concealed by the feathering elms, a small cabin. There, on a beautiful morning in April, sat a young girl deep in thought; it was the hour when in the neighboring town of Tonneins, a band of robust young men were awaiting in suspense the result of the army draft which was to decree their fate. For this the young girl waited too. With uplifted eyes, she breathed a prayer to the good God: then, not knowing what to do with herself, how to contain her impatience, she sat down; she got up, only to sit down again. One might see that she was in an agony of suspense; the ground seemed to burn the soles of her feet. What did it all mean? She was beautiful; she had every thing that heart could wish; she possessed a combination of charms not often seen in this lower world,—delicate erect figure, very white skin, black hair, and, with these, an eye as blue as the

sky itself. Her whole appearance was so refined that, on the *plains*, peasant as she was, she was regarded as a born lady by her peasant companions. And well did she know all this, for beside her little bed there hung a bright little mirror. But to-day she has not once looked into it. Most serious matters absorb her thoughts; her soul is strangely stirred; at the slightest sound she changes suddenly from marble hue to violet.

Some one enters; she looks up; it is her friend and neighbor, Annette. At the first glance you could not fail to see that she too was in trouble, but at a second, you would say,—“it is very manifest that the evil, whatever it is, only circles around her heart, and does not take root there.”

“You are happy, Annette,” said Martha, “speak; have the lots been drawn? have they escaped? is *he* free?”

“I know nothing yet,” replied Annette, “but take courage, my dear; it is already noon, we shall very soon know. You tremble like a jonquil, your face frightens me. Suppose the lot should fall upon Jacques, and he should be obliged to go away; you would die, perhaps?”

“Ah! I cannot tell!”

“You are wrong, my friend; die! what a baby you are. I love Joseph, if he has to go, I should be sorry; I should shed a few tears; I would wait for his return, without dying. No young man ever dies for a girl; not a bit of it; and they are right. There is truth in the couplet,—

My lover when he goes away
Loses far more than I who stay.

A truce to your grief, then. Come, if you feel equal to it, let us try our luck by the cards. I did this morning, and it all came out right for me; so it will for you. See how calm I am; come, to

* See “Last of the Troubadours,” in *Putnam's Magazine* for October, 1869.

console you, let us see what the lucky cards will say."

So the buoyant young girl makes her friend sit down, checks for a moment her own wild spirits, gracefully spreads a small piece of shining taffeta, and takes the cards in her hands. The suffering heart of Martha stops for a season its fierce throbs; she gazes with eager eyes; she ceases to tremble; she is inspired with hope. Then both girls,—the light-hearted Annette and the loving Martha, repeat together the well-known refrain,—

"Cards so beautiful and fair,
Lighten now a maiden's care;
Knave of clubs and Queen of love,
To our cause propitious prove."

One after another the cards are turned up, placed in piles, then put together and shuffled. Out them three times; it is done. Ah, a good sign, first comes a king. The girls are a perfect picture—two mouths breathless and speechless; four eyes smiling and yet awe-struck, follow closely the motion of the fingers. Upon the lips of Martha a sweet smile slowly rests, like a fairy flower. The queen of hearts is turned up; then the knave of clubs. If now no black malignant *spade* appears, Jacques will be saved. Seven spades are already out; only one remains in the pack; there is nothing to fear. The beautiful dealer is smiling, is joking—stop! like a grinning skull cast into the midst of a festive crowd, the *Queen of Spades* comes up to announce dire misfortune!

Hark! on the highway, the noisy drum strikes in like a mocking laugh, mingled with the strains of the shrill fife, and wild bursts of song. It is easy to guess that these are the happy fellows who have escaped the draft; whom the great moloch of war, with a lingering touch of pity is going to leave to the country. Here they come in two long lines, dancing, leaping, each one wearing in his hat his lucky number. Soon a crowd of mothers gathers around them, many weeping for joy, and some for grief.

What a moment for the two young girls whom the cards have just smitten

with sorrow. The noisy group comes nearer still. Martha, wishing to put an end to the torturing suspense, flies to the little window, but immediately recoils, utters a faint cry, and falls cold and fainting beside Annette who is herself shivering with fear. The cards had not deceived them. In the midst of the lucky crowd whose lives are saved to their country stands *Joseph. Jacques* was not there; he had drawn "number 3."

Two weeks pass, and the light-hearted Annette steps out at the threshold of the flower-bedecked church, fast married to Joseph; while in the house of mourning, Jacques, the unhappy conscript, with tears in his eyes, and a knapsack on his shoulders, bids farewell to his betrothed, in touching words, as she stands overwhelmed with grief. "Martha," he says, "they compel me to depart; happiness deserts us, but take courage; men come back from the wars. You know I have nothing, no father, no mother; I have only you to love. If Death spares my life, it belongs to you. Let us hope, still hope for the happy day when I shall lead you to the marriage altar like a gift of love flowers."

II.

A Great Sorrow.—Martha snatched from the tomb.—The handsome Girl-Merchant.—Jacques will find a rival.

THE beautiful month of May, whose new birth brings universal pleasure, king of all the months, let it wear the crown, and surround itself with joys! The month of May has come again. Upon the hill-side, and in the valleys, happy hearts unite to chant its praises; it comes softly and sweetly, and, like lighting it is gone. But, while it lasts, everywhere is heard the sound of melodious song; everywhere you behold happy festive groups entwining in the joyous dance.

At length the spring is past, and while its pleasures still linger in the groves and fields, in yonder little cabin, one sweet and lonely voice thus moans in a song of sorrow: "The swallows have come back; up there are my two in their

nest; they have not been parted as we have. Now they fly down; see, I can put my hand upon them. How sleek and pretty they are; they still have upon their necks the ribbons which Jacques tied there on my last birthday, when they came to peck from our united hands the little golden flies we had caught for them. They loved Jacques. Their little eyes are looking for him just where I am sitting. Ah! you may circle round my chair, poor birds, but Jacques is no longer here. I am alone, without a friend, weeping for him, weary too, for the friendship of tears fatigues itself. But stay with me; I will do everything to make you love me. Stay, dear birds that Jacques loved; I want to talk to you of him. They seem to know how their presence consoles me. They kiss each other, happy little things. Kiss, a long kiss; your joy is balm to my heart. I love them, for they are faithful to me, as Jacques also is. But no one kills swallows; men only kill each other. Why does he write no more? *Mon Dieu!* who knows where he is; I always feel as if some one is going to tell me that he is dead. I shudder; that terrible fear chokes my heart. Holy Virgin, take it away; the fever of the grave is burning me up; and oh! good Mother of God, I want to live if Jacques still lives! Where are you, beautiful swallows? Ah, my grief has been too noisy; I have frightened you away. Come back, and bring me happiness; I will mourn more softly. Stay with me, birds whom Jacques loved, for I must talk to you of him."

Thus, day after day, mourned the orphan girl her lover's absence. Her old uncle, her only guardian, beheld her sorrow, and was grieved. She saw him weeping, and dissembled her own pain to chase away his tears. She tried to keep her troubles hidden from the world, that frivolous, heartless world which is ready to find evil in every thing; which laughed at her sorrows, and had no sympathy with them. At length, when All Saints' Day came round, they saw two wax candles burning for the dying, on the Virgin's altar, and when the

priest said: "Death is hovering over the couch of a young and suffering girl; good souls pray for poor Martha," every one bent his head in shame, and out of every heart came the *Paters* bathed in tears.

But she will not die; it was the dark hour before the dawn. Grim Death may fill up his new-made grave. Her uncle, at her bedside, has said but one word; it sinks into her heart. That sweet word has brought her back to life; she is saved! The fire comes back to her eye, her blood begins to course again under her white skin. Life returns in great tidal waves of light. "Everything is ready, my child," says her smiling uncle, and her answer is: "Yes, let us work, let us work." Then, to the astonishment of every one, Martha requickened, lives for another love,—the *love of money!* She craves money, she is a miser, money is her only concern. She would coin it with her own blood. Well, hard work will give money to every brave hand, and Martha's hand is more than brave.

Under the rustic, archway, who is that girl-merchant, rousing the hamlet with her chatter and noise; who is buying and selling incessantly? That is Martha; how every one praises her, so good, so complaisant, so charming. Her buyers increase in numbers like a rolling ball of snow. Yesterday she had twenty, to-day forty. Gold pours down upon her little arcade. Thus a year passes. Martha is happy while she works, for Jacques is not dead. No, he has been seen more than once in the army. Sometimes when the report of a battle arrives, her arm drops, and her eye loses its light; but her courage soon returns if rumor makes no mention of a regiment which is always in her thoughts.

One day her uncle says to her: "In order to attain your long desired happiness, you need a thousand pistoles, and you will soon have them. A little pile soon becomes large. We need not sell the cottage. Look at your money box. With the proceeds of my vineyard, and what you have already earned, you have already more than half the sum. Have

patience for six months more. Why! my child, happiness costs time and labor and money. You have nearly three quarters. Finish the good work yourself. I am content; before I die I hope to see you perfectly happy.

Alas, the poor old man was mistaken. Two weeks later, death closed his eyes, and Martha sat in the churchyard, weeping upon his grave. There, one evening, she was heard to murmur: "My strength is exhausted; sainted spirit of my loving uncle, I can wait no longer; forgive me; the good priest sanctions the act;" and, without delay, to the astonishment of the villagers, furniture, shop, house, all that she possesses change hands. She sells everything, except a gilded cross, and the rose-colored dress with little blue flowers in which Jacques loved to see her. She had wanted silver, she was now laden with gold; her thousand pistoles are in her hand; but so young and inexperienced as she is, what is she going to do with them? "What is the poor child going to do with them," do you ask? The very thought lacerates my heart. She goes out; she seems, as she leaves her little home, an impersonation of the angel of sorrow slowly rising towards happiness, which is beginning to smile upon her flight. That is not a flash of lightning; it is her little foot which with lightning speed spurns the path. She enters the quiet little house, where sits a man with hair as white as snow; it is the priest, who welcomes her with an affectionate air. "Good father," she cries, falling on her knees, "I bring you my all. Now you can write and purchase his freedom. Don't tell him who it is that buys his ransom; he will guess it soon enough. Don't even mention my name, and don't tremble for me. I have strength in my arm. I can work for a living. Good father, have pity; bring him back to me!

III.

The Country Priest.—The Young Girl's happiness—Jacques is free.—Return of Jacques.—Who would have thought it?

I LOVE the country priest. He does

not need, like the city pastor, in order to make men believe in the good God, or the wicked devil, to exhaust his strength in proving, with the book open before him, that there is a Paradise as well as a Hell. Around him all men believe; every one prays. In spite of this they sin, as we all do everywhere. Let him however but elevate his cross, and evil bows before him; the new-born sin is nipped in the bud. From his every-day seat, the wooden bench, nothing escapes his sight. His bell drives far off the hail and the thunder. His eyes are always open upon his flock. The sinner evades him: he knows it, and he goes in search of the sinner. For offences he has pardon, for griefs a soothing balm. His name is on every lip, a blessed name; the valleys resound with it. He is called, in each heart, the great physician for trouble. And this is the reason that Martha went to him with hers, and found a balm. But from the obscure centre of his little parish, the man of God was far better able to detect sin and drive away malignant thoughts, than to find the nameless soldier, in the heart of an army, who had not written a word of inquiry or information for three years, especially when, to the sound of cymbal, trumpets and cannon, six hundred thousand excited Frenchmen were proudly marching to conquer all the capitals of Europe. They shattered all obstructions, they put to flight all who stood against them, and only stopped to take breath upon the foreign soil, that they might go on to further and greater conquests.

It is true that during the past spring Martha's uncle had written often, but the army had just then made a triple campaign; Jacques, they learned, had been transferred to another regiment. Some one had seen him in Prussia; another, elsewhere in Germany. Nothing definite was known about him. He had no relatives, for, let the truth be told, the fine fellow had no parents. He had come out of that asylum where a throng of infants live upon the public pity which takes the place of a mother. As a boy he had been long searching for

his mother, but never could find her. He had an ardent desire to be loved, and as he knew he was loved at Lafitte, had it not been for the war, he would have lived and died there.

And now, leaving the good priest to his benevolent task, let us turn aside into a very humble cottage, where poor Martha is hard at work. What a change! Yesterday she had her *trousseau*; there was gold in her wardrobe. To-day she has nothing but her stool, a thimble, a needle-case and a spinning wheel. She spins and sews incessantly. We need not lament that she is tiring her fingers; when she was rich, she wept; now that she is poor, she smiles constantly. Jacques will be saved for a long and happy life; and life, liberty, everything he will owe to her, and her alone. How he will love her! and where one loves and is loved, poverty is powerless. How happy she is; the cup of her future is crowned with honey; already has her heart tasted its first, rich, overflowing drop. Every thing is flowering around her. Thus she works on from week to week, sipping drops of honey amid waves of perfume. Her wheel whirls without ceasing, and hope is entwining as many cloudless days in the future, as her bobbin spins out armfuls of wool, and her needle makes points in the cloth.

You may be sure that all this is well known in the meadow-lands. All the people are now enlisted in her cause. In the clear nights she has serenades, and garlands of flowers are hung upon her door. In the morning the girls come with loving eyes to give her little presents of sympathy and esteem.

One Sunday morning, the dear old priest comes to her after mass, his face beaming with joy, and in his right hand an open letter. He is trembling, but more with joy than with age. "My daughter," he cries, "Heaven has blest thee and answered my prayers; I have found him; he was in Paris. It is accomplished; Jacques is free. He will be here next Sunday, and he has not a suspicion of your part in this matter. He thinks that his mother has at last

come to light; that she is rich and has purchased his freedom. Let him come, and when he knows that he owes every thing to you, how much you have done for him, he will love you more than ever, more than any one except God. My dear daughter, the day of your reward is about to dawn; prepare your heart for it. Jacques will surely come, and when that happy hour arrives, I want to be near you. I want to make him understand, in the presence of all the people, how happy he ought to be in being loved by such an angel as you." We are told that blest spirits in Paradise are bathed in bliss when they hear the harmonies of heaven. Such is the joy of Martha as these words sink into her heart.

But the Sunday has arrived. All nature shines in green and gold under the beautiful sun of June. Crowds are singing everywhere. It is a double festival for all. The clock strikes noon; leaving the holy altar, the good old priest advances with the loving pure-faced girl. Her eyelids droop over her azure eyes, she is timid and speechless; but an inner voice cries, "happiness." The crowd gathers around her. All is grand; you would say that the whole country-side is awaiting the arrival of a great lord. Thus marshalled, they go forth from the village, and with laughing joy take their post at the entrance of the highway.

There is nothing to be seen in it; nothing at the far end of that road-furrow; nothing but the shadows checkered by the sunlight. Suddenly a small black point appears; it increases in size, it moves, it is a man; two men, two soldiers; the latter, it is he! How well he looks; how he has grown in the army! Both continue to advance; the other,—who is he? he looks like a woman. Ah, it is a woman; how pretty and graceful she is, dressed like a *cantinière*. A woman! my God! and with Jacques? where can she be going? Martha's eyes are upon her, sad as the eyes of the dead. Even the priest, who escorts her, is trembling all over. The crowd is dumb. They approach still

nearer; now they are only twenty paces off, smiling and out of breath. But what now! Jacques has suddenly a look of pain; he has seen Martha! * * * Trembling, ashamed, he stops. The priest can contain himself no longer. With the strong, full voice with which he confounds the sinner, he cries: "Jacques, who is that woman?" and, like a criminal, lowering his head, Jacques replies, "Mine, M. le Curé, mine; I am married."

A woman's scream is heard; the priest returning to himself, and frightened for Martha, "My daughter," he said, "Courage! here below we all must suffer." But Martha does not even sigh. Everybody looks at her; they think she is going to die. She does not die, she even seems to console herself. She curtsies graciously to Jacques, and then bursts out into a wild mad laugh. Alas, she was never to laugh again otherwise: the poor thing is mad. At the words which issued from the lips of her unfaithful lover, the poor sufferer had at once lost her reason never to regain it.

When Jacques learned all, he fled the

country. They say that mad with remorse, he reentered the army, and like a lost spirit weary of his wretched existence, he flung it away at the cannon's mouth. Be that as it may, what is true, alas, too true! is that Martha escaped from friendly vigilance one night, and ever since, for thirty years past, the poor idiot has been periodically seen in our village stretching out her hands for our charity. In Agen, people said as she passed, "Martha has come out again; she must be hungry." They knew nothing about her, and yet every one loved her. Only the children, who have no pity for anything, who laugh at all that is sad, would cry out, "*Martha, a soldier!*" when she, with a mortal fear of soldiers, would fly at the sound.

And now you all know why she shuddered at these words. I, who have screamed them after her more than a hundred times, when I heard the touching story of her life, would like to cover her tattered frock with kisses. I would like to ask her pardon on my knees. I find nothing but a tomb. * * * I cover it with flowers.

WEAPONS FOR COMBAT WITH FIRE.

LITTLE attention was given, until within a few centuries, to the improvement of means for extinguishing fires. In the ancient, as in the modern cities of the Mediterranean, buildings were usually constructed with floors of earth, stone, or pottery, and without the extensive use of wood, either in interior or exterior decoration. The climate being mild, it was rarely necessary to heat the rooms, although when requisite the object was accomplished by fires that were made upon the bare floors, the coals being swept out immediately before the apartments were occupied. Even at the present day there are no fireplaces in the Vatican, and when the late Queen of Naples sought asylum in it, the only means of offering her a warm reception were such as could be supplied by foot-stoves. Conditions of this sort

rendered accidental fires in the cities of antiquity, comparatively rare. A large proportion of those of the present day originate in connection with the improved methods now customarily employed in heating buildings. Modern discovery has also brought in the train of its benefits, nearly all the materials that most commonly occasion conflagrations, or increase their violence. Friction-matches, distilled liquors, kerosene, illuminating gas, in fact, nearly all the explosive and inflammable substances of chemistry and the arts, are of recent birth. Even the distribution of metal pipes throughout modern buildings, by serving to attract lightning, increases the danger of fire.

There is evidence that the ancients were provided with some contrivances for extinguishing flames, although with

principal reference to occasions where fire was employed by an adversary in sieges or naval engagements. Fiery missiles and what was known as "Greek Fire," were not uncommon in ancient warfare. The germ of the fire-engine seems to have been a two cylinder force-pump constructed in Egypt by Ctesibius, the inventor of the *clepsydra*, rather more than a century before the Christian era. The dark ages did not produce many improvements. "Instruments of fire, or water syringes," are mentioned in the records of Augsburg, A. D. 1518, but the modern fire-engine was invented by Hautsch of Nuremberg. A machine of his construction was described in 1657, as consisting of a water-cistern and a force-pump, whereby twenty-eight men raised a column of water one inch in diameter, to an elevation of eighty feet.

Some commentators think an instrument called the "*hama*," used at fires, mentioned by Pliny and Juvenal, was a sort of grapple fixed upon a pole; in short, the ancestor of our hook-and-ladder concerns. The lineage of the hose-cart can be definitely traced. Apollodorus, the architect of Trajan's bridge across the Danube, suggested attaching to a bag filled with water, a tube formed of the intestines of an ox. During fires water was to be forced upward through the tube by subjecting the bag to pressure. It was reserved for two natives of Amsterdam, each having the same name, Jan Vanderheide, to substitute the outside for the inside of the animal in the manufacture of hose. Fifteen and a half centuries preceded the discovery that there is nothing like leather. Augustus Cæsar has the credit of creating a fire department. It consisted of seven bands of firemen: Two divisions of the city of Rome constituted the fire district for each band, and the prefect of the watch was the superintendent of the entire body. Did the helmet ornamented with an eagle, essential to the costume of our fire-laddies, thence originate?

Special regard was paid during the middle ages, to preventing the spread of fire. The curfew bell was the offspring

of legislation having reference to this purpose. Curfew is a corruption, of *couvre feu*, and refers to the notice thus given after sundown, requiring burning wood or turf to be covered with ashes, in order to prevent accident during the hours of darkness. Antiquated enactments compelling the extinction of all fires on shipboard when entering port, remain in force in many places at the present time. Marseilles and Bordeaux were noted for the stringency of such regulations. Yet, although cold meals have thus been inflicted for hundreds of years upon the voyager coming thither by sea, the precaution did not avail for the exclusion of modern occasions of accident. A few weeks ago, a man standing on the deck of a vessel used to convey naphtha or kerosene, having lighted his cigar, dropped a burning match, and thereby started a conflagration that consumed property valued at not less than a million of dollars. The earlier reports erroneously stated that the fire originated in a barge containing petroleum; but it was afterwards ascertained that the vessel laden with that fluid was the only one that floated almost unharmed amid that scene of devastation. We are accustomed to regard the cities of our Western States, where blocks of wooden buildings, locally denominated "frame ranges," come into existence in ten days and blaze up in a night, as the appropriate territory of the consuming element. But Yeniseiski, a Russian city of 40,000 inhabitants, was thus destroyed during the present year; and a town in Hungary called Radosin, burned down in less than an hour. In the latter instance, twenty-one children perished in the flames, one hundred and thirty buildings were consumed, and only a church, the bishop's palace, and five smaller structures remained standing.

There can be no doubt, but that the long immunity from serious conflagrations enjoyed in many parts of Europe, should be enumerated among the obstacles to the introduction of improvements in machinery, and methods for extinguishing fire. The primitive arrangements there in use, offer strong points of

contrast with the enterprise exhibited in these matters in this country. A few water-butts on wheels constitute the entire fire-apparatus in some continental cities of not inconsiderable size and importance. An American, describing the recent destruction of the Royal Theatre in Dresden, thinks that the inefficiency exhibited on that occasion would have rendered the scene an enjoyable farce, had there not been imminent danger of an irreparable loss to art in the proximity of the famous Zwinger gallery of pictures. With us, we read without surprise of elaborate and costly preparations for such emergencies, even in the cities of newly-settled States. Thus in St. Paul, Minnesota, a fire-cistern is in process of excavation in the sandstone of the river-bluff that will have a capacity of fifty thousand gallons.

The fire-engines to be worked by hand, made in this country, surpassed similar machines elsewhere. One of the earliest, in Pawtucket, R. I., sent up an inch stream vertically one hundred and eighty-four feet, while at the same time employed in drawing its own water. More extraordinary successes have been attained in the competitive trials that once delighted the volunteer firemen of our large cities, and a spurt of upwards of two hundred feet with an inch and a quarter stream is named among the results. There never was a finer gymnastic exercise invented than the muscular effort called forth by the brakes of a New York engine; the performances on some of those of Western construction, where the men sat at their work and went through something like rowing, seemed tame in comparison. It was not a lazy ambition that incited young America to run with the machine. Had not the old apparatus been superseded, it might have attracted the attention of the Sorosis. It is mentioned among the incidents of a recent fire in Brattleboro, that a number of ladies assisted to "man the brakes," and that their efforts were crowned with unequivocal success.

The superior excellence of steamers and paid fire-departments was admitted for years before they took the place

of the old system. One steamer to about fifteen or twenty thousand inhabitants is said to be the average requirement in those cities that have been supplied. A series of years may be required to demonstrate by statistics, the diminution in annual losses by fire, yet there must be already a change for the better wherever the new machines have been introduced. Steam sufficient for working is obtained while they are driven through the streets, and usually within four or five minutes from the time of lighting the fire beneath the boilers. Their capacity for flinging continuously twelve or fifteen hundred gallons of water per minute to a height of more than two hundred feet, while at the same time drawing or forcing it an equal distance through hose, should afford abundant means, if properly applied, to quench anything short of the final conflagration.

It is yet too soon to inquire whether the steam fire-engine will itself be superseded by other inventions. There is a water-system urged as a substitute, to be used wherever there is a fall of water sufficient to drive a force-pump by means of a turbine. Orders are conveyed by telegraph, and water having an extraordinary pressure, is directed by a system of valves to the hydrants nearest the fire. In a recent experiment in Lockport, N. Y., it is said that with a fall of nineteen feet, a stream was thus obtained from a hydrant, which, after passing through one hundred feet of hose, reached in air the height of one hundred and seventy-five feet. Water is certainly the natural antagonist of fire. M. Van Marum, in Holland, has shown that violent conflagrations can be extinguished with singularly small quantities of water, thrown first upon those parts of the fire that are nearest; the flames being so followed up as to wet successively each portion of the burning materials. Combustion usually ceases upon the exclusion of air, and this may be effected either by water, or by certain vapors, or gases, steam being among the number, whenever it is practicable to cover therewith the substances that are being consumed.

A fire-extinguisher invented by Grey!

was successfully exhibited about one hundred and fifty years ago, before the king of Poland and a large assemblage of nobles at Dresden, and its secret was purchased for a large sum of money. In England, it was known as the "water-bomb." The mode of use, was to throw the whole contrivance into the midst of a fire. It consisted of a vessel holding water, containing within, a metallic case filled with gunpowder. A fuse communicated with the exterior. Upon explosion in a room or close building, a fire was usually extinguished by the water thus scattered in every direction; but it failed in extensive conflagrations not enclosed by roofs or walls. A chemist named Godfrey tried medicating the water contained in it, probably using sal-ammoniac; but the improvement was not manifest.

The inventors of later years have revived the notion of substituting for plain water, certain solutions, the chlorides generally, and that of calcium in particular seeming to assist the process. It is not certain that such solutions might not damage goods more than water. At present soda water, containing carbonic acid under pressure, seems to be among the favorites. A sort of crucial experiment was made, not long since, in the upper part of this city, the test being the comparative time required for the extinction of equal quantities of similar burning materials by engines of the same class, one using water, and the other, a solution of some chemicals known only to the experimenter. The fires were extinguished simultaneously. Since then an exhibition with a fire-annihilator in the lower part of the city was pronounced a success. The arrest of an accidental fire in an oil refinery in Titusville, Pa., and of another in a hotel in St. Paul, Min., before gaining headway, are accredited to such machines.

Large fires, fairly under way, exhibit an intensity and power capable of destroying and sometimes even turning into food for flames, the most refractory building materials. It has been observed that brick walls bend and crack if exposed to fire on one side and water on the other;

iron beams and uprights, struck when hot by jets of water, have been known to give way instantly; thereby precipitating disaster more quickly than timber supports. During one of the great fires of San Francisco, it was noticed that structures of iron, surrounded by flames, suddenly burned up, blazing with a peculiar and vivid light; and water seemed rather to enhance the violence of their combustion. Such observations, and the use of steam blasts to intensify furnace heats, have suggested a theory that a dissociation of the elements of water, possible under such circumstances, may increase the fire. The objection to this, is the probability that no more heat would be evolved by the combustion of the elements, than would be required to separate them. It smacks of the fallacy that lies at the bottom of the ingenious endeavors that empty the purses and wear out the souls of men who hope to construct a machine to demonstrate "perpetual motion." A singular accident displaying the capacity of iron for sudden ignition, happening in the laboratory of the Royal Institution, was reported by Dr. Frankland to the London Chemical Society. A pressure of twenty-five atmospheres, applied by mechanical means to oxygen gas, caused the explosion of a cast-iron gas holder. At the moment of the occurrence, the iron took fire, producing a shower of sparks. The broken fragments, subsequently examined, were found blistered and oxidized by actual combustion, and half an inch of steel was burned off, of a connection of the apparatus. That the heat of flame may accomplish similar results in great fires, is indicated by scientific investigations resulting in estimating it as high as three or four thousand degrees Fahrenheit; and air rushes in to support combustion with such extreme violence, that frame buildings on the edge of a large fire have appeared to leave their foundations, moving in mass, as if sucked into the vortex of destruction.

The confusion inevitably attendant upon large fires, occasions a necessity for thorough organization in any system employed for their extinction. Throwing

mirrors out of windows while featherbeds are carefully carried down stairs, is the familiar illustration of the conduct of people unused to such emergencies. Last October, at a fire in Alton, Illinois, a grand and historic elm tree, the pride of the city, was endangered by the flames. A well-known German resident, sharing the general excitement of the occasion, was with difficulty prevented in an endeavor to hew down the ancient landmark with an axe, in order, he said, to save it to the city.

Various local affairs affect unfavorably the efficiency of our fire organizations. An English expert has lately attributed most of our existing defects in these matters, to the admixture of political interests, which, it must be admitted, cause undesirable entanglements in some localities. There was a statement recently published in a newspaper in another State, which, if true, illustrated the objectionable results of such alliances. To put it in a condensed form, there was believed to be an intention on the part of a Common Council, to appoint an engineer for a steam fire-engine who was totally ignorant of its construction and management, but was to be rewarded with that position for his services in influencing the votes of a Hose Company in favor of a candidate for local office.

The question whether governmental system or private enterprise is best adapted to controlling the means of extinguishing fire is differently decided in different places. In New Orleans, the whole business is in charge of an association under contract. A claim for compensation for its services may yet be before the courts, the association having sought the recovery of more than a hundred thousand dollars by attachment upon the funds of that city, lodged in bank for other purposes. The London Fire Brigade has grown out of the combination of separate establishments owned by the different Fire Insurance Companies. In Paris, the business is, of course, under imperial control; and in most European countries, fires are affairs of state, with which the people do not

interfere. It is a matter of current belief that in Turkey, the pious Mussulman folds his hands while his worldly possessions are being consumed, merely remarking, "Great is Allah." Whatever used to be the case, at present, in Constantinople, a good-sized garden-squirt is kept in the public bazaar. When fire occurs, certain men drop their ordinary occupation, and most of their clothing, so as to result in a uniform not entirely unlike that of our first parents. Seizing the machine, they place it on a hand-barrow which they carry with the poles on their shoulders, and proceed to the locality where the property of the Faithful is undergoing destruction. In at least one of the Chinese treaty-ports, the entire "force" marches to a fire preceded by a band and keeping step to oriental music. On arrival, before commencing operations, the roll is called, each member present answering to his name. The subsequent duties chiefly consist in conveying pailsful of water from the nearest place of supply.

The disastrous losses of life recently occasioned by fires, have called forth various suggestions in the public press. Upon steam-vessels there can be no question that a compulsory training of the crew by a daily exercise in the use of suitable apparatus would prove of efficient service when the actual emergency occurs. On the "Stonewall" a bucketful of water would have extinguished the fire, if applied during the first alarm; but, it is stated, the buckets, if there were any, were not to be found on board of that ill-fated steamboat. In this city, the attachment of fire-escapes to tenement-houses, enforced by legal enactment, though excellent in its way, is found insufficient. The means of safety must be extended to buildings of a different class, or else some other provision must be devised to protect their occupants. The fatal accidents to janitors and their families have painfully demonstrated the deficiency of existing arrangements. Whatever mode of relief is adopted, it should be applicable to every structure used as a habitation.

The Society for the Protection of Life from Fire in London, an association sustained by private subscription, has saved, every year since its formation, a large number of lives. Its portable fire-escapes, kept ready in various parts of the city, put in an appearance at fires as regularly as fire-engines. This alone, would furnish business enough for a

large benevolent enterprise in this city. Our inventors offer many improvements in these life-saving contrivances. If kind hearts find a reward for effort and expenditure in the prevention of cruelty to animals, surely a nobler opportunity is afforded by the prospect of saving human beings from death in that form which is most abhorrent to our nature.

MY NOTION ABOUT THE HUMAN EAR.

OBSERVE, I do not say hypothesis, much less theory, but notion. Indeed, I am quite willing, if you prefer it, to say vaticination or vagary, for I am not scientific and do not wish to be misunderstood, or to provoke a controversy with Dr. Draper or any other distinguished physiologist.

Charles Lamb said he had no ear. I have not only an ear, but a notion about it. Lamb meant that he had no ear for music, and proves the falsity of his assertion by his rare appreciation of old English poetry, and by some not very bad verses of his own. My ear for music, particularly sacred music and jigs, is, in my opinion, a very good ear; but that is not what I am talking about.

By ear, I mean the external human ear. Did you ever look a long time at anybody's ear? Try it, some idle moment, and you will find that the "volute to the human capital," pleasing enough at first sight, becomes after a while a horrible, an appalling feature. The thing is so senseless, so unmeaning—or, rather, the meaning of all those curves, gulfs, prominences, depressions, ridges, and lastly that frightful shaft or tunnel which leads into the very brain itself—the meaning, I repeat, of all these is so far beyond your ken, that the outward ear, gazed at attentively for many minutes, becomes an awful and distracting thing.

You say that the object of the external ear is to collect the vibrations of the atmosphere, and convey them to the tympanum, which straightway beats an alarm to the soul and tells him to get up

out of his cerebral bed, and go to the optic window and see what that noise is about. But you know that a wind-sail, or huge cloth funnel, smooth inside, is the best thing to catch the air; and, if you had had the making of the external human ear, the wind-sail is precisely the model which you in your wisdom would have selected. Why, then, these elevations, *sulci*, and other irregularities of the human ear, to say nothing of those great flaps, which, in the elephant, seem almost to close up the *meatus auditorius*? This, and other such questions, perplex you, and make the external ear fatiguing, to say the least of it, to your mind.

As for the internal ear beyond the tympanum, with its chain of little bones, *malleus*, *incus*, *os orbiculare*, and *stapes*; then the *fenestra ovalis*, next the vestibule, next again that strange spiral cavity called the *cochlea*, with its wonderful cylindrical cavities or tubes, semi-circular in form, two of which are horizontal and one vertical, and, lastly, that mysterious, liquid within them, in which the *fibrille* of the auditory nerve, proceeding from the fourth ventricle of the brain, ramifies and terminates—as for this internal ear, who does not know that it is infinitely more wonderful and incomprehensible than the cartilaginous flap outside. The doctors are completely nonplussed by it. It is easy enough to understand how the vibrations of the tympanum, occasioned by the undulations of the air, may be transmitted through the little bony chain just mentioned, to the fluid in the semi-circular canals of the vestibule, and thence to the

little dangling, or, rather, floating ends of the auditory nerve; "but any further uses of this extraordinary and complicated mechanism," the physiologists may well say, "are utterly beyond our knowledge." For one may readily see with the mind's eye the ravellings, as it were, of the auditory nerve undulating in unison with the wavelets of the strange liquid in which they float; but how and in what manner the undulations of these nerve-threads become what we call *sound*, interpretable, or in speech, or beyond interpretation, as in divinest music, is indeed what Tyndall rightly says of it, "unthinkable." And when one begins to think about the unthinkable, the sensation is too disagreeable to be long borne. We will, therefore, get back to our "notion," which is thinkable enough.

How I came by my notion, which, I flatter myself, is peculiarly my own—as much so almost as a veritable discovery in the domain of physics—is not at all clear to me. To the best of my recollection, it occurred in this wise: In the year 1842, there lived in the little mountain city of L—a certain Dr. B—, who had a son named Tom, who was a particular friend of mine. One autumn afternoon—I am positive as to the time—I went to pay my regular daily visit to Tom. Now, Tom was lazy, and spent most of his afternoons in his father's office, lying at full length on the sofa, sometimes reading, more often sleeping. Not finding Tom at his accustomed post, I hunted about on his father's bookshelves for something to beguile the time until his return, and it so happened that my hand fell upon an elementary work on physiology. This book I borrowed and never returned—the usual mode of literary theft—and from it, in some roundabout way, I derived my notion; but *how* precisely I cannot tell. The book, together with many others, was stolen in turn from me many years ago, and I am unable to refer to it. Of its contents I remember literally nothing, except a picture of the four cardinal temperaments—sanguine, bilious, nervous, and lymphatic. There may have

been some physiognomical hints thrown out in its pages, but I am unable to recall any one of them, and I am very sure that, among those hints, not one word was said about the ear. Nevertheless, I am willing to swear, were it necessary, that from that book came my notion about the human ear; not an ill-defined notion either, but an *a priori dictum* of the "pure reason," sharp in outline and disengaged clearly from the very first.

But what is this wonderful notion? I will not keep you much longer in suspense; but, in order to make my meaning plainer, one or two preliminary statements are necessary. First: there is an almost infinite variety of ears, and each of these ears according to the well-known physiological law, that "form indicates function," has a precise though as yet imperfectly-ascertained value as a sign or indication of character. In other words, the ear, as to its shape, is not an accidental, purposeless, and unmeaning appendage, but, in common with the features of the face proper (which, being more mobile and full of expression, have been more carefully studied), is an index of the natural disposition, and as accurate an index as the eye or the mouth. This must seem an absurd statement to any but the expert in the study of ears, if, happily, such expert, beside myself, exists in the United States. Were it incumbent on me to defend this apparently absurd statement, I might refer to President Barnard's late lecture on the microscope, in which it is gravely stated that the entire structure and habits of an extinct mammal or saurian may be rigorously determined by the inspection of a fragment of fossil bone invisible to the naked eye. That mysterious vital force, which, from cells almost identical in appearance, develops this into the oak and that into the man, must of necessity have the power to co-ordinate each separate molecule, fixing by inexorable law its exact place in the general organism, and thus and thus only accomplishing the great work of distinct genera, species, and individuals. Viewed in this light, no part of the body is with-

out its significance, and even palmistry ceases to be the absurdity which we have been accustomed to think it. Hence I affirm again that the ear is a sign, and not a very unimportant one, of character.

Second: in proof of my affirmation I will cite only the fact which has been current from time immemorial, that a certain kind of ear is deemed indicative of a thievish disposition. This may be, and probably is, in many instances, a popular fallacy; but I defy you to look attentively at a man's little, pinched ear, driven, as it were, into the head, and not form an unfavorable opinion of the owner's character. You are forced, by infallible instinct, to form this opinion; and however often the "correction of reason" and long acquaintance with the individual may induce you to accuse yourself of hasty generalization, I, for my part, will still give my voice in favor of instinct as against reason, and contend that the mean-eared man is mean at bottom, and will forever remain mean, in spite of the decorous restraint which society has imposed upon him. At all events, my experience in ears has made me very hopeless of those to whom nature has denied well-shaped external organs of hearing.

And now you are, I trust, prepared in a measure to receive my "notion," so long withheld and so cautiously approached. It is this: the external human ear is a sign or mark of the money-making or wealth-accumulating (for there is a distinction between these two) faculty; as much or more so than the "organ of acquisitiveness," so called; for I am no phrenologist, but hold with Oliver Wendell Holmes, that you may as easily tell the amount of money in an iron safe by fumbling the knobs, as tell the quantity and quality of a man's sense by feeling the bumps on his head. I repeat, the external ear is a mark of the wealth-accumulating faculty, more so than any fancied internal "organs." I am prepared to go further, and to say that, without a certain conformation of the external ear, you cannot accumulate and retain (you may make it) money, and with

that conformation you cannot help accumulating it.

What do you think of that?

I am in earnest.

Do not say that I am injuring my case by the extreme position which I have taken, because I am ready and willing to declare, not that the ear makes money, any more than the eye itself sees, but that the external ear is as truly the organ of money-making as the eye is the organ or instrument of vision. If this statement be preposterous, all the better. I want to make a deep impression upon you. But, before you throw me out of court, listen, not to my argument, (nobody argues a "notion") but to what I have to say—listen attentively and considerately.

Among your acquaintances there are one or more rich men, and each of these men has, it is to be hoped, a pair of ears, and these ears are or should be in good hearing order. By-the-by, it just occurs to me that I never knew or heard of a deaf-mute who had acquired wealth—did you? But your rich acquaintances must be rich in a particular way. If he has inherited wealth or made it by some lucky *coup* or lottery-stroke, he will not do. Throw him out of the account—his ear is of no value in this important investigation. If he has made his fortune by marriage, or had the advantage of a good start in the world, or has been made the pet of some moneyed man, and accumulated more by reason of stinginess than capacity, cast him aside. He may have the right sort of ear, but it will not answer our purpose. But if he be chargeable with none of these defects, and if you be positively certain that he commenced life with nothing or next to nothing, and, in utter contempt of the metaphysical *ex nihilo nihil fit*, made his way up in the world mainly by his own sagacity, prudence, and industry, and acquired, not a competence, not a paltry \$50,000 or \$100,000, but a really large fortune, then study his ear. Twenty to one; nay, fifty to one, it will be just the ear we are looking for—the ear which predestines its owner to wealth. What sort of an ear is it, though? I will tell you presently; but I would be very much

gratified and the strength of my position would be very much enhanced if you would put down the magazine at this precise point, put on your hat and go to your rich acquaintance and, by permission or slyly, examine his ear. If it do not correspond to my description presently to be given, then you may call me—no, don't call me a liar—I would have to resent that—call me not an ear-sighted man.

One word before you go. When I said above that your rich man must have accumulated his fortune by his own exertions and not another's—by his own "sagacity, prudence," &c.—you said to yourself, "that's begging the whole question"—didn't you? You admit it. Never mind, now; I will meet that point when you come back.

Well! have you seen your man? You have. Were his ears still attached to his head? They were. Both of them? Yes. Were they in good hearing order? You didn't inquire. No matter.

Now, that rich man's ear was not a little bit of a contemptible affair, something like a withered interrogation point, was it? No. I knew it was not. Neither was it a great flap-ear, like an elephant's or a hog's? No. It did not stand out from the head like the ear of the chinchilla—I think it is the chinchilla—did it? No. It did not slant backward—was not a red, inflamed, ripe-tomato ear, nor a thin, skinny, translucent ear, did not lack the scroll on the outer margin and look as though it had been smoothed out with a flat-iron, and the lobe at bottom, in which the ear-ring is inserted, was not wanting, giving it a skimp, cut-off appearance? To all of these queries you give a negative answer, as I felt sure you would.

Then that rich man's ear must have been rather a fleshy, *large* ear; of a healthy, not too pale color; not slanted backward, but straight up and down; lying close, but not too close to the head; symmetrical and well-developed in all of its parts, and inclined to be somewhat hairy as age advances. Mark you, it is a *large* ear, but not a large, round ear, as the top of a blacking-box clapped to the side of the

head would be. No; it is a longish ear vertically, and more of an ellipse than a circle in shape. Yet it is not a narrow ear. It is developed equally in all directions, impresses you favorably as an honest ear, begets confidence, and deserves it. Such an ear, I dare be sworn, you will find on the head of nine out of ten, nineteen out of twenty, yes, forty-nine out of fifty men, who, from poverty and obscurity have risen to opulence. Over and over and over again, I have looked at the ears of men of wealth, and but in a single instance, that of a gentleman in Baltimore, who is said to be worth three millions, all of his own making, have I found the rule to fail. For more than twenty years I have prosecuted my researches into this new and interesting department of—physiognomy, shall I call it? and each year and every ear has added to the certitude of my "notion." I have talked it over to hundreds of people, have verified its correctness, while in the act of broaching it (some rich man happening to pass by at the time), and have met with but one human being who ever entertained the same opinion. How he came by that opinion, or how long he had held it, he could not tell. He was a money-making man himself, had the money-making ear, believed firmly in the nummicultural property of the large, longish, fleshy ear, and I think told me the truth. Still, I have every right to claim the discovery as my own, and do claim it.

Now, it is the easiest matter in the world to ascertain the value of this claim of mine. A wider observation may prove it to be all nonsense. Well, I want to put it to that test. I have already given an exception; let us see if there really be a rule in the matter. Help me. If you live in New York, there are Vanderbilt, Stewart, Drew, Claflin, *et al.* Ask them to allow you to examine their ears. Do it anyway, whether they allow it or not. The Astor boys won't serve; they didn't make their money. It is probable, however, that they have inherited large ears. If you live in Boston—but I don't know any rich man in Boston; nor, for the matter of that, any in Philadelphia,

Chicago, San Francisco, or elsewhere. But there are plenty of them, I dare say, in each of these cities, and you know them if I do not; look at their ears. I have never seen George Peabody, but I will wager my reputation or any thing else of positive worth, that he has the ear in question. I saw W. W. Corcoran last summer at the White Sulphur Springs in Virginia, and he had the identical ear, had it beautifully; and I would submit his to a candid world as the typical rich man's ear.

Why the ear, more than the nose, the eye, or any other organ, should have any thing to do with money-making, I don't know; but I am sure that it has, and so will you be when you have examined as many ears as I have. The phrenologists place the organ of acquisitiveness very near the ear, a little above and behind it, if I am not mistaken, but I have very little faith in phrenology. This I know, or rather have observed; the well-developed ear is, as a rule, but a part of the well-developed body, such as money-making men generally have. A deep chest, ample stomach, stout limbs, large bones, a thick-set figure, a round head, broad between the ears; these are oftentimes the marks of the money-maker, according to my experience, and the ear partakes of the characteristics of the gen-

eral development. But note this: a man may have all of the above marks except the ear: rely upon it, he will never be very rich. Or he may have none of the above marks; but if he have the ear, the chances are that he will get rich. The mental traits which accompany the conformation of body just given, are, as I have intimated, prudence, sagacity, energy, and courage, all of which, of course, are requisite to the money-making character. Suppose—and now I am about to meet the point you made some time ago—suppose a man to have the aforesaid prudence, sagacity, etc., what's the use of the ear?

Why, my dear fellow, he couldn't have them without the ear. They go with it inseparably. If he had them, and his ear was cut off, they would disappear. Absurd! No such thing. I tell you that the man with the large, longish, fleshy, flat-lying ear is predestined to make money; and whatsoever qualities of mind are requisite to the fulfilment of that predestination follow as a matter of necessity. Then the shape of the ear determines the character of the mind? Well, yes; if you will push me to extremes. But what I say and stick to, is this: men who make large fortunes, as a rule, have also large ears. See if they have not.

BREVITIES.

FINE ARTS OF SOCIETY.—V. LETTER-WRITING.

"CORRESPONDENCES," wrote Sydney Smith in an impatient humor, "are like small-clothes before the day of suspenders—it's impossible to keep them up." That there is a great deal of truth in this remark of the witty Dean, nobody will deny, for mankind may be divided into two great classes, good correspondents and bad. Virtue has one face, but vice many; and bad correspondents afflict us in such a multiplicity of ways that it would be difficult to enumerate them. And, as it often is with other forms of wickedness,

many of these sins originate in ignorance. People treat letters with the most shocking levity, and absolutely look upon them as trifles of very little moment. Your good correspondent, on the contrary, holds them as sacred as a bibliophile does his books, and treats them as reverently. He replies promptly, not with rash and inconsiderate haste, nor after so long an interval as to allow all interest in the correspondence to cool; he answers your questions, and responds to your ideas. He never writes like a book, nor with a view to

the publication of his "Remains;" never treats you to an undigested sketch of his next essay for the "Occidental," beginning: "My dear friend: The theory that an impression is irradiated along the white fibres to the cerebrum and," etc., and closing with "Yours truly." Neither does he entangle you in a controversy upon theological subjects, or overwhelm you with knowledge valuable perhaps to him, but utterly worthless to you. He never bores you with petty gossip about the people you don't know, or vexes you by omitting to communicate interesting intelligence concerning your particular friends. He neither smothers you with egotistical details, nor tantalizes you by omitting to speak of himself altogether. He is equally sparing and judicious in his praise and his blame, and administers either when necessary, with an unflinching courage. In short, to be a model correspondent, one must be a model friend, and a model friend, according to Mr. Emerson's highest ideal, should be able to dispense with correspondence altogether. At the rate at which we are perfecting our telegraphic facilities, business correspondence will soon be entirely resigned to the wires; and friendship and business withdrawn from mail-duty, what would be left but love? Lovers, even of the male sex, possess in perfection the art of saying nothing in the greatest amount of words; penny-a-liners and Congressmen are their only rivals. But with this department of letter-writing Douglas Jerrold interferes when he says, in solemn warning, "A man's in no danger as long as he talks his love, but to write it, is to impale himself on his own pot-hooks."

Letter-writing, particularly the lighter kinds, needs a delicacy and brilliancy of touch peculiarly feminine, and this is why women excel as correspondents, and are especially noted for *Péloquence du billet*. De Quincey declares that if you desire to read our noble language in its native beauty, picturesque from its idiomatic propriety, racy in its phraseology, delicate yet sinewy in its composition, you must break open the

mail-bags and read the letters in ladies' handwriting. Women rarely write poor letters,—we came very near saying that men rarely write good ones. Certainly, letter-writing, as a fine art, demands more purely feminine qualities than any other. A thoroughly good letter is neither a sermon nor an essay; it is a written conversation, where the talker has the advantage (or the disadvantage, as you choose) of having all the talk to himself. Women being proverbially fond of this one-sided discourse, find themselves at ease in the opportunity to say all they wish without the possibility of interruption. Their quick perceptions and lightness of touch prevent them from becoming bores, their versatility secures variety of topic, and their wit and sprightliness embellish the page with a thousand airy nothings that give piquancy and zest to the composition. And when it comes to the note, that peculiarly feminine weapon, can any man compete with them? A man's note, if ever he try his hand at that elegant trifle, is generally modelled upon those famous compositions produced in the Bardell-Pickwick case; "My dear Mrs. B.: Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick." Where is the delicate and polished grace with which an elegant and cultivated woman can invest even such a homely topic as chops and tomato sauce? She can contrive to throw a shade of sentiment over a question of dinner, and elevate a sauce into the dignity of a poetic adjunct. She can convey an exquisite compliment in an invitation or an acceptance, and even has the skill

"From such a sharp and waspish word as No,
To pluck the sting."

Of course, there are formal notes and even letters, which are not letters any more than backgammon boards and patent-office reports are books. And as Charles Lamb thought proper to make a catalogue of those books which are not books, so would we willingly compile a list of letters which are not letters, and which cause infinite vexation of spirit when an unconscious postman hands them in as such. In this

index of the accursed should be included all begging-letters of every description; all circulars from tradesmen or societies; all notices of meetings to be attended, which have no business to come in so fair a guise; all social announcements of whatever character, births, deaths, engagements, or marriages; all invitations of a formal description, to dreary formal entertainments; all prospectuses, and all letters written with a view to publication. And here it must be observed, that of all the dodges for insinuating a horrid dose of fact down the throat of an unwilling public, that of the newspaper letter is the most odious and the most transparent; and one learns to look askance at a long column commencing with the forms of a letter, like a shy horse, who suspects a halter behind the unusual oats.

One of the most necessary qualities for a really good letter, is expressed better by the French word *abandon* than by any other. You must throw yourself into your subject without reservation; your petty insincerities, your usual social hypocrisies must be laid aside. And as there are no eyes looking at you from the fair white page to shame you into shy reserve, what delicious confidences one can make under these encouraging circumstances! You rely upon the discretion of the friend to whom you are writing, or you would not call him or her your friend,—why then should you stickle at a frank word? The letters which we prize most are those which are written for ourselves alone; do we take very much satisfaction in the epistle which might as appropriately be addressed to Tom, Dick, or Harry? The savor which gives our friend's letter its zest, is the purely personal interest it contains, the fact of its being a letter which could by no possibility have been written by, or addressed to, any other person; in short, its individuality.

It is this trait which makes correspondences between men and women so dangerous. Unless the correspondents are remarkably unsentimental, or very

strongly interested in some topic which forms the subject of their letters, art, literature, science, or whatever it may be, there will be always a gradual sliding off into personalities. A discussion of their own tastes, their own peculiarities, their own fancies, very soon leads into a still more animated comparison of sentiments and feelings, and once upon these quicksands, the end is not far off, for as the French proverb most truly says, "*Parler d'amour, c'est faire l'amour.*" In fact, some cynics declare that there are but two kinds of letters possible between men and women, business letters and love-letters. But these misanthropic gentlemen also declare that no woman can write a note of one page, or dispense with that almost obsolete adjunct, the postscript; both of which slanders vie in falsity with the preceding one. Women may be, as Charles Reade says they are, diabolically angelically subtle in the art of saying something that expresses one ounce and implies one hundredweight, but they are equally subtle in the art of cramming that unknown quantity into the smallest possible compass. They are, beyond conception, skilful in that curious phase of letter-writing, called "*writing between the lines.*" It is tolerably safe to take for granted that a woman's letter carries its meaning in that invisible ink, and that its true signification is nowhere expressed in actual words. It is rather an unfortunate circumstance for the sex that this little peculiarity is inherent in their nature, because, to quote Reade again, "*mankind, though not wanting in intelligence, as a body, have one intellectual defect—they are muddleheads.*" The straight-going arrows of the feminine armory are apt to be lost among the intricate convolutions of the masculine brains. We have seen a lover writhing in agony over a letter intended to express the fondest affection, and a deluded youth smiling like Malvolio, over a deadly shaft feathered with a seeming compliment. The weaker sex are like the hare, when hard-pressed they have to double. Some French

writer tells us that he has often heard men speak of the impossibility of understanding women, but that it is no great wonder, seeing that women do all they can not to be understood.

That is the point, Messieurs, and in

analyzing the character of a woman or the contents of her letter, whatever may be the apparent simplicity of either, you have always to make a large allowance for an unknown quantity!

DREAMING.

WHEN full a third part of life is consumed in sleep, it is wonderful how little has been written, and how little known, about this half-way state between life and death. Not even the means of procuring this coveted repose, of securing as much as is necessary to sanity, of preventing the nightwatches from being perverted into a curse, are commonly understood. People toss about restlessly on their beds after green tea or coffee, after midnight feasting, the study of embarrassed accounts, or some harrowing news, and wonder what it all means. A long walk just before retiring, the hearing of a monotonous discourse, the nearness of falling water, even a bowl of chocolate, and sometimes a sponge-bath will change all these relations, and secure that rest which his pillow of hops gave to George III. A cane bolster is said to be a great help to somnolency. One eminent missionary used to repeat the Lord's prayer till, as he said, "the devil of restlessness was cast out." Erskine knew a man cured of sleeplessness by dressing him as a watchman, and putting him in a sentry-box. Brodie, the great surgeon, used to tell of a friend of his reduced by poverty to picking stone on English roads, who refused every offer of change of circumstances because of the splendid night's sleep he now enjoyed. Boerhave procured this blessing for a patient by keeping water dropping at his bedside. Generally, an easy mind, a good digestion, and plenty of open-air exercise will save one from ever realizing any thing like what Coleridge described to Cottle: "Night is my hell: sleep my tormenting angel. Three nights out of four I fall asleep struggling to be awake; and frequent night-screams have made me a nuisance. Dreams with me

are no shadows, but the very calamities of my life."

The cause of sleep was imagined to be the swelling of the bloodvessels of the brain; but a woman who had her head broken proved the reverse. During profound sleep her brain was found to be perfectly motionless; and in other animals it has been discovered that in sleep the veins cease to be swollen, and the surface of the brain becomes pale; when the animal is aroused the blood is seen coursing rapidly through full veins.

But, we would speak now of disturbed sleep. Dr. Rush said, a dream was a transient paroxysm of delirium. The cause of such vagaries of the imagination is often detected easily, having frequently some relation to our waking thoughts; or, taking the hint from surrounding circumstances.

Immediately after reading Purchas's account of the palace of Kubla Khan, Coleridge dreamed a poem of two hundred lines, beginning with

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree,
Where Alp the sacred river ran
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea."

So Dr. Gregory dreamed of walking up Mount Etna because of a bottle of hot water at his feet, and another time of being frozen at Hudson's Bay because the bed-cover had fallen off. Dr. Reid believed himself scalped by Indians because of a blister on his head. Professor Upham gives the case of an officer in the Louisburg expedition of 1758, who was prompted by whispers during slumber to believe just what the people around him chose; now that he was fighting a duel, now that he was entering into a fearful battle, now that

a shark was close upon him in the water. Baron Trenck, we remember, was tormented in his starved dungeon by dreams of the luxurious tables of Berlin. An Edinburgh gentleman and his wife had been excited about a French invasion, and then were interested in a military drill before the castle; it was not strange that the falling of a pair of tongs made both dream an alarm was given, troops were marching, and fighting had begun.

A curious experience of Colonel Knapp, once a theatre-critic of renown, and a thoroughly brave man, rises to my memory in illustration of this point. Knapp visited a New Hampshire village, where he was acquainted with but a single family, in hope of laying a ghost which was reported to visit the village graveyard every midnight. Placing himself on a tomb, the Colonel gradually fell asleep; at once he seemed to be sinking into the grave, a sensation caused by the dampness of the stone on which he reclined. By-and-by he became sensible of a female in white standing over him, with an aspect of intense pity. He rose up; she retreated, and he followed her to the very door of his friend's house. The next day he called upon the family. The surviving sister wept when she saw their friend, because of a dream the previous night of beholding him lying in a graveyard—a sign of his approaching burial. "Oh no!" he replied; "'twas only a sign that she had been walking in her sleep to her sister's grave, and needed medical care at once." So the ghost was effectually laid.

And yet it would not be at all true to say, that, the mind always continues its waking thoughts during sleep; that it never calls up any thing save what has already passed. Dr. Bushnell's famous California story refutes such a narrow supposition. Captain Yount was visited with a dream of a party of emigrants perishing of cold and famine in a valley, near a perpendicular cliff of white stone; they were endeavoring to eat the tree-tops rising out of deep

gulfs of snow; the distress upon their faces was distinctly seen. The dream was repeated. In the morning, the impression was so strong that Yount related it to an old hunter, who recognized the spot at once. So that, in spite of ridicule, they organized a relief party, and with mules, blankets, and provisions, proceeded to the spot, found the predicted number of sufferers, and brought them safely to California, where some of them still do live. One would like to know if this brave adventurer had not been hearing, reading, or telling that night of some such experience, so as to give a color to the dream which followed; if his imagination had not shaped the scenery; if he really saw little to correspond with what he foretold; and if his final report is scientifically exact.

Hardly anybody knows the fact that a man may determine his own dreams. Giron de Buzaringues found out that, by leaving his knees uncovered, he could dream of travelling in a diligence; by keeping the back of his head open to the air, he dreamed of performing a religious service out of doors; by stripping himself of all clothes, he seemed to be parading the streets in utter nakedness.

The strangest thing to most persons is that hardly any time is consumed in the longest dream, because the imagination disdains all outward bonds. In a sleep of ten minutes one of Abercrombie's friends crossed the Atlantic and returned; which almost equals Mohammed's visit to Heaven, while his pitcher was falling over. Another gentleman dreamed of enlisting, deserting, being condemned, and led out to be shot; all while some transient noise was occurring in the next chamber. So Macnish made a voyage to India, remained some days in Calcutta, then visited Egypt, and had the honor of an interview with Mehemet Ali, Cleopatra, and Saladin; all in a very brief slumber.

The study of these phenomena would be as simple as it is confessedly delicate were there no prophetic character about the mind in this state. Some of the

discoveries made in dreams are as hard to explain as others are easy. That young Scotchman, who was about to lose his paternal inheritance because a deed could nowhere be found, might well explain it to the increased energy of imagination, acting at a time when nothing outward disturbed its range, that, his father seemed standing by his bedside with sweetly sad countenance, reminding him of the cover of the hall-bible in which he had placed the missing document for safe keeping. During the day-time, his imagination was too much distracted by passing sights and sounds to secure that protracted thought necessary to revive all the past of his experience. In sleep, his mind fastened upon his father's counsels; he would seem living with him again; he would show him once more where his principal papers were placed, and so bring back to him the document on which a lawsuit was just being decided.

The teller in a Glasgow bank, whose account showed a deficiency of six pounds, eight months after recalled an importunate stammerer, who insisted on being paid this amount out of regular order: the only astonishing thing was that so long a time should have elapsed before the dream occurred. Might it not be that such a vision had occurred earlier, but had not been recalled in waking hours; as only a small proportion of one's night-thoughts are ever remembered? A very common story is of this sort. A young Scotch lady was in love with an officer of Sir John Moore's, in the Peninsular War. Her spirits suffered because of his perpetual exposure; she became melancholy, and believed that she had parted with her lover forever. Everything was done by her parents to restore her gaiety in vain. All the life of Edinburgh could not enliven her at all. Not unnaturally, she saw her lover in her sleep open the curtains of her bed and inform her that he had been slain in battle, but that she must not lay it to heart. A few days after she was dead. The night of the apparition was that of the battle of Corunna, in which the young man had

perished. Of course, the ninety-nine times in every hundred where the event does not correspond are dismissed and forgotten; only the correspondences are treasured up, and made the gospel of the credulous.

The unwise thing of all is to attach a superstitious importance to our dreams, imagine them supernatural when they are only tokens of ill-health; or desire these nocturnal visitations, which often tend to insanity. The book of most pretension on this subject, the "Philosophy of Sleep," tells of a woman who was driven by a dream into such insanity that she took to the woods, lived there for seven years, until a storm gave occasion for her capture, when she gradually recovered her right mind. Much worse cases than this Scotch one have occurred. At Gardiner, Maine, a man felt prompted in sleep to burn a neighboring church, and murder a woman against whom he had some grudge. The last crime was only prevented by the arrest which followed the first.

The case of Bernard Schidmaizig illustrates the famous acquittal of the Maine murderer on the plea of somnambulism. Bernard started up at midnight, seized the hatchet which he always kept near him, and struck at a phantom standing by his bedside. That blow felled his wife. She died the next day. But, awful as the result was, he was not consciously guilty. His delusion bordered on insanity, and would ultimate in a lunatic asylum. He had believed some stranger was about to attack him in his sleep.

A word or two upon somnambulism, which is, in fact, an acted dream. A young nobleman, living in the citadel of Breslau, was seen by his brother to rise in his sleep, wrap himself in a cloak, escape by the window to the roof, and there tear open a magpie's nest, wrap the young birds up and return, place the birds under his bed and lie down again. Of course he could believe nothing of what had occurred until shown the birds in his cloak. It seems to us nothing but a

developed dream, the imagination realizing its visions while the will ceased its control over the body. And I frankly grant that many of these phenomena are beyond our explanation at present; that every solution leaves in the dark as much as it explains; that the future is certain to give us something that might be decently called a philosophy of the subject.

We close with the remarkable case given by the Archbishop of Bordeaux in the "Methodical Encyclopedia," of a young priest who used to rise in his sleep and write sermons, read them aloud, and make corrections. He would continue to write when a card was held between his eyes and the paper. Nor was this writing done by sight; for, a blank

sheet being substituted for his sermon-paper, he made his corrections on that exactly where they should have been in the original sheet. More than that: he asked for certain things, and understood only the replies which related to these thoughts. Nor did he remember anything of what had occurred when he awoke, but at the next attack lived over this second life exactly as before.

The Chancellor of our largest University has recently stated in public that this subject required an attention it had nowhere received; and all reflecting men in all countries, especially in ours, will join heartily in this opinion; the present essayist hopes to help, not hinder, so interesting a discussion.

THE CHANTING CHERUBS.

MR. EDITOR: In Mrs. Hawthorne's very pleasant record of travels, recently published, there is an allusion to this beautiful work of Mr. Greenough, in which an erroneous impression is given as to its origin. It is but an act of justice to the memory of the sculptor to remove this impression. Without touching upon the point of the originality of Mr. Greenough's talent, of which his later works must be the best test, we merely give to-day the facts connected with the group of the Chanting Cherubs—which must always possess a certain interest, independently of its beauty, having been one of the very earliest of the superior works of American sculpture. It dates from forty years ago—a whole era in American art—and especially so in sculpture. The winter of 1828 found Mr. Fenimore Cooper in Florence, where he had an apartment in the Casa Ricasoni, and the few Americans then pausing for any length of time in Florence, generally found their way to his rooms, and enjoyed the glow of the noble wood-fires he delighted in building on that Italian hearth. Among these was Mr. Horatio Greenough. Mr. Cooper soon became deeply interested in the young sculptor, whose high personal character, frankness, upright-

ness, and generous nature won the entire respect and regard of his older friend. There were weeks during that twelvemonth when Mr. Cooper and Mr. Greenough were the only Americans then in Florence. They were very frequently together.

Mr. Cooper from early manhood had always felt a deep interest in works of art, and was especially anxious that the native genius which he knew to exist in America should be fairly developed, both in painting and in sculpture. He had been among the earliest friends of Mr. Cole. He now wished that the young sculptor should attempt something more than a bust. Among those grand works of art which throng the Italian galleries, and have been the delight of the civilized world for ages, is the Madonna del Baldachino of Raphael, now in the Pitti Palace, a picture which would, no doubt, be more vaunted, were it not in the same collection with the Madonna della Seggiola. Unlike this last, with its two sublime figures—said to have been first sketched from nature on the head of a wine cask, in a Roman vineyard—the Madonna del Baldachino is a large picture, giving full expression to a varied devotional spirit, in the faces and figures of saints, angels, and cherubs. At the

very lowest point of the whole picture stand two lovely little cherubs, chanting from a scroll—they belong to the numerous cherub family of Raphael, unapproached by other painters, instinct with a supernatural loveliness and innocence, far beyond all beauty of earthly childhood. If not entirely equal to those marvellous cherubs of the Dresden Madonna, whose heavenly eyes appear to reflect the mysteries of eternity, the wisdom of an ever-living infancy—they yet belong to the same choir. At one of his earliest visits to the gallery, these cherubs attracted the admiration of the American traveller; peculiarly fond of children, doting on them in fact, he gradually gave those pictured faces something of the affection belonging to the living. He never went to the gallery without greeting them, without pausing before them. They were his delight during the year he passed in Florence. On one occasion when the young sculptor accompanied him to the gallery, he proposed to him

to copy these lovely children in marble.

Mr. Greenough was much pleased with the idea, and immediately began the work. It was, therefore, no servile disposition to copy which led him to chisel this group. He did so in compliance with the earnest wish of a friend, who became the purchaser of the work. The Chanting Cherubs, when finished, were sent to America, where they were exhibited for the benefit of Mr. Greenough; but the fact that they were copies in marble, of a work of Raphael, was distinctly stated at the time, as giving something of additional interest to the work. To accuse the sculptor of plagiarism on these grounds, is sorely unjust. Had Mrs. Hawthorne been aware of these facts, the paragraph relating to the Chanting Cherubs would no doubt have been differently worded, and the only drawback to the pleasure of reading her charming pages would have been removed.

S. F. C.

HIALMAR JARL.

With watchful eyes all day they sailed and sailed.
Out of the sounding North the currents drew
With steady flow. At eve strange voices wailed,
The moon rose up; a forest stirred and blew;
And straight from mists trailed by on either hand,
Stood forth a phantom land!

Under the stars all silent, white, and chill,
A dew-exhaling peak, it pierced the moon
Threaded with smoke of cataract and rill;
Heavy with sleep and solitude forlorn,
The singing surges lapped it round and round
With slumbrous pause and sound.

A silence fell. Then one said softly, "Lo!
The burial he prayed for hath been won.
Fold by his ship's white wings: by climes of snow,
Or palmy capes and islands of the sun,
His quest is ended, and for evermore
His journeyings are o'er."

Upon a headland height they carved a tomb;
O'erhead swept on the marches of the stars;

Under their feet, through dizzy depths of gloom,
 They heard the moan of tide-beleaguered bars,
 And marked the sea, by moonlit shoals and sands,
 Flash up her jewelled hands.

And low, in tones like reeds blown overhead
 By windy flaws, rung round about his bier,
 They sang at morn the service for the dead,
 And closed his eyes, and passed and left him here,
 With royal beard swept downward on his breast,
 And hands disposed for rest.

They sailed away. About the haunted shore
 The creeping mists again their cordon drew,
 The troubled wave waxed drowsy as before,
 The passing murmurs into silence grew,
 And hoary Pine, and Fir-tree gnarled and gray,
 Since that forgotten day,

Above the skyward battlements of stone,
 Where, side by side, their whispered watch they hold,
 Through shifting years, unreckoned and unknown,
 Have seen the Summer's Oriflamme unrolled,
 And heard the winter's trumpets challenge back,
 From cloud and stormy rack;

But to the Chieftain's sleep no waking comes,
 Nor human footsteps ever seek his strand;
 Lost are the echoes of his battle drums;
 Perished his fame from all the Norway land;
 Faded the storied tumult of his swords,
 And pomp of nodding lords.

TABLE-TALK.

AN AGE OF DISCOVERY.

— Dr. Livingstone has been heard from again. After two years of wandering in the heart of Africa, there is some prospect that he will come back to Christendom, and give the first authentic account of the interior of that continent. His achievement, in discovering the real sources of the Nile—for there is little doubt that his conjecture placing them in the lakes a thousand miles south of the Equator, has been confirmed ere now—seems to crown this age of discovery; the age in which the northern and the southern seas have given up their secrets to science, and in which

the depths of the ocean and the central wastes of both continents, the atomic world of microscopic life, and the remotest corners of space from which light reaches us, have alike been made the scenes of successful research. Talk of the age of Henry of Portugal, of Columbus, and of Cortez! No knowledge obtained by them can be compared with the discoveries of Darwin and Wallace; no conquests achieved by them with the victories over nature itself, which art is now announcing every year. Pizarro himself will one day be second in fame to such adventurers as build some of our Pacific railroads; who knew how, not

only to subdue the wilderness and to suppress savages, but to appropriate to themselves the spoils of civilization also, and to make the great markets of the world, through the Paris bourse and the New York stock exchange, tributary to their purses.

THE BYRON SCANDAL.

— Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's book with its queer title, "Lady Byron Vindicated," has renewed feebly the autumn table-talk about Lord Byron, which fascinated so many people, by the opportunities it gave to skilful talkers to beat about and about the confines of unmentionable crime, without quite becoming indecent or rude. But the earnest controversy then heard cannot occur again; hardly a voice is raised to protest against the general verdict, that Mrs. Stowe has made a rash charge which she cannot prove. Her book is a loose, inconsequent summary of every thing that can be said against Lord Byron; it shows, what every body knew before, that he was the most unfaithful of husbands and the falsest of men. But it gives no good reason why his sister, Mrs. Leigh, should be accused of crime and her memory dishonored. On the contrary, it makes it certain that Lady Byron herself continued to love and trust Mrs. Leigh after she had all the evidence against her that she ever obtained. It was not new knowledge, but only a new way of looking at the case, that led Lady Byron afterward to regard Mrs. Leigh as guilty of a "deed without a name." The world will never believe such a charge on the inference of an outraged woman's mind; and the utmost Mrs. Stowe has done is to raise a suspicion, which will be entertained or rejected according to the reader's predisposition or prejudice. But few will doubt that Mrs. Stowe has hurt her literary reputation by a most illogical and useless piece of special pleading; and her reputation for fairness, by demanding a suspension of public opinion, on the ground of further evidence to come, when she really had nothing new to offer. Her book, meantime, is unutterably dull; having no interest for any

mortal, unless he be a special student of the Byron controversy, or of Mrs. Stowe's own state of mind.

RAILWAY INFLATION.

— Railroads are certainly the fastest things yet devised. They have filled the world for the last year with the noise of their explosions, both literal and metaphorical; and still they flourish and spread. In the United States, nearly eight thousand miles of new track were laid in 1869—the anniversary year of the steam-engine, the first patent of which was obtained by Watts in 1769—more than twice as much as in any preceding year; and the projects now offered to confiding subscribers for stocks and bonds are numberless. The amount of capital now invested in them every month, in New York State alone, far exceeds the entire savings of the people of the State for the same time. This cannot last long, of course, unless the entire capital of the "coming man" is to consist of railroad tracks and locomotives, with nothing to carry on them; but it is likely to continue until some great crash warns people off from this class of investments; and then a year or two of panic will follow, in which no lines will be built, and no projects trusted.

TRAVELLING IN AMERICA.

— What a wonderful change would be wrought, if one tenth of the capital now flowing into roads for which there is at present no demand, were devoted to the improvement of those in use! Our cosmopolitan contributor gives us in this number a lively tirade upon American railway travelling, which will amuse and interest all who have seen the European roads, and all who have not. It is common for our patriotic citizens, when "doing" the continent, to enlarge upon the absurdities of the European system, and to paint in rose color the comforts and freedom of our own. Who wants, they ask, to be locked into a close little pen, however softly cushioned, with no means of alarming his guard, even in case of murder or of fire, with his luggage unchecked and in danger of loss at every station, and only knowing that whenever the door is opened and a hat touch-

ed to him, his ready shilling or franc is expected? Who wants to be shut into an unventilated compartment, buried for the journey between two close neighbors, on a triple sofa, with his knees locked between those of a strange tête-à-tête besides? And what shall be said of the wretched little hot-water foot-heaters, sparingly furnished to first-class carriages alone in the coldest weather, and sometimes forgotten then, in comparison with the well-warmed well-ventilated American car? In this, they tell you, you may choose your neighbor among a score, and your seat near the stove or far from it; in that, you are helpless, done-for, with no doing of your own, and must submit to be coupled or isolated, scalded or frozen, or more commonly simply to have your feet burned while your whole body is shivering, at the will of those who have you in charge.

But meet the same traveller just after a journey on an American railway, if you want to see the same facts viewed without the enchantment distance lends. Our critic finds ample ground for grumbling, and for becoming the cause of grumbling in others, in the discourtesy of attendants on our roads, and the intolerable discomforts of many of their stations. These two features are peculiar to the United States, among all civilized countries; and go far to destroy the repute of our whole railway system. In Europe, the spirit of subordination is everywhere, no one but has somebody to look up to, and no one thinks looking up a disgrace. The general attitude of those the traveller meets is that of waiting to do him a service. But here, those who are employed for the very purpose of waiting, and to whom that is the business of life, despise their work and resent any expectation that they will attend to it, as a personal insult. This is the cause of half of the travellers' miseries here; and the other half will disappear when we have smooth, solid road-beds, and comfortable waiting-rooms.

RAILWAY READING.

— Nothing distinguishes railway travel in America and in Europe more strongly than the universal reading of

books, magazines, and newspapers on our roads. The European is generally an idler when he cannot be at his own work, which alone he has been trained to do; the American has a passion for turning every minute to account. The amount of absolute mental vacancy, per head, is doubtless less here than in any other nation. Hence our railways are favorite marts for all easy reading; and every writer for a monthly may safely reckon that a large proportion of those he addresses will be reached while whirling through space, eighty or more feet per second. At such times, people read more for occupation and less for profit than at others; but why does not this large demand for agreeable sketches of life, "society novels," and the like, call forth a more abundant and better home supply? The best English stories find their way more generally in this country than at home; but this kind of literature does not seem to flourish among our writers. It is an open secret now, that an original American Magazine can more easily obtain any thing else, high or low in character, than a good story. Is it not strange that in a nation in which Auerbach and Freytag, Victor Hugo, Balzac, and George Sand, Thackeray, Dickens, Bulwer, Reade, and Trollope, find nearly half their readers and half their fame, there should be no rivals of these writers?

That they belong to a class of men of leisure, who stand outside of life and observe it as critics and artists—a class which does not exist here; that our life is too busy and makes too many pressing demands on talent for minds capable of great work to pursue story-telling with devotion, is an imperfect solution of the difficulty, but the only one we have. Yet novels are a product of the times; they scarcely belong to universal literature, which rests on passions and powers that are the same in all ages, and which alone lives. The modern novel is perhaps already in decay; the work of future mind, that in which American genius to come will reveal itself, is of another order; and certainly nothing can be inferred against the capacity of a nation for

producing a great literature, by any deficiency in the knack of nursing a reader's curiosity through three volumes, while tying and untying the knotted thread of a romantic amour. The novel, as a novel, is far below the level of greatness; it is where the artist is more than a novelist, and protests nobly against social tyrannies and superstitions, or revives by genius forgotten heroism, or furnishes a touchstone for manliness before which conventionalisms wither, that the form of his works sinks from sight, and the crown of genius is won. *Consuelo* and *Ivanhoe*, *Romola* and the *Tale of Two Cities* are great, not as novels, but in spite of the form of novels, as poems; and when the titillations of the plot cease to be attractive, will be as well liked as now. It is an effeminate and unheroic age that reads for these; but who reads the *Iliad* or *Hamlet* for the plot?

MR. LOWELL'S "CATHEDRAL"

We have plenty of works in which the true greatness of the best novels has found expression in other forms. In December, James Russell Lowell's new poem, "*The Cathedral*" was published; and the revised and unmitigated version of it, which forms a beautiful little volume of itself, is a noble work which will add much to his fame. It is in a larger style than any of his earlier writings; simple, massive, memorable. Students of Browning's round-robin epic, "*The Ring and the Book*," will think they find its influence in passages, cramming them with thought at the expense of melody, and cramming easy words in hard places, under forms of syntax they never knew before. Yet these roughnesses, if rough at all, are set deliciously; flies made jewels by the lucid amber that flows around them. And there are jewels, too, in their own right, with small need of setting; the piece is studded with phrases which are pure nuggets of beautiful truth; with those happy epithets which are at once new, and yet so wedded to their subjects in the verse that divorce is impossible; more than all, with stray thoughts, such as might seem wild and strange, but that they have here naturally flowered into

exquisite expression only because their roots lie in the rich past.

TENNYSON'S NEW VOLUME.

But the most world-famous poem of the year, its chief literary event indeed, was the new volume by Tennyson, also published in December, completing his "*Idylls of the King*." These new *Idylls*, which are reviewed at length elsewhere in this number, had been in type, it is said, for many months, undergoing his revision in the proofs, which has been given to small purpose, however, if the London edition is as carelessly printed as the American, which alone we have seen; and which is made unsightly by many errors, and in one place senseless by the omission of a word. How much of the poems was written many years ago, we cannot tell; the "*Northern Farmer, new Style*," has certainly been in the author's hands five or six years; and the "*Morte d'Arthur*," which now appears as a part of the last *Idyll*, "*The Passing of Arthur*," was published in 1842. Yet the reader finds it hard to believe that the whole of this poem, in its present form, was written at once; there seems to be a joint, skillfully grooved and planed, but still visible, both in style and in thought, where the old familiar text begins so grandly:

"So all day long the noise of battle rolled
Among the mountains by the winter sea."

MUSEUM OF ART.

— Spain, in the early days of her decay, "sold her provinces to buy pictures." She is in straits now for money, and the day may come when even her pictures will be sold, to keep her rulers from destitution. Yet if the great *Galleria* of Madrid, the finest in the world, were sold to-day, there is no central organization in the United States which could be relied upon to enter into zealous competition for its stores. If any of the grand assemblages of works of art, now held by decrepit and pauper monarchs in the Old World, were brought to the auction block, it would be a national disgrace to the richest and most growing people on earth not to obtain a selection from them; but, except by individual purchases, to adorn private

and perishable houses, none would come to us. We do not want Congress to turn amateur collector; were there no stronger reasons, a glance at the hideous results of its patronage of art hitherto, as shown in the Rotunda of the Capitol, would forbid it; but we want an association of wise and liberal citizens, which will build a noble gallery, fit to receive the best paintings and sculpture of the world; which will open it, at all times, in the heart of the metropolis of America, as a school for the taste of the people; and which will be ready to bring into it, as opportunity offers, whatever may be produced among us, or spared from the old stores of the Old World, of the "art that cannot die."

The earnest demand for such a gallery will now have a chance to supply itself. The Committee appointed at the enthusiastic meeting of November 23d, in the Union League Club Theatre, have been busily at work, completing their plan for an organization, and enlisting artistic taste and talent in their enterprise; and the public will have an opportunity, early this year, to take an active part in it. The Royal Museum in Berlin, the Glyptothek and Pinacothek in Munich, and the South Kensington Museum in London, are all the work of one generation; and all but the last, of communities which do not approach this in wealth or in general activity of thought. Would it not add a glory to our country itself, if our children here and visitors from all parts of the world should find in New York an artistic centre equal to any of them?

THE COUNCIL.

— That most preposterous anachronism, the Œcumenical Council, is in session at Rome. In the pomp of its ceremonial and the solemnity of its proceedings, it is a parody upon the last church council which claimed to be universal, that of Trent, held in 1545. But in its relations to Christendom at large, it hardly rises to the dignity of a burlesque upon the great historical assembly of the sixteenth century. Pius IX. has spent more than twenty years in denouncing civilization and human progress; and

these eight hundred prelates have been called together to enact into a creed for Christianity all his absurd negations of whatever is good and hopeful in modern society and life. The spectacle of the church adopting the "syllabus" or summary of all the old pope's fanatical letters, as doctrine, is too pitiable to be merely amusing. If they go further, and declare the personal infallibility of the weak old gentleman, and of all who may hereafter buy or burrow their way into the seat he holds, they will place the Roman Church of to-day intellectually as far below that against which Luther contended, as that was morally below the standard of the New Testament. The three tailors of Shoreditch, beginning their manifesto, "We, the people of England," are the only parallel to the first council of the Vatican assuming to speak for the Christianity of the nineteenth century.

Some think that, unless the council proves too timid to register the decrees prepared for it, the Church in Europe will split; and a large part of the French and German bishops, with their flocks, will leave it. Doubtless some will do so; souls as truly Christian in their simple love for truth as Bishop Dupanloup and Father Hyacinthe cannot submit. But with Catholics in general, the habit of obedience is doubtless stronger than any definite convictions. The worst of it is that, in all free nations, the adoption of the syllabus by the Council will set the Church in direct opposition to the fundamental law. For instance, it will make it an article of faith with all Catholics that the Church has the right to use force, to impose temporal punishments, to require and compel all rulers to carry out her sentences of imprisonment, torture, or death; that the Pope has the right to set up or to depose rulers at his will, to give away kingdoms as gifts, to excommunicate and lay under an interdict whole nations, depriving them of the sacraments essential to salvation, at his caprice; that the toleration of other religions is wicked, and that modern civilization as a whole, including political freedom, self-govern-

ment, secular education, and the great scientific movement of the human mind, is pernicious and abominable. What will then be the attitude of the Catholics in this country towards our domestic politics?

ROMANISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

— Fortunately, the question concerns the nation far less than it does the Catholics themselves. The liberties of the United States are well fixed; the tide of our society is one which Mrs. Pius-Partington's broom can never sweep back. But there are particular districts in which the bigoted tools of priestcraft are so numerous, and the practices of parties so corrupt, that this Church of the Middle Ages may gain an indirect control, almost as complete as if it were directly established by law. The manner in which our common-school system is now attacked by Catholic journals, and by politicians in their interest, suggests that, at least in certain cities and States, trouble may grow out of the ultramontane fanaticism of the Catholic Church. The question whether King James's English Bible shall be read in the public schools is comparatively a trifle; but behind its agitation a strong party is forming against the entire State system of popular education. Hitherto little impression has been made on public opinion, which regards the common schools as the sacred church of liberty, and the truths they teach as its creed. But are there no politicians corrupt enough to sell out the poor man's only way to intellectual life, if they can get in exchange a larger lease of power? There are indications already that a storm is brewing in this quarter.

LIBERALISM IN EUROPE.

— Outside of the Council, liberal doctrines seem to flourish in Europe. England is considering the Irish land question with a patient fairness and kindness which show that her public opinion grows rapidly wider and more humane. The Austrian constitution seems to gain consistency and strength in practice. Prussia evidently strives more for growth and less for acquisition than hitherto. And in France, a quiet revo-

lution was wrought in December, when the Emperor adopted the British constitutional form in changing his ministry, such as may involve the most important results.

THE NEW FRENCH MINISTRY.

— M. Emile Ollivier, to whom Napoleon confided the formation of a new Cabinet, with himself as prime-minister, has, as all agree, a clear head, great powers of persuasion, unusual tact as a political manager, and a strong personal following among men of thought and education. He made his fame in the opposition, as the cautious but determined foe of absolutism; and was long regarded as a democrat. But for several years he has been privately the Emperor's friend, in certain emergencies his counsellor, and has come to be the leader of those who believe in "Napoleon, the well-intentioned" of Emile de Girardin, and who confidently hope to see the empire gradually grow into a truly free, constitutional monarchy, resembling in its best features that of England, but more bold, more scientific, and better centralized. His enemies call him timid, unprincipled, and a trimmer; his friends hail him as the savior of the empire and of France, the reconciler of liberty and order, the statesman to come of the century who is to eclipse the fame of Cavour and Bismarck. To us, so far away, the Napoleonic dynasty looks like a ship going to pieces in a raging storm; and Ollivier's task is to rebuild it, out of its own fragments, while the sea still rages. But then impossibilities are only the provocations of greatness; and if the new architect of a French government is so great, is greater than any of the seven or eight men before him, from the first Napoleon down, who have during this century attacked a similar problem and failed, he has certainly a chance to show it.

THE WORK OF CONGRESS.

— Congress met early in December with a world of work before it; but showed no disposition to do anything of importance. The Christmas recess came, with nothing to show for the first month but a resolution denouncing repudiation.

But a number of important documents were laid before it, among them the first message of President Grant, a long report from Secretary Boutwell, and a batch of interesting diplomatic correspondence on the Alabama claims. The President's words were few and weighted heavily with strong sense, except that he showed lamentable ignorance of finance and still more lamentable unconsciousness of his ignorance. Yet the Secretary of the Treasury himself presents a scheme, utterly inconsistent with the President's, but scarcely more tolerable. Some of the British journals call it "idiotic;" but this is abusive. It is more modest to say that it appears to be impracticable in its devices and fanatical in its anticipations.

REVENUE QUESTIONS.

— By far the most important official paper presented to Congress was the report of the Special Commissioner of the Revenue. In this report, the work of a year of industrious and intelligent research, Mr. Wells discusses the material progress of the nation in all its forms, conjectures the sum of its wealth as a whole, estimates the cost of the war, discusses the state of foreign trade, points out the injurious effects of an unsettled and inflated currency on the distribution of wealth, and reviews in minute detail our whole system of national taxation, exposing its blunders and excesses, and advocating an elaborate scheme of reform. The study of this report by the people will be a sort of education to them, in the most important questions of years to come.

THE TARIFF.

— The best part of the report and that of most practical import just now is the discussion of the tariff. The facts which Mr. Wells has here collected and arrayed so lucidly will convince every fair reader of the ruinous effects on the country at large of heavy duties levied in the interest of a class. People complain of the heavy taxes, but the real burden the government imposes on the people is not in its own revenue, but in that collected, under cover of its taxes, by private monopolies. Were our public burdens limited

to the actual wants of the public treasury, they would be the lightest, instead of the heaviest, in Christendom.

— Why, then, does Mr. Wells not say so plainly? Why does he not announce the general law which his facts irresistibly prove, that a tax which is "protective" is necessarily wrong in principle and pernicious in practice? Instead of this, he stops half-way: he recommends that the plunder voted by Congress to private interests be reduced! "Reform it altogether." It is always safer to put a reform on a basis of sound principle. To ask only a compromise with wrong is to sacrifice the right at the start. But Mr. Wells has always been a protectionist; only by the honest study of the facts has he been led so far away from the pet theories of his early life; and honor is due him for the simple love of truth with which he has pursued his researches, and for the manly avowal he makes of their results, as far as they are attained. The time cannot be distant, if he continues to reflect upon the subject, when he will follow other competent and candid inquirers in the direct advocacy of free, unrestricted trade.

THE LOGIC OF FREE TRADE.

— Free trade is the only consistent doctrine for a logician or a statesman. It stands among the laws of society as one of those simple, direct, universal principles whose statement is their demonstration. It has never yet been put on the defensive, for there is against it nothing but apology for the existence of interference. Nor can any such apology be devised on which a parallel argument cannot be framed, of equal strength, in favor of "a paternal government" in all things, of absolutism and of slavery. The distribution of the rewards of industry is better regulated by the natural course of competition and trade than it can possibly be by any devices of rulers; and the prosperity of the whole mass of men will be greatest, when each is free to buy what he wants and to sell what he has, where he can deal most to his own advantage. Who is wiser than these natural laws, which lie in the constitution of society? What human wisdom is great enough to re-legis-

late these social laws, and to rearrange profits and prices, not according to the service done mankind by those who earn them, but "from the depths of their inner consciousness?" Yet this is the protectionist's problem, and if he has not the omnipotence and omniscience needed to solve it, and to do this better than the architect of the present universe has done it, he is merely a meddler and disturber.

THE GROWTH OF CRIME.

— These economical truths have other aspects. No doubt the worst feature in the times is the growing tolerance of selfish crime. Robbery of the government by its officers and by tax-payers, robbery of corporations by their managers, and of the public by corporations, and all forms of swindling, large and small, are now more rife and less severely condemned than before the war. This is a curious instance of the broad effects of a legislative blunder on popular morality. The Legal Tender Act led to a depreciation of the currency; this made debts profitable and speculation universal. The rewards of industry were no longer distributed according to the value of industry, but a new distribution took place, according to chance or, at best, shrewd foresight. Plodding and saving, the economical virtues, fell into decay, while rash enterprise or reckless gambling flourished. The old-fashioned notion that wealth is honorable only as it is earned by services done to mankind, has died out; and the broad moral distinction between such wealth and that which is got without giving any equivalent, is effaced. Yet this distinction is the only safe guide for public opinion; honesty and dishonesty are rightly estimated only in a community where money taken from others without compensation is a disgrace to the taker, whether his means were force or guile. The time has been, when the banditti of Wall Street and those of Southern Italy would have shared the same condemnation; and it will come again. Meanwhile, the moral sense of the nation as a whole has been much debased, by a financial folly of its legislators.

MORAL EFFECTS OF BAD LAWS.

— This experience shows how intimately the moral culture of a people is bound up with its material condition; so that legislation, meant to touch only what we call the lower interest, always affects the higher. Civilization is one; life a globe of crystal in which the smallest stain or fracture tends to ruin all. The day has gone by when economical science could be studied apart from social science as a whole, when what have been called "the laws of selfishness" could be regarded as other than a branch of the laws of society. Whatever goes to change the currents of wealth, goes to change the growth of souls; and character, the aim, the summary, and the test of all civilization, gathers into itself, for good or evil, the whole history of past wisdom and folly. But it is chiefly by financial laws that governments, in these days of high organization, work upon public morals; and it is quite within bounds to say that Congress, by the Legal Tender Act alone, has occasioned more misery than all the public charities in the United States ever relieved, and more crime than all the courts of Christendom ever punished.

— Such reflections will occur to many thoughtful minds in studying the report of Mr. Wells. It is a plain business document, made up of facts and figures, and does not enter into the broader considerations of public morals and national character, with which, however, its facts are inseparably linked. This is as it should be; the Commissioner's work is done when he has shown the immediate effects of our tax-laws upon industry and trade; but his statistical summary of these is to the national life just what the official report of a general after a great battle, giving the outline of his movements, and the number of killed and wounded, is to the heroism and sacrifice of the conflict, the anguish of the sufferers upon the field, and the irreparable desolation left in a thousand homes.

THE IRON MONOPOLY.

— For instance, Mr. Wells shows that iron, the chief element of civiliza-

tion, is actually worth in gold, about \$20.50, or less than twenty-five dollars of our currency, per ton; and that it can be made in this country, with a fair profit, in open competition with the markets of the world. But we have a tariff law, whose object is to prevent this competition, and to make iron sell for more than it is worth. This law has given those who have furnaces a practical monopoly, for a long series of years, of this manufacture; so that they have received a far higher price from the consumers than iron has commanded in other civilized nations. This tax has brought the treasury, in round numbers, a million of dollars a year; it has brought the monopolists ten times as much, in addition to their reasonable and natural profits; but how much has it taken from the people?

HOW IT REACHES EVERY MAN.

— This is a question which no man can answer. There is not an article used in manufactures, in trade, or in the household, but is laid under tribute by it. The maker of machinery and tools, of railroads, engines, and cars, of ploughs, looms, anvils, and spades, of houses, glass, and shoes, of paper, pens, printing-presses, and books, must pay more for his raw material; must therefore have more capital, pay more interest upon it, and charge higher profits, because of this tax. Every workingman's rent, his axe, his coat, his loaf, his knife, his fire, must pay duty, not to the United States, but to the iron-master of Pennsylvania. The amount this tax yields to the monopolists directly is thus multiplied in a thousand forms, and enters into every varied avenue of industry, clogging them all, checking the progress of invention, utterly destroying many branches of busi-

ness, robbing the laborer's home of its comforts and his life of hope. This is but one of many such taxes, on salt, on copper, on lumber, on wood, on coal, on clothing, on leather, on every thing of which a monopoly can be maintained by law, all of which are levied for the avowed purpose of "protecting" a class at the expense of the nation; and which together make up the bulk of the whole burden which is exhausting its strength.

MORAL EVILS OF HIGH TARIFFS.

— The moral aspects of such legislation are too bold to escape notice. It is all false upon its face; for it is in the form of revenue laws; laws which pretend to be made for the benefit of the national treasury, while they really pay five dollars to private interests for one to the government. It helps to obliterate all moral sense of the sacredness of property and of the rights of labor, that wealth is obtained more speedily and surely by a vote of Congress than by industry and prudence. It makes legislation itself suspected, if not corrupt, by setting before its authors enormous pecuniary interests, hanging upon a single word. It breaks down commercial integrity, by provoking evasions of law, smuggling, and bribery. An honest revenue law, which shall aim simply to supply the wants of the treasury, at the least cost to the people, is the prime condition of a reform in public morals. The glory of England to-day is the purity of her financial administration, in all its branches; a purity beyond that found in any other nation, and which belongs mainly to this generation, being unquestionably due, in a very great measure, to the revolution which put an end to monopolies sustained by tax-laws, only twenty years ago.

LITERATURE—AT HOME.

— If ever poet did his best to perfect himself in his art, as, first, by thinking over his themes before writing about them; second, by devoting his noblest powers to the writing; and, third, by keeping his manuscripts more than the Horatian period, it is Alfred Tennyson.

Whatever faults may be laid to his charge, the grave fault of hasty thinking and careless writing is not among the number. He has always done his best, not merely his best for the day, or the year, but his best for life. We are reminded of this whenever we take up

the late editions of his collected works, where we continually meet with changes of text, some of which are certainly for the better, while others are as certainly for the worse. But, good or bad, there they stand, as the poet's last expression of himself and his genius. It is nearly forty years since the attention of Tennyson was turned to the Arthur legends, and he has not done with them yet, or has done with them so recently that they must still be vital in his mind. *The Lady of Shalott*, a boy's attempt to handle one of these legends, was published in his second volume, issued in 1832; and now, in the year of grace, 1870, we have *The Holy Grail and Other Poems* (Fields, Osgood & Co.), the perfect work of the man, and the last, we imagine, of his Arthurian epics, or Idylls, as he prefers to call them. Strictly speaking, there are but two new idylls in the volume, "The Holy Grail," and "Pelleas and Ettarre;" for "The Coming of Arthur" we must regard as a prologue to what follows here, and in "The Idylls of the King;" while "The Passing of Arthur" answers for the necessary epilogue. A considerable portion of the latter is old, as the reader will discover, figuring in "The Epic," which dates as far back, in print, as 1842. If we could suppose ourselves to be writing in 1832, it would be our duty to say something of "The Lady of Shalott;" or, if we could suppose ourselves to be writing ten years later, it would be our duty to say something of "The Epic." But the "forward-flowing tide of time" will not flow back with us, as with the poet, in his *Recollections of the Arabian Nights*, so we shall say nothing of either; for what would have been a duty then, would be merely a pleasure now—a pleasure we can no more afford ourselves in Tennyson's case than in Shakespeare's or Milton's. We will not dwell, therefore, upon these fresh Arthurian idylls, further than to say that they are fully worthy of those which preceded them. If we have any criticism at all to make, it is that the *substance* is not quite so rich, the action so memorable, but the form is as perfect as ever. It is no

praise to say this, however, for this is the one thing above all others we are sure to find in Tennyson. His workmanship—his art is perfect, more perfect, if there can be degrees of perfection, than the art of any other English poet, living or dead. Of the minor pieces only *The Northern Farmer—New Style*, *The Higher Pantheism*, *Flower in the Crannied Wall*, and *The Golden Supper* are new. "The Northern Farmer" is not so striking as his elder brother of the same name; "The Higher Pantheism," is a brief and inadequate treatment of a large subject; and "The Golden Supper" is not what we have a right to expect from Tennyson, who ought to be above writing, or printing, fragments now. "Flower in the Crannied Wall," should never have seen the light, or, seeing it once, should have been allowed to pass out of sight, with

"I stood on a tower in the wet."

If it be parodied, as it probably will be, a very natural rhyme to "crannies" will at once suggest itself to the parodists.

— In Mr. Gerald Massey's *Tale of Eternity* (Fields, Osgood & Co.), there are eighty-two poems, if we have counted them correctly, or over seven times as many as in Tennyson's new volume. If quantity stood for quality, Mr. Massey ought to be seven times as great a poet as Tennyson, or, say, at least a Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth in one. As quantity, however, does not stand for quality, Mr. Massey is merely what he is, viz., a voluminous, not to say multitudinous, versifier. When he first appeared it was the fashion to praise him, and to hope good things from him in the future. It was the fashion to praise him because he had raised himself from quite a low station in life, as they regard it in England, to a place among men of letters, or among those whom it sometimes pleases us to consider such. We respect Mr. Massey for what he has made himself, as we do all self-made men; but we realize in his case, as in most similar cases, that the self-made man is generally a half-made man. For what he was and is, he will not compare with Burns,

or Bloomfield, or poor John Clare, most ignorant and most delicious of rural poets. Mr. Massey's early poetry was very much like Mr. Alexander Smith's early poetry, except that it was invariably written in worse taste, which is rather a severe judgment to pass on it, when we recall the very bad taste exhibited on every page of *The Life Drama*. That is to say, Mr. Massey's verse was all a fume and a splutter of rich, lush words, as if instead of waiting until his fancies were out of the shell and fledged, he had incontinently broken the eggs which contained them, and whipped the contents into a yellow, frothy syllabub. As time passed on, he learned to make sponge cakes, which were acceptable, we suppose, to the lovers of such light diet. There are pretty things in *The Ballad of Babe Christobel*, and in *Craig-crook Castle*. And there are pretty things in "A Tale of Eternity"—if we could only remember where they are. Here is one, which stands as a motto to an "In Memoriam":

"The dear ones who are worthiest of our love
Below, are also worthiest above.
Too lofty is his place in glory now,
For hands like ours to reach and wreath his brow:
A few pale flowers we plant upon his tomb,
Watered with tears to make them breathe and bloom.
The gentle soul that was so long thy ward,
Now hovers over thee, thine Angel-Guard:
And, as thou mourn'st above his dust so dear,
Thy happy Comforter draws smiling near.
Look up, dear friend, our Doves of Earth but rise,
Transfigured into Birds of Paradise."

There are pretty things, too, in *Hymns and other Lyrics*, which are noticeable for a vein of simple, natural reflection, and genuine devotional spirit. The volume is an advance upon the earlier pieces of Mr. Massey. It is written throughout with more soberness, and with fewer violations of good taste. Its chief defect is a want of substance. There is not enough sense behind the words, or the sense is so commonplace that it leaves no mark in the memory when the words are no longer before the eye. One poem washes out another, as if the whole were ripples of spray on a beach. They glitter, and are gone. "A Tale of Eternity" will never reach its destination.

— Indifferent as American Literature is, there was once a time, nor was it so very long ago, either, when it must have been a weariness to the soul. So, at least, we judge from the *flotsam* and *jetsam* which the waves of the present are occasionally casting up at our feet. Two such wrecked ventures are *The Poems of Emma C. Embury*, (Hurd & Houghton) and *Titania's Banquet, Pictures of Women, and other Poems*, by George Hill (D. Appleton & Co.). We have no wish to speak with disrespect of either of these writers, for the first is dead, while the last must be well along in the vale of years. We remember Mrs. Embury as a contributor to the magazines of thirty years ago, at which time, and possibly a little earlier, she was not inaptly styled "The Hemans of America." So remarks the writer of the Preface to the volume, in charming unconsciousness that a comparison with Mrs. Hemans has long since lost whatever little value it may have had once. As nobody reads Mrs. Hemans now, so far as we are aware, it is not likely that many will read her American counterpart. The ladies were alike, if we may trust our recollections, in that the strong point of both was the domestic affections, and unlike in that Mrs. Hemans was a spirited rhetorician, which Mrs. Embury was not. We can recall "The Pilgrim Fathers," "Casabianca," "Leaves have their time to fall," and "Flowers, bring flowers," but, though we have just laid down Mrs. Embury's poems, they are gone from us utterly,—

"Gone like a wind that blew
A thousand years ago."

It is a handsome volume of 368 pages, and if one is making a collection of American Poetry, it will look well in the collection. So will also Mr. Hill's little book, which purports to be a third edition, revised and enlarged. It differs materially from the first and second editions, future bibliographers may like to know, but wherein we cannot inform them, since we have not been able to persuade ourselves to let Mr. Hill be our usher to "Titania's Banquet." We have likewise declined to see many of his

"Pictures of Women." "The Ruins of Athens" are not so poetic now, as forty or fifty years ago, when Campbell and Byron were encouraging the Greeks in their struggles with the hated Moslem; nor do we think much of "Sonnets" constructed in defiance of all rules. Here is a specimen of one, which recalls what Halleck (in whose memory it was written) was fond of quoting from Burns, about the awkward squad firing over his grave:

"The earth that heaps thy relics, Halleck, where
No name more famed sepulchral shaft shall bear,
Full many a pilgrim-bard from many a shore
Shall wend to greet, till time shall be no more;
The spot, henceforth to genius ever dear,
Shall gladly hail, nor quit without a tear;
Some strain of thy imperishable lyre
Recall, and ere reluctant he retire,
Exclaim, 'In thee, O Fame's lamented son!
A thousand poets we have lost in one.'"

A sonnet, quotha! It is such a sonnet as Bottom would have written after he was "translated."

— It must be humiliating for the literary guild to reflect that in a few years the greater part of their number will only live in the pages of biographical and bibliographical dictionaries, and that of the remainder the greater part will only go down to posterity in extracts. If there was any certainty that the extracts would be made from their best works, and would include the best things therein, they might be consoled for the oblivion which had overtaken the rest; but unfortunately there is no such certainty, the rule being that the majority of writers are represented at their worst. If the reader doubt this fact as regards the English Poets, he should turn to Percy and Ellis, and note what they quote from the singers of the age of Elizabeth, and the days of James and Charles the First, and then read some of the authors quoted, if possible, in the original editions, and see if they do not generally rise in his estimation. Once an author is quoted from, he is done for; for your ordinary compiler follows his fellows as sheep follow their leader,

"Thorough bush, thorough briar."

It is sad for a poet to know that nine tenths of his work must perish; but to

know that the one tenth which survives is unworthy of him, is to be injured without the hope of redress. We are led to these reflections by *Evenings with the Sacred Poets*, by the author of "Festival of Song," "Salad for the Solitary," etc., a handsome volume, of which Messrs. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. are the publishers. To say that it is not interesting would be untrue, and to say that it is not disappointing would be equally untrue; the fault being that it is interesting, as regards the amount and variety of information in it, and disappointing, as regards its criticisms and many of its selections. The compiler is evidently a man of old-fashioned tastes and sympathies, who has read much, digested a little, and who relies upon authorities for his opinions. The cast of mind implied by these habits is a safe one for certain literary purposes, but it cannot be depended upon when thorough research and acute criticism are demanded. We have found much that was valuable in the shape of material in these "Evenings," but not much that was new to us, except in literatures with which we are unfamiliar. Of the last five *Evenings*, which embrace the sacred poets of England and America, we are perhaps somewhat competent to speak, having gone over the ground to a certain extent ourselves, and these have frequently disappointed us. We doubt the authorship of some of the poems quoted, and more than doubt the correctness of the text of others. A poem on page 223, commencing

"Rise, O my soul, with thy desires to heaven,"

is ascribed to Raleigh, but on what authority we are not told. In the first place, it is not included in any edition of Raleigh, with which we are acquainted; in the second place, no edition of Raleigh can be trusted implicitly; in the third place, if there is any such thing as internal evidence, it is entirely against Raleigh, whose verse, so far as it has been authenticated, is harsh and fantastic, rather than harmonious and natural. Internal evidence is against Chaucer's having written in such modern diction as this:

"Fly from the crowd, and be to virtue true,
Content with what thou hast, though it be small;
To hoard brings hate: nor lofty thoughts pursue;
He who climbs high, endangers many a fall."

On page 241, we find these lines:

"All must to their cold graves;
But the religious actions of the just
Smell sweet in death, and blossom in the dust."

On page 254, we have the last stanza of Shirley's great dirge, which concludes,

"All heads must come
To the cold tomb:
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust!"

Is it not curious that the man who quoted this, could not see that there was something wrong in the other quotation? and is it not still more curious that the first and last lines of this noble poem should be incorrectly given? If we may trust our memory as against the text before us, Shirley wrote,

"The glories of our blood and state,"

instead of "*birth* and state," and "blossom in *their* dust," instead of "*the* dust." One of the most beautiful of Shirley's smaller pieces copied on the same page, reads as follows:

"Hark! how chimes the passing bell!
There's no music to a knell:
All the other sounds we hear
Flatter, and but cheat the ear.
This doth put us still in mind
That our flesh must be resigned;
And, a general silence made,
The world be muffled in a shade.
Orpheus' late, as poets tell,
Was but a moral of this bell."

Where the compiler found this we know not; but in a copy of Shirley's "Poems," bearing the date of 1646, instead of the two concluding lines just quoted, we have,

"He that on his pillow lies,
Tear-embalmed before he dies,
Carries, like a sheep, his life,
To meet the sacrificer's knife,
And for Eternity is prest,
Sad bell-wether to the rest."

We are by no means satisfied with the way in which the early English Poets are represented, but as tastes differ we suppose the compiler of these "Evenings," has as good a right to his preferences as we have to ours. He has no right, however, to change the measures of his authors, as he does perpetually,

and to such an extent, that we sometimes fail to recognize our old favorites. Here is the beginning of a poem of Habington's:

"When I survey the bright celestial sphere
So rich with jewels hung that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear,
My soul her wings doth spread, and heavenward flies,
The Almighty's mysteries to read
In the large volume of the skies!"

This should stand as follows:

"When I survey the bright
Celestial sphere," etc,

the six lines quoted being really eight lines re-arranged, apparently to save space. Pope's "Universal Prayer" is tolerably well known; but it is not easy to recognize it in such lines as these:

"Thou Great First Cause, least understood! who all
my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good, and that
myself am blind."

It is still more difficult to recognize Cowper's "Castaway" in this:

"No poet wept him; but the page of narrative sincere,
That tells his name, his worth, his age, is wet with
Anson's tear,
And tears, by bards or heroes shed
Alike immortalize the dead."

How this extract from Bethune should be corrected, or how it can be read, as it stands, will probably puzzle many:

"I am alone; and yet in the still solitude there is a
rush
Around me as were met a crowd of viewless
wings; I hear a gush
Of uttered harmonies,—heaven meeting earth,
Making it to rejoice with holy mirth."

We are not familiar with the poem, but it probably stands in the original,

"I am alone: and yet
In the still solitude there is a rush
Around me, as were met
A crowd of viewless wings; I hear a gush," etc.

Nothing can be said in defence of such liberties as these, which are multiplied indefinitely, and are so unpardonable, that we close the book lest we should be unjust to its merits, which are considerable, of their kind, though the kind is not one which will commend it to scholars.

— If theology were our forte, we should probably not make the confession that we do in regard to *The Life of Joseph Addison Alexander, D. D.* (Scribner & Co.), viz.—that we had no idea

that America had produced so profound a scholar. We are not in the habit of reading the Lives of divines, however eminent, but we have read this "Life" through, and when we say that it is in two bulky volumes of upwards of five hundred pages each, the reader may suppose that the pleasure of it exceeded the labor. Dr. Alexander was every way a remarkable man (we might say the most remarkable man in the country, if Mr. Martin Chuzzlewit had not anticipated us in the expression), and the most remarkable thing about him was his talent for learning languages, of which he probably knew more than any linguist of his time. As soon as he was able to understand the meaning of English words, he began to study Latin; at six, or thereabouts, he began to study Hebrew, and a little later, Arabic and Persian. He read every thing that came in his way, and wrote largely from boyhood, both in prose and verse, and with astonishing fluency and clearness. He seems to have found, or made, a royal road to knowledge, and to the last day of his life it was open to his eager and unwearied spirit. He was once asked by one of his acquaintances how many languages he knew, and he answered, "I have a smattering of several." His biographer, Henry Carrington Alexander, gives a list of them, and it amounts to twenty-four, including Syriac, Ethiopic, Chinese, Malay, and Ooptic. He was unique among modern scholars for the ease with which he used his extraordinary learning, which sat upon him and his work "as lightly as a flower." Dr. Beach Jones remarked this fact in a letter to Dr. Alexander's biographer, chiefly in reference to his expositions of the Acts of the Apostles and the Gospels of Mark and Matthew. "Scholars can see in every part of these commentaries proofs of amazing erudition, as well as of the profoundest and nicest scholarship; and even unprofessional readers become convinced that the author must have possessed vast resources. Yet it would be difficult to point to any similar production where so much learning is presupposed and implied, and

where so little is displayed. We have the ripest fruits of consummate scholarship, but no parade of the means and process by which they were reproduced. One of the first scholars and greatest minds in this country was once contrasting the commentaries of Professor Alexander with those of another distinguished professor in the same department, and illustrated the difference by the following expressive figure: 'When — has done his work, you find yourself up to your knees in shavings. When Dr. A. has finished his, you don't see a chip.' Not the least astonishing thing about the great scholar was his mastery of nonsense, of which we have several specimens in his "Life." One, written in his youth, is made up of words which were to be found in Webster's Dictionary, and a curious medley it is. Another, written in manhood, was in the form of a magazine for children. It was mostly made up of stories, of which the following extract from "Don Patrick: A Romance of Terra del Fuego," is not a bad example: "On the summit of the Amazon, above the green fields which are watered by the Hecla and its tributary streams, there stood in ancient times a fortified sirocco! From its frowning entablature the martial canonet, as he paced to and fro with his easel on his shoulder, could behold the verdant glaciers of Owwhyee, and occasionally catch the dying echo of some distant *mal di testa*, as it died away among the capsules of the lofty prairies. Here the youthful Masorites were wont to angle for the aloe and the centipede, the choicest dainties of a Gentian's table; while above them, in the logarithms of St. Chroline, an extenuated monkey of the order of Sangamon, wearing his rosary of snow-white azure, chanted the solemn replevin of the Vandal Church. In this romantic spot, before the days of Salamanca, or perhaps while she was reigning, lived an aged Virtuoso, who could trace his cosmogony to Upas the Valerian, through many generations of illustrious Flamingoes." Bon Gaultier was good at this kind of writing, as the "Ballads" testify, particularly the imi-

tation of Tom Moore, with its superb line,

"And kaftan and kalpac have gone to their rest;" but Bon Gaultier was a mere bungler beside Dr. Alexander, who adds another to the many confirmations of the truth of the proverb,

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

— Three documents of signal importance have appeared within a few months, in the interest of the liberal party in the Roman Catholic Church. The first is the protest of Father Hyacinthe—the greatest of living Roman Catholic preachers. The second is the latest pastoral of Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, beyond comparison the ablest of the French bishops, in which he shows by unsparing argument the inexpediency of declaring the Infallibility of the Pope to be a dogma of faith. The third is *The Pope and the Council*, by Janus (Roberts Brothers).

The chief part of the book is occupied with a direct and most overwhelming attack, not on the *expediency* of enunciating the doctrine of Infallibility, but on the very doctrine itself. It is the work of a Roman Catholic theologian of Germany, whose name is withheld from publication. But no Protestant author within our knowledge has struck at this dogma such trenchant blows, or brought to the discussion a more ample equipment of historical learning. He shows the whole system of papal absolutism to have been built exclusively upon a long series of deliberate forgeries of historical documents. And although there is nothing new to ecclesiastico-historical scholars in this demonstration, it is put with new and irresistible force in this volume, and proceeds from a source which gives it new and momentous significance. This work and Dupanloup's pastoral are documents of a sort to commit the liberal Roman Catholic party irrevocably to war with the "infallibilists." They take positions from which there can be no going back, but in which, in case the conspiracy of the Jesuit faction is successful, and the definition of infallibility is secured in the council, they must

stand *inter-exclusus*—which is Latin for "out in the cold."

It looks to us as if the unflinching boldness with which these liberals have encountered the arrogance of their ultramontane antagonists, would be successful. To be sure, the latter have pledged themselves just as irrevocably in favor of infallibility as the liberals have pledged themselves against it. They have distinctly declared that the Church cannot get along without it, just as the liberals have demonstrated that the Church cannot possibly get along with it. Rather than pronounce a decision which would be tantamount to the condemnation of one or the other of these powerful parties, we incline to the conviction that the Ecumenical Council, with the cautiousness common to delegated bodies, will fall into something like the position of the outside world, which is disposed to agree with both of them.

— *Priest and Nun*, by Mrs. Julia McNair Wright (Phila. Crittenden & McKinney), is a "sensational story," designed to create the impression that Roman Catholic clergymen are generally worse than their Protestant brethren; that convents are prisons in which the daughters of our first families are kidnapped and immured in spite of *Habeas Corpus*; that "the dungeons under the Cathedral" are commonly used for the incarceration of offenders against the Church; and that the servant-girl of the period is ordinarily implicated in a foul and dark conspiracy to destroy the liberties of our beloved country, and to get the babies of America baptized on the sly. We have our misgivings about the effectiveness of this method of training the youths of America

"Early to fly the Babylonian woe,"

inasmuch as some of the most eminent recent converts to Romanism have, according to their own confession, been brought up under this very regimen. But if this method is still to be pursued, the book before us is perhaps as good for it as any thing since the "Awful Disclosures" of Maria Monk. The degree of literary ability of the book is worthy of the class of literature to which it belongs.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART ABROAD.

MONTHLY NOTES PREPARED FOR PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE.

—The necessity of preparing these notes nearly a month in advance of their publication, prevents us from giving all the announcements of the winter season in England and on the Continent; but the indications, as we write, are that there will be no falling off in the literary productiveness of our foreign friends. All departments of authorship are already well represented: history, biography, criticism, fiction, will receive many additions—few of them, perhaps, of very special importance, but also few which have not a sufficient reason for existence. In spite of the inundation of novels, and the ever-increasing grotesqueness of their titles, the taste for graver works, especially of science, theology, and history, when not too technically handled, seems to be steadily increasing. There is no doubt that the average quality of literary performance has improved—indeed, it was probably never higher than at present. But out of the mass of books which exhibit considerable skill in statement, the number which give evidence of proportioned and well-considered design, still remains few. This is principally true of the English literature of to-day. In France, there is so much excellence in both these respects, that it has grown slightly monotonous; while in Germany we have labor, research, sentiment, theories innumerable, but, with a few exceptions, a general carelessness in regard to literary workmanship.

—Our design, in these monthly notes, is to chronicle whatever in Foreign Literature, Art, or Discovery may possess an interest for the American reader. A complete resumé of such intelligence would claim much more space than the character of this Magazine will allow, and would embrace much matter, important only to a limited class. Moreover, literary or artistic events of marked prominence are so generally discussed by the daily and weekly press, that, in many instances, the interest in them is already obsolete before they could appear in a monthly periodical. We have preferred to collect, chiefly, the material which has not been thus exhausted, and which, therefore, is likely to retain a certain freshness for our readers. This is less possible in English than in German and

French literature. The field is large enough for many gleaners, and if we now and then pick up poppies and "azure cyanes" instead of ears, there are those to whom color is as necessary as bread.

—A work which ought to be very charming is the life of Mary Russell Mitford, "related in a series of Letters to her Friends;" by the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange. The announcement contains a list of the distinguished contemporaries whom she knew, or knew of through friends,—two hundred in number. The poets commence with Cowper and end with Tennyson. Any one who had the fortune to see Miss Mitford in her cottage at Swallowfield, and to hear her delightful talk of old days and old scenes, would be slow to consent that such a rare and eventful personal history should be lost. If Mr. L'Estrange has given, as the title would indicate, Miss Mitford's life in her own language, we may count on a sure and unusual pleasure.

—Among the announcements of new works on theological subjects are: "The Church and the Age;" "Ecclesia, a Series of Essays;" "History of Religious Thought in England," by the Rev. John Hunt; "The Peace of God," by the Archdeacon of York, and "Fireside Homilies," by Dean Alford. Of a more strictly historical character are "Heroes of Hebrew History," by the Bishop of Oxford, and a translation of Pressensé's "Early Years of Christianity." In Germany, Dr. Diestel, Professor of Theology at Jena, has just published a "History of the Old Testament in the Christian Church"—a work which has not yet been performed, notwithstanding that the original theological publications in Germany average *fifteen hundred annually!* There could be no stronger evidence of the existence of very grave and important undercurrents of thought and speculation in the religious world than is furnished by the large and increasing number of works of this class. And perhaps nothing could better illustrate the advancing civilization of the race than the difference in tone and temper and tolerant intelligence between the religious writings of to-day and those of a century or two ago.

— Dr. Stratmann, of Kelfeld, the author of a "Dictionary of Old English," has commenced the publication of Shakespeare, giving the exact reading and spelling of the first editions, with the later variations. He is very severe upon the modern critics for their arbitrary changes, and in many instances justifies his retention of the original text, through his knowledge of the English of Shakespeare's day. The devotion and patience of the many accomplished students of Shakespeare in Germany is hardly likely to be paralleled in the poet's own country.

— It is quite impossible to keep pace with the productions of the English novelists. Every week brings us a fresh flood of announcements. We notice, however, the beginning of a slight change in the style of titles. There are still: "Too Bright to Last," "Not to Be," and "Only Herself," but "M. or N." denotes a tendency toward condensation, and a return to realistic simplicity is hinted at in "Martha Planebarke."

— The *Magazin für die Literatur des Auslands* translates large portions of Mr. Lea's article on "Monks and Nuns in France," which was published in *Putnam's Magazine*, last summer.

— Adolph Strodtmann, in translating into German Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," has allowed himself a singular liberty. Unable to find rhymes enough for "six hundred (*sechs hundert*, which certainly has one rhyme—*verwundet*), he has increased the number to one thousand—*tausend*, which admits of several rhymes! The heroism of the celebrated charge is thereby diminished exactly forty per cent.!

— Among the recent additions to the Humboldt literature is a collection of letters entitled "In the Ural and the Altai," written by Humboldt to Count Cancrin, the Russian Minister of Finance, during the journey of the former to Siberia, in 1829. The personal narrative of this journey was never written by Humboldt, hence the correspondence supplies a missing link in the story of his travels.

— "American War Pictures: Sketches from the years 1861-65, by Otto Hensinger," is the title of a work recently published in Leipzig. The author served under Blenker and Sigel, and gives lively descriptions of the battles in which he was engaged. His work, however, is filled with complaints against the American generals and the American people for their failure—as he affirms—to properly recognize the services of the German troops.

— Since the celebration of Humboldt's hundredth birth-day, no less than eight biographies of him have been published in Germany.

— Mathilde Wesendonck, of Zurich, Switzerland, has written a tragedy embodying the story of *Gudrun*, one of the mediæval epics of Germany. The performance was much more successful than that of Richard Wagner's opera of "Rheingold"—an attempt to revive the same kind of material.

— On the 6th of September, the fiftieth anniversary of Hans Christian Andersen's arrival at Copenhagen was there celebrated. The author received the grand cross of the order of Dannebrog.

— The industry and zeal of the German Egyptologists, and the extent to which they have enriched our knowledge of the old Egyptian civilization, are not yet generally known. The latest contribution in this field is Dr. Dümichen's report of his researches in 1868. He was attached to the astronomical expedition sent to observe the total eclipse of that year in Aden, his special duty being the examination of the oldest Egyptian monuments—a task for which he was prepared by years of philological and archaeological studies. His work is devoted principally to an account of the nautical achievements of the Egyptians, and to a further explanation of Hartmann's zoological figures, taken from the monuments. He traces back the history of Egyptian commerce to the period of the Fourth Dynasty, about 2,500 B. C., and thereby furnishes additional evidence of the great influence of Egypt upon the civilization of the ancient world. The representations of animals, during the period extending from 1,700 to 3,000 B. C. are said to be so correctly given that their zoological classification may be made without any difficulty.

— "English Essays" is the title of a book just published in Hamburg. It is a collection of eleven papers in the English language, chosen, apparently, more from the interest which they possess for German readers, than from their intrinsic literary excellence. Among them are a paper on "Humboldt," by Harriet Martineau; others on "Charlotte Brontë" and "Nuremberg," from the *North American Review*; and Mrs. Stowe's "True (?) Story of Lady Byron."

— The extent of musical culture in Germany may be guessed from the fact that two new encyclopedias, devoted specially to music, are now in the course of publication there. The first, which appears in Berlin, is

entitled "Musical Conversations Lexicon." The editor is Hermann Mendel, assisted by a committee of the Composers' Association of Berlin. The other, a "Hand-lexicon of Music," by Dr. Oscar Paul, is published in Leipzig. The parts which have appeared, extending from A to Br, contain already 2,500 articles!

— Frederick Spielhagen, the author of "Problematic Natures," has appeared as a reader in Berlin. Being a gentleman of refined and agreeable presence, with a full, rich, well-modulated voice, he seems to have made a very favorable impression upon his audiences. His reading is based upon that of Dickens, being selected passages—especially those which possess dramatic effect—from his own novels. The literary journals hail his appearance as "the restoration of a neglected art."

— Brockhaus, in Leipzig, is at present occupied with the publication of four series of German classics, which, when completed, will present an unbroken collection of all the representative works of German literature, from the days of the Niebelungen-Lied to the present time. The eight volumes of the "Classics of the Middle Ages," which have already appeared, include Walther von der Vogelweide, the Gudrun, Niebelungen, Tristan, and Parzival; then follow the "Poets of the Sixteenth Century," of which three volumes of songs and plays have appeared. Other volumes will give us Fischart, Hans Sachs, Marnet, &c. The third series, "Poets of the Seventeenth Century," commences with Paul Flemming, after which Opitz and Friedrich von Logau follow; while the "Poets of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries" will complete the list. The collection will be completed in the course of a year or two.

ART.

— The Countess of Flanders, sister-in-law to the King of Belgium, is said to possess a remarkable talent for etching. She is now employed in producing a series of designs, illustrating De Maistre's "Voyage autour de ma chambre."

— The first living Italian architect, Luigi Polletti, died recently in Baveno, on Lago Maggiore, whither he had gone to superintend the quarrying of columns of red granite for the portico of the Basilica of San Paolo, in Rome. He was seventy-seven years old, and a native of Modena.

— Madame Jerichau, the famous Danish artist, has, it is said, received a commission from the Sultan to paint some of the beauties of his harem.

— The German journal, *Ueber Land und Meer*, has a portrait of Leutze, with a full and appreciative biography, and an engraving of his picture of the "First Mass of Marie Stuart."

— A cargo of ancient sculpture and architectural fragments, from Ephesus Sardis and other places in Asia Minor, is on its way to London.

— A committee at Bolton, in England, to decide upon a monument to be erected there, have passed a resolution declaring that they will accept the model which can be erected at the least expense!

— Dr. Adolf Stahr, in his recent work, "A Winter in Rome," thus speaks of Mr. Story's sculpture: "Here, in the realm of historic-national art, he appears as an entirely new creative power, and thereby he has opened to the plastic artist a new field, which promises rich results to his hand and the hands of his successful followers. On beholding the Cleopatra, the Libyan Sibyl, the Dalila, whereto a Judith, a Saul, and a Medea brooding revenge must be added, one feels, as a spectator who saw these statues with us expressed it: 'as if one breathed an air of new life and hope for the further development of plastic art.' And it is certainly a significant circumstance that this fresh, vital direction has been given by a son of the youngest civilized race—a son of America."

— A monument of an entirely original character is to be given to the Austrian author, Adalbert Stifter. The scene of one of his most charming stories, *der Hochwald*—is in the mountains of Bohemia. Near the spot there is a rocky rampart some twelve hundred feet in height, visible for a distance of twenty or thirty miles in every direction. It is proposed to chisel the author's name on this rock, in letters of such size that, when gilded, they shall shine far and wide over the land. If our rocks must be lettered, we should much prefer to see "Bryant," "Halleck" and "Irving" on the Palisades, instead of S. T. 1860 X, and other kindred abominations.

— Two new and well-deserved monuments to poets have just been completed. That of Count Platen, in Syracuse, Sicily, was solemnly dedicated on the 25th of October last, in the presence of the Sicilian offi-

cials and an immense crowd of people. The spirits of Hafiz and Theocritus were presented. Three days later, the monument to Rückert was unveiled, in the poet's own garden, in Neussess, near Coburg. Dr. Tempelvey—a young German poet—delivered the oration; and a song of Rückert, for which Beethoven composed the music, closed the ceremony.

The sum of \$16,000 has already been subscribed to the Schiller monument in Vienna, making the *fifth* city which has thus honored the poet's memory. The *Schiller-stiftung*, founded in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of his birth-day, and now possessing a capital of \$250,000, has just granted a life-pension of 500 thalers a year to the old Silesian poet, Karl von Holtei, one of 300 thalers to Carl Beck, one of 300 to Alexander Jung, and one of 100 thalers to Fräulein von Herder, the last remaining grandchild of the great author.

—The European journals state that Pope Pius IX. intends to erect an equestrian statue of the Emperor Constantine in Rome. Instead of the sword, he will hold in his hand a parchment scroll, representing the supposed decree upon which the Popes base their temporal power. As the authenticity of such a decree has been doubted by the historians, the question will probably be considered settled by its monumental representation in bronze.

—The *German Art-Journal*, in its notices of the International Art-Exposition at Munich, devotes a chapter to "American and Russian Painters." The critic first declares that the Americans have "only very recently been added to the list of those nations which produce works of art," and then complacently remarks: "Indeed, so far as the native Americans are concerned, their artistic faculty appears to be quite feebly developed, probably suppressed by the prevailing tendency of the American mind toward politics and commercial speculations." (!) "Among the American pictures, we only find three or four by real Americans, the other being from the hands of emigrated Germans. The former bear the names of Folingsby and Healy. We will only say of them that the landscapes are mediocre, but still better than the figure-pieces." The "German Americans," whom the critic notices, are Bierstadt and Kauffmann. Of the former he only says that his "Storm in the Rocky Mountains" is almost a reproduction of his "Sierra Nevada"—"the same silver-gray, blurred base of color,

the same specific green in the foreground." Mr. Kauffmann's "Indians tearing up the Rails of the Pacific Road" he pronounces to be a mistaken subject, "belonging to poetry and not to painting, because it deals with the Abstract Terrible." We are bound to say, however, that this is not a fair specimen of either German art-knowledge or art-criticism, although it appears in the journal which professes to represent both.

—There are at present in Düsseldorf, including professors and students, two hundred artists. The value of the pictures which they painted, during the year 1869, is estimated at 360,000 thalers, of which sum upward of 50,000 thalers were paid by American purchasers. Many of the Düsseldorf artists are occupied entirely in supplying the foreign demand for their works, scarcely any of which remain in Germany.

SCIENCE, STATISTICS, EXPLORATIONS, ETC.

—The prize of 20,000 francs, offered by the Marquis d'Orches for the simplest practical method of ascertaining the existence of death in the human body, has been awarded to Dr. Canière, of the south of France. His plan is to place the body in a dark room and hold up one of the hands in front of a lamp. If the edges of the fingers are semi-transparent, with a slight red tinge, there is still life: if they are hard and dark to the edge, like those of a hand of marble, death is certain.

—The general idea that pins are a modern invention proves to be false. M. Mariette has discovered a number of them in the chambers of Memphis, and a box containing twenty-five specimens has recently been added to the Museum of the Louvre.

—The German papers give an account of the efforts of Madame Hirschfeldt, a native of Holstein, to extend the field of female labor. She went to Philadelphia, in 1867, for the purpose of studying dentistry, but found, to her surprise, that the members of the profession opposed her design. After much difficulty, she found a single dentist willing to give her instruction: for two years she studied faithfully, and finally, in February last, graduated successfully and received a diploma. On returning to Berlin, the Prussian Government decided that it had no right to deny her permission to practise her profession, and she has accordingly established herself in that city.

—Baron von Dück communicates to

the Cologne *Gazette* a very interesting account of his discovery of ante-historic human remains in the caves of the Hönnethal, in Westphalia. Among the bones of the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the *ursus spelæus*, he found stone axes and other implements, while the bones themselves gave evidence that they had been split open by force, for the purpose of obtaining the marrow. His researches were crowned by the discovery of a human skeleton of moderate size: the skull, however, was crushed so that its particular form could no longer be recognized. In another cave, he found many antlers of a lost variety of dwarf reindeer, some of which had been cut into different forms by human hand. He considers it established that the human race existed in Europe at a time when the Polar Ocean, covering Western Russia and the Prussian levels, reached to the Mountains of Middle Germany.

— A more remarkable discovery, testifying to the civilization of the human race at a very remote period, is announced by M. Fouqué, in the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, under the title of: "An Ante-Historic Pompeii in Greece." He gives a description of the buried towns recently discovered in the islands of Santorin and Therasia, lying side by side, in the Grecian Archipelago. Here, under a layer of volcanic tufa, sixty feet deep, human habitations, overwhelmed suddenly by an eruption and

perfectly preserved, have been excavated. The walls are built of stones and the trunks of olive-trees, and the apartments, which have windows as well as doors, surround an open court-yard. Vases, some of which contain barley and other grains, are found entire; and they are of a form and style of ornamentation quite different from any previously discovered. Some of the smaller vessels are of very elegant workmanship. Only one dwelling has, as yet, been completely excavated, and already a skeleton has been found—partly destroyed, however, by the falling of the roof.

M. Fouqué shows conclusively, from the position of the stratum of tufa, that the town belongs to a period when Santorin and Therasia formed but a single island: the absence of metal and the abundance of axes and other stone implements carries us back beyond the civilization of Egypt, and the fact that other remains of the stone age, as well as of Phœnician occupation, are found on the upper surface of the mass of tufa—the present soil—shows that the eruption must have taken place at a very remote period. We may assume, in fact, that this discovery carries a considerable degree of civilization farther into the past than any other records which we possess. Further excavations and a careful geological examination of the islands will, no doubt, furnish us with evidence of a more positive character.

CURRENT EVENTS.

[OUR RECORD CLOSES JANUARY 1.]

I. IN GENERAL.

THE significant events of December were few, and none of them of startling interest.

In Europe, the most prominent occurrence of the month was the meeting of the Ecumenical Council at Rome; a vast body of clergy, ostensibly uttering the voice of the Roman Church in consultation, but in fact most cautiously held under safe restraint and government by the Holy See, which in Italy—in Rome itself—can, better than in any other place on earth, prevent the wrong thing from being said, and cause the utterance of the right thing. The question of enacting into an article of faith the hitherto doubtful dogma of the Infallibility of the Pope, is that which excites most attention outside of the council. Many reports are afloat about it,

though in fact it is not known whether it has so much as been mentioned in the Council. For the rest, the utterance of the Pope during the last year or two, as well as at the opening of the Council, show that its real purpose is to strengthen the Roman Catholic Church against apprehended collisions with the spirit of the age, by preventing any change in doctrine or practice, when such as may intensify the centralization of the Romish hierarchy, and thus increase the power of the Pope.

There is a new ministry in France, which is called a liberal one, and which some believe to mark the end of the irresponsible reign of Napoleon III. Indeed, it may be so, for M. Ollivier, the chief of the new administration, avowedly entertains views which look like a doctrine of advancing freedom

without rushing into revolution. He is for "a liberal Empire." The French Republicans seem to hold off from him, but French Republicans are not practical men; the accomplishment of the utmost practicable good is the ideal of working statesmanship; and apparently the friends of progress should wish him success.

There has been a ministerial crisis in Italy too; but the changes in the Italian government seem to mean nothing more than the battles of politicians; and meanwhile the true life of Italy is reported to prosper—namely, its industrial and social state.

Further to the East, there is little to note. It is said that the Sultan of Turkey, having succeeded in causing his too powerful vassal, the Viceroy of Egypt (they call him the *Khedive* of late, which means in English, we believe, about the same as the Mohegan title of honor "Mugwump"), to stop gathering muskets and arming land forces, has now peremptorily commanded him to give up his fleet of ironclads. At this writing, the Viceroy's answer is not known. But even the demand must be offensive, and must stimulate any desires of the Egyptian ruler for independence.

The Suez Canal is now reported navigable for vessels drawing 24 feet. But Mr. Ashbury, an English yachtsman, having sounded carefully throughout, asserts that not over 19 feet can be carried through it. It is reported that the very first merchant ship that passed through was wrecked in the Red Sea. In England, they are refurbishing up all their old blockade-runners to put on the Suez route, and building new light-draught steamers beside ironclads.

The Dalmatian insurrection against Austria has been put down.

In England a measure has been introduced into Parliament which contributes one step more in the advance of civilized international law as advocated by the United States, in opposition to the absolute code hitherto upheld by the monarchies. This is a bill for a law to permit British subjects to divest themselves at will of their nationality. It will be recollected that it was the insolent denial of the possibility of such a thing, which the British alleged in enforcing their "right of search," and in consequence of which the war of 1812 was fought. It is better however, to confess a wrong fifty-eight years late, than not at all.

On the Western Continent, outside of the United States, the feeble half-alive wars of

Latin and African races continue to smoulder. The Count d'Eu is said to have occupied Lopez' remote stronghold of San Estanilao, but Lopez has fled once more. In Hayti the rebellion against Salnave appears to be entirely successful, and General Nissage Saget appears to be the ruler for the time being. In Cuba, matters remain as heretofore, both as to the small facts of the actual campaigning, and the gigantic statements put forth on both sides about them. On one hand, the Spanish authorities circulate a large ingenious lie, that the insurrection is ended, and the Cuban junta in New York have formally resigned their enterprise by a signed paper, which the junta indignantly deny. On the other hand, in the Cuban interest, is circulated a large ingenious "report," that President Grant and Congress are at once to recognize the belligerency of the Cubans, which the Spaniards indignantly deny.

Lastly; the little "Winnipeg war," far up in the Arctic distance of Rupert's Land, is thus far victoriously maintained by the revolvers, who have put forth a declaration of independence. This is remarkable for its disavowing any connection with Canada, for claiming entire local authority, and for not containing any assertion of loyalty to the British crown. And when it is remembered that the British colonists in British Columbia have actually petitioned our Government to procure their annexation, things really look as if there might be an incorporation into our nation, of a slice of the southwestern part of British America. Certainly, that territory is of no real value to England, nor to any nation whatever, unless to us.

Within the United States, the closing month of the year passed off with extreme quietness. Congress met, and although it concluded no important business, yet it penetrated further toward the same than is usual before the holidays. Political phenomena have been few; the chief facts in this department being the deciding of Alcorn's election (Rep.) in Mississippi over Dent (Conserv.), and Davis's (Rep.) in Texas over Hamilton (Conserv.); the former by a considerable, and the latter by a small majority. In sociology, there has been a lull, from a pause in the series of feminine conventions. In business, there has been nothing to notice, except that the failures have been rather uncommonly few, while at the same time business has been dull and money tight.

Thus ends the year 1869; a year, on the whole, remarkable for its many signs of mental, social, and industrial activity and progress, and for victories of peace rather than war; a prosperous and good year.

II. THE UNITED STATES.

Dec. 3. A body of 500 United States troops protects a force of revenue officers in an attack on a stronghold of illegal distilleries, close to the Navy Yard at Brooklyn. A considerable number of stills and much liquor were seized, amid the bitterest curses and threats, but the troops were too strong for any demonstrations, except a few stone throwings, etc.

Dec. 4. Treasurer Spinner calculates that, at the present rate, the national debt will be paid off in thirteen years.

Dec. 6. The second session of the 41st Congress begins.

Dec. 10. The thirty gunboats built and armed at New York and Mystic, Ct., for the Spanish Government, to be used against Cuba, are to-day released from legal proceedings by the United States Government, as not violating the laws of neutrality.

Dec. 16. A Mr. Mungen, a Democratic member of Congress from Ohio, reads in the House of Representatives a speech arguing in favor of repudiating the public debt. The consequence, however, was the prompt passage (?) by the House, with only one vote to the contrary (Jones, of Kentucky), decisively repudiating repudiation as "unworthy the honor and good name of the nation."

Dec. 23. Frederick S. Cozzens dies, at his residence in Brooklyn, N. Y., aged fifty-one. Mr. Cozzens was born in New York, and was during most of his life a merchant; but having much talent as a writer and a genuine love of literature, he often wrote for leading magazines. Some of his contributions to the *Knickerbocker* were printed in 1851, in a volume entitled "Prismatics, by Richard Haywarde." His best known work, however, was "The Sparrowgrass Papers," which ensured him a high place among American humorous writers. These papers were first contributed to this Magazine, and were issued in a volume in 1856. Mr. Cozzens also published a volume of travels in Nova Scotia, called "Acadia;" and a third volume of light essays, entitled "The Sayings of Dr. Bushwhacker." He issued for a time a little periodical called "The Wine Press," chiefly occupied with the affairs of the wine business, in which he was employed. Mr. Cozzens was a gentleman

of much excellence of character, and a genial friend and companion.

Dec. 24. Hon. Edwin M. Stanton dies suddenly at his residence in Washington, a few days after having been nominated and confirmed as a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. He was born at Steubenville, Ohio, in December, 1815; began to practice law at Cadiz, Ohio, in 1838; removed to Pittsburg soon after; and about twenty years afterward, his practice having become mostly confined to heavy cases before the United States Supreme Court, he removed to Washington. In December, 1860, he became Mr. Buchanan's Attorney General, and his public services as Secretary of War since that time are too prominent a portion of the history of his country to require even a recapitulation here. Those services were, however, apparently essential to the destruction of the Rebellion. Mr. Stanton thoroughly broke down his constitution by his labor during the war, and not having been able to lay up any part of his salary, he died much the poorer for having held office. It is understood that \$100,000 is subscribed by admirers and friends as a testimonial of respect for the dead, and for the support of his family. The manner of his death showed how completely his vital powers were exhausted; it was from "congestion of the heart;" i. e., muscular inability of that organ to exert the force necessary to maintain the circulation.

Dec. 30. A petition is presented to President Grant from a number of influential citizens of British Columbia, requesting the Government of the United States to take any opportunity that may offer to induce Great Britain to consent to the annexation of British Columbia to this country.

III. FOREIGN.

Dec. 9. The Roman Catholic Ecumenical (Universal) Council, so called, meets at Rome. The title should, however, in strictness not be used, as the Greek, Armenian, and other Oriental Churches do not take part in it, not to mention Protestant Christendom. The sessions open with about 500 members; somewhat less than 1,000 in all are to be present.

Dec. 28. The French Ministry resigns, and M. Emile Ollivier is requested by the Emperor to form a new ministry. This occurrence is reckoned by many the end of "personal government" in France, and the beginning of a régime of real freedom.